

The Villain's Second Chance to Repent

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The Villain's Second Chance to Repent

by [Theotherside3](#)

Summary

IMPORTANT: i do not ship the real IRL people, just their characters on Minecraft. This is purely a work of fiction meant to be read by us shippers. Enjoy :)

Dream died in prison.

The cruel merciless tortures he faced for 5 months from Quackity forced him to take his last life. He had enough of the pain and living all together. He literally wished for death, and he got it.

That was the end... well, that was supposed to be the end of the story...

But...

Right when Dream finally felt the embrace of death... his life started over. Time had gone back to the past—before Eret betrayed L'Manburg?!

Dream looked at them incredulously.

All the people who turned their back against him were now caring about him.

The minors, his friends, and now guys who were likely simping for him given the way they looked at him so stupidly.

What changed!?

What did he do to totally change the course of events!? He just wanted to live quietly and peacefully!

- Inspired by [a Chance to the Past](#) by [orphan_account](#)

Yearning for death

Chapter Summary

Dream got his wish... only for a moment...

Chapter Notes

Fear not, I will continue my beautiful caged songbird fic.

It's just that right now I wanted to do this fic for sometime when I read other fics and reading time-reversing Mangas and manhwas. Also, because of the current situation with Technoblade, I'm putting that fic to halt, but I will not drop it. Don't worry. Support the #Techno support! Hope you get better!

In the meanwhile, enjoy this fic! it is angsty, but I assure you that it will be as funny as the other fic so hope you enjoy it!

This is a multi-shipper fic again, I am such a Dream apologist ;)

This time, Sapnap, and corpse are gonna be part of it!

Enjoy~

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—Pandora's vault—

...

...

...

...Death

Death... death, oh how Dream yearned for a permanent death.

He wished to die for real, but Quackity nor Sam would ever allow that. Every time he was at a blink of death, Quackity would either throw him in the lava so that he could respawn and have a perfectly healthy body, or Sam would shove healing and regeneration potion down his throat till he choked.

Ah... Death... he was so near it, yet so far from it.

This was torture, absolute torture.

What made it worse—

“Yooooo, Dream! How have you been?” A familiar yet annoying monotone voice drawled,

making him flinch and turn to the lava, now coming down for him to see the view on the other side.

“Techno, no!”

Ahhh.... God please, someone kill him. His one way ticket out of this hellish hellhole was stuck here with him. That was it, he lost all reason and hope. There was no point in living anymore, he didn't want to wait any longer.

Time to die!!!! Kill me please! Strike me with lightning, or have a monster break in here and gobble me up! I don't care how gruesome it can become. Honestly, seriously! I desire death so badly right now!!!

Someone put an end to me!

Even if Quackity hadn't visited in a while, that didn't mean Dream could just rest easily. He was filled with dread and anxiety as to when he may return. For now, it was likely he wasn't visiting because he was busy with whatever project he had going (he mentioned something about his own country during one of his tortures sessions). But once he takes care of that, then what? Would he come and torture him with Techno here as a live audience? Would Techno help him at all? Would Sam force potions down his throat again?

Those thoughts haunted him in his nightmares.

Dream was shaking with fear as he sat at his usual corner, now sleep deprived with a massive headache...

God kill him.

... Dream was not expecting this.

He was expecting a clone of Techno to come out of the lava or appear from somewhere, but he never thought XD, the god off the server, would appear in person.

And the Divine being said he would grant them one wish.

A wish.

Looking at his goofy grin, he knew Techno was gonna ask for something stupid.

”I want a be—“ Dream slapped a hand over his mouth to shut him up. The hybrid's yelp was muffled as he eyed Dream in surprise.

“Techno, wait, before you say anything... tell me, you have a plan to get out of this prison on your own, right?”

”Dream, what is this? W—“

”YOU HAVE A PLAN, RIGHT!?” the sudden shout had the hybrid jump from his feet. “Answer me clearly.”

“...yeah, I have a plan, unlike you when you were thrown here.” The pig was definitely rubbing in it. Annoying jerk.

“Good,” Dream moved to his obsidian bed. Under the rug of a blanket Sam threw at him, there

were 3 journals hidden there. He picked all 3 and went back to Technoblade and shoved the books to his chest.

“Heh!?” He said, startled.

”One journal explains in detail how the prison operates. I drew blueprints of every nook and cranny of this place from memory and illustrated which lever does what. The second journal is my daily entry of my time in prison, specifically the period describing the tortures Quackity made me go through, as well as Sam’s corruption. I even have all the evidence on this drive,” he pointed at a small thumb drive that was taped to the cover of the second journal.”

“A drive? Where did you get this?”

”Admin magic...” the pig looked at him incredulously. Of course he would, no one knew Dream could wield admin magic as the blonde was careful about it. However, his magic wasn’t strong enough. He could only make small objects appear in thin air, that’s it. He could not take out weapons or shields or armor. Maybe TNT, but he could not summon a chest full at once, and even if he did and tried to escape, there was too high of a chance he could get caught—then everyone would know he had magic.

Knowing Quackity and Sam, they would increase the torture tenfold. XD told him that the older he got, the more powerful he would get. But he wasn’t going to wait another damn year to learn how to teleport. He had enough.

“The last journal...” he paused... “This is my last message addressed to almost everyone here on the server. Give each of them the message after you show them the tortures I went through. This is my favor you have to repay.”

Technoblade’s eyes widened. “What are you talking about? No, the favor is to get you out of this prison, and I’m gonna do that.”

“That *was* the favor, but seeing you here, locked in this prison with me... I changed my mind. I can’t take it anymore. Even if you leave this place, I’m sure you would take time... and I don’t have the patience for that...”

For once, there was a change in expression on Techno’s face. The calm, snarky and goofy face Techno had always shown, whenever he wasn’t wearing the pig skull mask, had changed into an expression Dream hadn’t seen since the blood god had landed himself here.

He laughed nervously. “D-Dream—bud, I don’t think I follow. If this favor is this, and not escaping from this hellhole... then you want me to leave you here to rot for the rest of your life?”

“Who says I’m staying here?” Dream undid the clasps, removing the smiley porcelain mask from his face. Technoblade’s eyes widened in shock from the sudden revelation. Dream had never shown his face to anyone, not even to his closest friends. Quackity had tried to break the mask to show his face, but Dream’s magic and enchantments on the mask prevented him from doing so.

“What are you doing? Dream, this isn’t funny.” The hybrid said softly when he realized he was up to something. Dream, for once in a long time, smiled at him warmly. He gently placed the porcelain smiley mask atop the books Techno carried.

“XD,” he said to the god while not looking at him as he still smiled at Techno, “I wish to die.”

“Dream—DREAM!??” The blood god dropped everything to the obsidian floor to grab both sides of his shoulders. “What are you doing? Have you gone mad!?”

"Maybe," his smile didn't falter, "But I'm at my limit. I can't take it anymore, Techno."

Techno was having none of that as he shook him vigorously. "Dream I'm not gonna let you die like this! Don't you want revenge on those who wronged you?! Don't you want to pay back the injustice a thousand times over?"

Dream chuckled. "Revenge? Pay back injustice?" he took a breath, shoulders sagging down with ease. "Techno, I'm tired. I don't wanna fight anymore. Do you think I'm in the right shape to fight? Do you think these hands are capable of wielding a weapon again?" He was crying now. He hated crying because that made him weak, but it was only Techno here. "Even if I were to get my revenge, I know they won't stop until I get hurt... and it'll just be an endless loop. An endless cycle of violence and war...until I'm dead... so I'm giving them what they want. And it'll all be over."

His wish was granted for sure as he could feel his body get heavy.

Fear and panic flashed in Techno's eyes as he held Dream to his chest, trying to keep him steady on his feet. "No, no, no, no, no, no, I ain't gonna let you die, nerd!" He looked back at XD. "Do something!"

" *I cannot.*" The god simply replied calmly.

Techno snarled at him before looking back at Dream with pleading eyes.

"Although you were an annoying cellmate," Dream whispered to him, tears still streaming down his face, "I'm glad I had a bit of company. I'm happy I'm not dying alone." Albeit tired, he reached out to Techno's neck to pull him closer so he could whisper, "They won't notice that I'm actually gone, so use time efficiently...Please, make them suffer and pay for me... Good night, bacon."

His vision blackened immediately.

"DREAM!"

There was a yell, but that loud voice was echoing in the darkness, in the void.

Dream was slayed by DreamXD

There was nothing. He could not feel, nor smell anything. There was a deafening silence surrounding him.

Finally, finally!

After 8 months of being in that prison, including 5 months of torture...

He was free.

"You are not."

Dream blinked incredulously at XD. "Huh?"

"I refuse to let you go just like that, Administrator" the god told him firmly as he crossed his arms, looking down at him.

...what?

What was going on? Where was he? Didn't XD just kill him!?

He did die... right?

Chapter End Notes

#Techno support!

Please leave comments and kudos!

:)

Chapter Notes

Couldn't think of a proper chapter title.
Enjoy!
:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What’s going on!? I’m dead, ain’t I? Why are you still here with me? And where the hell are we!?”

Dream assumed that this was the afterlife, but if Dream was with XD... here... and what did he mean he wouldn’t let him go!? Didn’t he just die from his magic?

”Technically, yes, you are dead,” XD said to him. “There is no life inside the body you left behind. However, I managed to snatch your soul from going to the afterlife.”

”What!? Then why the hell am I here? Why won’t you let me join Schlatt?” He demanded.

”Because I know well enough that dying is not what you truly wished for, Daydream. It never was.”

He froze.

“I have no clue what you’re trying to get here, XD.” He said, standing his ground. “I wished to die, and I got it. That’s it.”

“Death was something you yearned for to put you out of your misery, but it was never something you desired to do in the first place.” The god insisted, damn him for being a god to completely see through Dream. XD floated closer to Dream, tilting his head to the side. “Although you are the most foolish of mortals I ever encountered, you still are my most favored among them all. George coming second.” The God lifted his mask a little to show that he smiled at Dream. “Daydream, tell me your wish.”

“My wish... “ he repeated.

...

He thought about his former friends—the old Dream team.

He thought about the minors.

He thought about himself, and how he got into this mess in the first place.

With a shuddered breath, he spoke. ”...XD, I want to apologize... I... I want to scream at the top of my lungs and tell them how sorry I am about all this. What I did to them, to Tommy! Wilbur! Sapnap and George! I want to admit to them how badly I screwed up. But... but I can’t because they won’t believe how regretful I am. They’ll just dismiss my apologies, and leave me to rot.”

He grabbed his forearms harshly, his nails digging the skin as the tears fell from his face.

“I should have never manipulated people! I should have not gone so extreme with my methods with attachments! I should have not been so prideful and arrogant... because I lost everything... I’m a monster... I deserve death. Now... everyone would be safe from me, now they can live in peace”

XD observed him as he cried silently. He reached out, wiping Dream’s tears away.

”There is a possibility that you are blaming yourself a little too far because of a certain duck’s torturing. I would say that his work has rather affected you psychologically, as much as it has done physically.”

“No—XD, it’s all my fault!

“Not everything is entirely your fault, Daydream. You have made some grave mistakes, yes, but other mistakes were placed on you by others. In other words, you were the ideal scapegoat for them to escape the consequences.” XD wrapped his arms around his frail body, comforting him. *“You are wrong. Do you genuinely believe that your death would lead to peace for the entire server?”*

Dream sniffed, blinking in confusion. “Of course it would. Everyone hates me! Even my mother disowned me!”

”Technoblade and Philza Minecraft had never resented you.” XD said, rubbing his back up and down to soothe him. *“While Wilbur Soot sees you as his hero and savior, there are few who never truly held a grudge against you, unlike Tommy, Sam and Quackity, and a few others. You could say that... they were furious with your actions and decided to lock you up due to the heat of the moment. During your fourth month of imprisonment, I would say that they had started to miss your presence dearly, but never admitted it out loud. Did you know that George started visiting me only because my appearance looked similar to yours? Although I am a little offended, I feigned ignorance to his true intention and spent time with him in order to satiate my curiosity about humans.”*

Dream eyes widened from surprise, but his stubborn mind still refused to accept it. “XD, Sapnap threatened me that if I ever were to escape, he’d hunt me down and kill me. He was one of my closest friends...yet he... No one else wanted to see me since then.”

Techno only came to repay the favor, Tommy visited Dream to mess with him, and Quackity wants the damn book from him which Dream never obliged to give (he wondered how Quackity would react once he hears that he dies and Techno escaped, hopefully the blood god would keep his end of the deal).

”Sapnap misses you, Daydream,” the god still insisted, finally letting him go to look at his face. *“You were too busy drowning in your own misery to notice how he truly feels. At the moment, he is deeply conflicted. He does not know how to feel or think about you. But once he learns that you are dead, and knows the truth about what his fiancé has done... rest assured, he will not let that duck off easily.”*

XD floated up again, as though he was bird who flew freely with no fear of the black void surrounding them. *“Putting that aside, I would like to go back to the topic we were previously on... Your death would not lead to peace, Daydream... at least Technoblade would not allow that to happen.”*

His body stilled, he looked up to XD, who was still flying around as though he was playing a game

. “What do you mean?”

The god laughed softly. *”Have you already forgotten what you told him? “Make them suffer and pay for me.” Technoblade is more than obliged to make that happen.”*

More than obliged? Techno was just repaying the favor, he wouldn’t care what would happen after once Sam and Quackity get what they deserve.

The god probably read his mind as he said, *“You were not very careful with your words, Daydream. It is not just those two fools who will face the consequences, the whole server would.”*

”They...” he looked at XD in horror. Did he cause more trouble when he left?

“You have lost faith in that hybrid far too quickly, believing that he will leave you all alone. But there is more to him than meets the eye. For example, he was crying while he held your corpse. I believe he would not leave your body behind in that unforgiving cell once he escapes.”

Dream gasped.

...

Techno... was crying?

No, there’s no way. Dream wasn’t his brother, nor a friend to the blood god. So why shed tears for him? A monster?

“Ah, and there is that other issue that will soon come to people’s attention.” XD added, *“The server would soon die.”*

”... That’s not an issue,” he replied rather curtly, running his finger down his long messy blond hair. “Without any of them knowing, I... passed the ownership of the server to Techno. He’s the new administrator, you should start helping him now.”

”I am aware,” the god chuckled, landing near Dream. *“And I do plan to help him, even aiding him to avenge you.”*

Avenge? Techno was going to avenge him and repay the favor? What—why? Why go that far for him?

“Although I support your decision making Technoblade the new administrator, please refrain from changing ownership again.”

He flinched. “What do you mean? I’m dead. A dead person can’t own a server.”

XD didn’t replay as he looked to his right, staring at the void. *“It appears our conversation has to end here. I should send you back.”*

To the limbo, he thought. He sighed heavily in relief. He was looking forward to it.

The god definitely read his mind again as he said, *“Oh, no. I mean back to the past.”*

What?

”Farewell for now, Daydream.”

“XD, WHAT DID YOU DO!?”

A flash of scintillating white light blinded his vision.

Dream awoke on something soft and comfortable under him.

Is this the limbo? Or hell? This oddly felt comfortable to be the underworld. Whatever, he was here, so might as well sleep for all eternity.

What was Techno doing right now? XD said he cried, and his body is in Techno's hands... would he hold a funeral for him?

Why would he care about that? Even after he died, it seemed he caused trouble for everyone. He genuinely thought there would be peace if he was gone, but guess not. He really did know how to screw things up huh?

His body could just rot or burn to ashes for all he cared. It was disgusting, it was filthy. There was nothing precious about it if it was covered with scars. He just hoped Quackity doesn't touch it, though. The idea of it made him feel sick.

wait, can he get sick if he's dead?

He groaned, turning to the other side. He nuzzled his face on... something? His fingers were clenching on something, too. Was this fabric? Strange, Tommy never mentioned the feeling of a material. He said something about being torn apart... but... he felt warm. It felt so warm, and he loved the feeling. It was like he was receiving body heat from someone else.

"You awake?"

His immediately shot open upon hearing a deep voice speaking to him. He looked up....

Emerald eyes locked with deep red ones. It wasn't Techno's ruby eyes. No, the eyes that were looking at him so lovingly was blood red with yellow hues at the bottom of the iris... like the colour of fire.

Who the hell is this? Dream didn't know anyone with black hair, and... was he imagining it, or this guy's arm around his waist?

The blonde was utterly speechless. "wha?" Dream realised that he was clenching the front of the stranger's T-shirt, and his face was on his chest....

"Good," he said, smiling, brushing a strand of hair away from his eyes.

"...huh?" He could only say. What the hell was going on? Is this guy some devil from the underworld messing with him?

The man leaned his face closer to the side of Dream's face and nipped his ear.

Dream shrieked from the feeling.

He harshly pushed him away, and immediately backed away from the unknown man. Dream lost his balance when he reached the edge of the bed and fell backwards to the wooden floor. Ow.

"Dreamy, you okay?" The man asked in concern, moving to the edge of the bed where the blonde fell from to look at him.

He quickly sat and crawled away from the man, his face beet red. "W-who are you!? Even if

you're some demon, don't you think you were too close to me? i have personal space, you know!"

He blinked. "Well i suppose it's understandable you don't remember . You were pretty drunk when I got you out of the bar."

"Drunk?" When did he get drunk? Does hell even have alcoholic beverages?

He paled when a certain thought hit him . Did that guy...? He didn't, right? He peeled the collar of the shirt he was wearing, but found no marks.

The man laughed, picking up Dream bridal style. "We didn't do anything last night, Dreamy. Promise. Come on, you must be hungry." The man began to walk out of the bedroom with Dream in his arms.

After calming down and eating pancakes prepared for him, he realised that this wasn't the limbo, nor hell. And this guy wasn't some demon.

XD had sent him back in time (that damn f**king god)... he didn't know which time period he was in , but he did finally remember who this guy was...

He vaguely remembered that he was stressed out about some war (he fought in too many to remember the specifics), so one night he left the server and drank in a bar of another server to forget his worries. Next day, he woke up in this guy's bed. He freaked, although there was no sex involved, he was too flustered that he quietly left this guy's house without disturbing his sleep. He returned to the SMP, but hadn't told anyone about that day...

And that was the first and last time he'd seen this guy...

But now... he didn't sneak out. And now this guy was awake and making breakfast for Dream...

At this point, Dream felt a little bad for sneaking out that time without knowing his name.

"Dreamy, are the pancakes not to your liking?" He flinched when the man nuzzled his face to his neck while petting his head.

"Uh, no, it's... it's really good!" He shoved a piece into his mouth to show he liked it but ...

...

...wait, he's eating actual food.

His breath hitched from his realization. This was actual flavorful food... it wasn't raw potatoes... He's not at the prison anymore... and he was eating proper food. Unlike Sam, who gave him raw potatoes at most days while starving him during others, Dream was finally eating proper food served by some stranger... out of kindness? .

The man must have noticed something wrong, either from his body trembling, or tears streaming from his cheeks. He rubbed his back to soothe him.

"I'm sorry" he hiccuped as he buried his face to his hands. "I'm a little disorientated right now."

"It's alright, take a breath."

"I... sorry, i don't know your name..." he looked back at the handsome black haired stranger.

He smiled at him. “My name is Corpse.”

— messages—

Sapnap whispers to you: Dream, where are you?

GeorgeNotFound whispers to you: We need you right now, Dream! Wilbur's making drugs again!

(I DID NOT DRAW THIS. I JUST WANTED TO SHARE THIS AS I FOUND IT FUNNY.
Imagine if this actually happened XD)



Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to leave Kudos and comments! :)

Reliving life again

Chapter Summary

Just as the title suggests, he is reliving life again.
Dream now holds a grudge against XD.

Chapter Notes

I didn't expect people to be so happy to see Corpse here. Aside from the funny art (drawn by someone else, not me), all the comments from the previous chap are only about him! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—Corpse's house—

After breakfast was over, Corpse wrapped Dream with blankets and placed him on his lap so he could cuddle with the blond. He probably thought this would help Dream to calm down and relax given that he cried earlier.

Dream should have felt awkward or said something about this, but damn him and his traumatic experiences from prison. He was left isolated for so long and received harsh treatments from Quackity that he craved for soft touches and hugs.

“You feeling better?” Corpse asked gently, bringing Dream’s body to his chest. Dream hummed, burying his head more into his shoulder.

“... Why did you bring me here when you don’t even know me?” He finally asked.

“...You... when I found you at the bar last night, you were drinking your worries away.”

Dream raised a brow. “Don’t people usually do that to forget?”

“If I'm right, don't people who usually wear a mask be a little more cautious with their identities?”

He flinched.

His mask.

Corpse knew what he looked like... There wouldn't be a possibility of him tracking Dream down once he leaves, right? No, no, wait, shit, Dream was careless. If he was drunk, there was no doubt he would have blabbered secrets, like he was the admin of a server. That would have put him in a dangerous position.

... But Corpse didn't mention anything. Not to mention, he didn't do anything to Dream when he got drunk. He just brought Dream to his house and they slept together in bed. That's it.

...So maybe taking random drunk strangers to his house and sleeping with them without any sexual activities involved was his way of... being caring? Showing he was a good guy? Dream didn't know what his reason was, but... there's a likely chance that Dream didn't spill the beans after all!?

Then Corpse said while petting his head, "You were so high that you were loose-lipped. You yelled out loud that you were the owner of a big server, and you pleaded someone to take care of you as you were a virgin single."

I SPOKE TOO SOON!!!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH OR CRY ABOUT THIS!

Dream whipped his head to look at Corpse straight in the eyes and said, "Are you... looking for compensation for looking after me?" he tried to mask the dread in his voice, but he couldn't help but shudder at the thought that he may have been used. There's always something people wanted from him, kindness or aid didn't come without a price. Dream learnt that the hard way.

The raven haired man stared for a few seconds before sighing heavily. "I didn't like it."

"excuse me?"

"Before you started spilling your privacy...you were maskless... and people were staring, your face specifically. I didn't like what they were planning, so I brought you here."

... He... he brought me here for my safety?

Wow, now I really feel bad for just leaving him without another word in the previous timeline.

"...I'm grateful for what you did," He said with sincerity, cheeks slowly turning red, "I'm a little surprised that you did, though. I'm just a stranger you saw having a hard time with my own problems, after all."

... His expression changed to that of a sad smile.

...Eh?

What was that look?

"Oh, by the way," he changed the topic and dug into his pockets, "I think you should reply to them now. Their messages buzzed off this morning during breakfast."

"My communicator..." his eyes widened when he saw the black device. He had been cut off from the rest of the server when Sam had taken that from him.

However, Dream's sweet relief was cut short when he read the messages.

Messages sent from both Sapnap and George.

—Later, Messages—

Dream: Sorry for disappearing all of a sudden. I had to take care of something and was out of the server for sometime.

Dream: Don't worry, I'm back now. And I'll take care of Wilbur, so don't follow me. stay home.

Dream: I mean it!

--Later, back at the SMP--

Corpse finally let go of Dream once the blond was recovered. He was reluctant, Dream noticed, though he didn't know why, but didn't do anything to stop him.

Now wearing his mask, Dream walked to a forest that seemed familiar to him.

There were a couple of notifications he received after sending those messages, but he didn't bother checking them.

He didn't want to read the messages they sent, nor see them right now.

No, it was more like he didn't want to look at them. He was back in the past where his two best friends didn't betray and leave him (given the tone of the messages they sent earlier), yet. But could he trust them again?

There was this haunting evil voice in his head telling him that they didn't care about him and just used him to get free stuff. The fact that Dream didn't reveal his admin magic to them assured him that they didn't use him to get free stuff. However, that didn't mean he was convinced that they didn't stick with him just because he was the admin of the server.

He shook his head to clear his thoughts.

Forget about them for now and think about the current situation. George mentioned Wilbur producing drugs... so the timeline he was currently living in was before the election... uh, probably further back... around the time L"Manburg was founded maybe? Which meant--

"There you are!" Punz's voice startled him, interrupting his train of thought. The mercenary appeared from a tall bush, dusting off the leaves from his white hoodie. The gold chain he wore around his neck shined brightly from the sun. His icy blue eyes and light blonde hair remained the same, just like he always remembered.

Wait.. he looked taller though?.

"P-Punz," he swallowed, hard. He clenched his hands.

I'm sorry, Dream. But you should have paid me more...

....

Dream remembered that day clearly. Punz did not feel bad for betraying Dream. He was cold when he led a bunch of people through that portal to outnumber Dream. Punz was never loyal, his loyalty would change if there was a higher bidder involved. Otherwise, their relationship was tied to an

employer and employee contract. They weren't even friends...That was it.

He bit his lip. "What are you doing here, Punz?"

The man looked surprised when Dream said this. Was that a mistake? "Sapnap told me to look for you, boss. You weren't replying to his messages, so he sent me to see if you were alright."

"I'm fine," he said quickly, averting his gaze away from his face. "You can go back."

Rather than nodding and leaving like he was told, Punz stayed behind. "Where were you anyway?"

His shoulders tensed.

What the hell was he supposed to say?

Hey, man! I'm sorry for leaving without telling you. You see, I got so stressed and worried about our war against L'manchildburg that I wanted to get so drunk and forget it all at a bar on another server. Then I found myself in bed with a sexy deep voiced handsome stranger who, oddly, is very affectionate towards me. But don't worry, we did not have sex! He just took me to his house and we literally slept together. oh! and he made pancakes for me, too! What a gentleman!

...

....

...

THERE'S NO WAY I CAN SAY THAT!!!!

Besides, if Punz told this story to Sapnap, he was sure the arsonist would question him in person, and Dream didn't want to see him right now!

"I needed to be somewhere else to think about what I should do with Wilbur and his nation. I... came up with a plan to establish peace." Half lie, half truth. Other than the drunk part, he did think about a plan to not be on Wilbur's bad side anymore. He just hoped it would be as easy as he imagined given how unpredictable he could become sometimes.

Punz nodded, satisfied with the half-assed answer Dream gave. "Alright. See ya later, boss." he turned.

"Don't call me that," Dream hissed, clenching his teeth.

"huh?" Punz looked over his shoulder in confusion.

Dream crossed his arms, looking in another direction. "You know my name. Use it." Being called 'boss' felt so wrong now. He didn't deserve power, nor authority.

Because he was a monster...

He should cut ties with Punz soon..

"...See ya, Dream."

The man walked away.

Dream stood there alone in silence for a long while. His mind was utterly blank and void of any

emotions.

...

...

...

He finally sighed heavily. Maybe he should just head back to old bases. Right when he turned, he froze.

There was an old wooden carved statue of XD leaning against an old tree trunk.

XD...

upon seeing the god's statue, likely carved by some old worshipper, a thought hit him. "I wanted to die," Dream whispered. He shook his head. God what was he doing?! He wanted to die, not live again. He wanted to let go and be torn apart by the void, not feel emotions that would weigh him down. He didn't deserve this... he didn't ask for this!!

"Are you mad at me!!!??? Is that it!? Is this your way of getting back at me because I gave up so easily!!?" he shouted at the wood. "I didn't ask for this! I didn't wish for this! Why send me back in time!? I know I'm gonna make the same f**king mistakes again!"

"..."

He scoffed. "I wished to apologize to them! what's the use of me going back in time when they don't even have a clue of what happened in the future!?"

"..."

He hissed.

"In my dreams, I always stood at death's door! But every f**king time i reach my hand out, that damn door sprouts out legs and runs from me like it's allergic to me. And right after I get a hold on the knob, you're telling me that I have to relive this life again??!!!! Do you realize how torturous this is for me!?"

The wooden carved face of XD still remained unresponsive. Obviously. But that just ticked Dream off more, especially looked at that stupid carved laugh, like the god was laughing and taunting and at him.

Dream summoned his diamond sword and began hacking that carved face of XD to pieces. He began screaming.

"You annoying—"

THUD

"piece of—"

THUD

"Shit! Calling yourself—"

THUD

”a f**king—“

THUD

”GOD!”

THUD

“GOD MY ASS!”

THUD

”WHERE THE F**K—“

THUD

”WERE YOU WHEN—“

THUD

”I—“

THUD

”NEEDED YOU!?” Dream was now breathless, panting and sweating from all the blows he gave to the poor wooded face of XD. The God’s face was now reduced to small pieces and splinters.

His arms burned, and his legs were unsteady. His lips began to wobble as his entire body was trembling, Dream realized why as fat tears rolled down his face. “Where... where the f**k was everyone when I needed them? Why didn’t anyone come by?”

He dropped the sword to the ground, and so did he a second later when his legs couldn’t support him anymore.

“I knew... that I was never gonna be forgiven, but did you all have to just shut me out like that? Leave me to rot and not have any contact with me at all for the rest of your lives?” He bit his lip. “A letter would have been fine... one would have been fine... but none of you...” he couldn’t finish a sentence as the sobbing started.

The tears fell endlessly, his body wouldn’t stop shaking, his breath was uneven and his voice broke—yet a cry still tore out of his throat as he hugged himself. He didn’t want to cry like this in the open, someone may walk by and see him looking so pathetic. But he couldn’t help himself. Half of him didn’t care about that, Quackity and Sam made him feel so weak and vulnerable. They had already seen this ugly side of him, so what’s to care anymore?

Sapnap turned against him, Punz betrayed him, George left him, Puffy disowned him, Sam ignored him, Techno didn’t care about whatever happened to him—he only came to repay the favor, but after that.. then what? The people he once cherished were all gone, who’s too say that this cycle won’t repeat itself? Everyone stole from the other, trust broke down too easily, backstabbing happened everywhere, even the smallest of incidents instigated a war. He tried talking, he made the 3 rules to stop this from happening, but no one ever listened. He thought power and control was the only way.

But that greatly cost him.

It seemed whatever Dream tried to do, whatever he tried to say to convince them to stop, it never

worked. Everything was against him, the whole damn world was... And every mess would be blamed at him. Maybe it was his fault, maybe it wasn't. He didn't know anymore.

...

...

15 minutes had passed by since his sudden emotional breakdown. His body was still trembling, but at least his cries were now reduced to hiccups. He should probably make himself soup or tea to feel better once he heads back.

"Dream?"

Oh you got to be f**king kidding me. The blonde looked over his shoulder.

Wilbur Soot, all flesh and bone, stood there with wide eyes. He was wearing his nation's suit, that silly L'Manburg uniform Dream always thought looked ridiculous. The blonde was so glad he stopped crying so loudly before he arrived, that would have been embarrassing .

He sniffed, wiping a tear away. "What do you want, Wilbur?"

The Brit gasped. "Whoa—holy shit, dude. I didn't think it was actually you."

"Why? Do I look that downright awful?"

"Wasn't the mask supposed to be your signature look?" He pointed out.

Shit. His mask, now Wilbur knew what he looked like! First a stranger, now Wilbur. Great.

Swearing at himself, he pulled his porcelain mask and did the straps around his head. "Okay, what are you doing here?"

Wilbur scoffed as he folded his arms. "I should be the one asking that question. What are *you* doing here? You are right near the borders of my nation?"

oh... Shit, no wonder he was feeling off about this forest, but this was the only area he knew that Sapnap and George would not find him if they went looking for him .

"I... wanted to cool my head... from a lot of things..." he got up, dusting the first off his pants. " Are you here to kill me?"

"No, what good would come from that? If I take one of your cannon lives, that colorblind f**k and arsonist will come and have my neck. Or worse, attack the kids."

"I see," he didn't mean to say that out loud in a disappointing tone. Wilbur's eyes widened.

Dream didn't think he'd meet with Wilbur here. Well this was a good opportunity, Dream could bring an end to this fight.

He cleared his throat. "Wilbur... after much, uh, thinking last night, I have a proposal. But before I get into that, I have a condition for that proposal... from today onwards, L'manburg citizen's are prohibited from getting involved in the making or the distribution of dangerous drugs."

When Dream first heard of the drug business, he was horrified to know that the minors were involved in this, too. This was something he never wanted the kids to get involved in the first place.

"What?" he questioned out loud.

Dream sighed, exhausted. "Wilbur, I know how fascinated you are with the idea of creating history. But, honestly? Just what are you going to tell the next generation? You claimed you wanted to create your own nation to overthrow 'tyranny'. But we both know that's a lie. Didn't you have capitalism in mind when you first recruited Tommy?"

The Brit was speechless. ".... uh, that was..."

"Imagine a scenario like this, if a teacher asks, 'Okay, kids, in the year 2020, why was there conflict between the Dream SMP and L'manchildburg?'" A pause. "Do you want a kid to raise a hand and answer, 'The war between the 2 nations came about in the first place right after Wilbur soot set up a suspicious van in the middle of a forest, attempted daylight robbery, started a drug dealing company with minors which he claimed was a 'hot dog' business, then created his 'nation' and declared independence from the rest of the SMP server—which ultimately instigated a civil war.'"

"Uhh..."

"If ya don't want your nation to be downgraded because of its origins, cut off the drug dealing business right now."

Wilbur stared at him with wide eyes. This was the first time Dream spoke about something like this. Normally the blond would just complain or say horrible things about the nation that was built without his approval, but right now he doesn't care about any of that. In the past they kept fighting and fighting all the time, but now he didn't want to go through with that. He was so tired of conflict and having to deal with it using either manipulation or violence. But he didn't want to use either of those methods. Prison did a number on him, so he didn't want to get too deep on anyone's bad side right now.

"Hypothetically..." Wilbur finally said, narrowing his eyes in suspicion, "If I were to do what you say, what do I get from this?"

"Your nation will get their independence,"

The brunet froze from this.

"That's all I'm gonna ask from you," Dream said quickly, averting his gaze from the tall man. "I'll give you independence as long as your nation doesn't produce and monopolize those harmful substances. I'll also make sure Sapnap doesn't burn you—" he couldn't finish his sentences as he yelped when Wilbur suddenly raised him in the air by the waist and twirled around. He laughed with joy.

"Oh, Dream! You have no idea how delighted I am! Thank you! Thank you so much!"

"UWAHH! WILBUR, PUT ME DOWN! PUT ME DOWN!"

"Oh! Dreamy! you have no idea how much this means to me!" Oh god, he was smiling like a madman.

"As long as you and your men don't deal with any drugs, I'll--"

"We won't we won't!" Wilbur finally placed Dream back down the ground.

It was only then that Dream noticed that Wilbur was tall... much taller than he last remembered.

Was he ever this tall?

It seemed like the Brit thought the same thing, too, as he said, "Dreamy you look so small!" he laughed. "Did you shrink overnight!?"

"wha!!" he turned red. so it wasn't his imagination. But it's not that Wilbur grew taller, Dream was the one who shrank, just how--? Did going back in time have some sort of side effect to his body? Or was this some kind of price to pay? Punz did look taller than him, and that was weird because last he checked they were around the same height. But now...

Wait... Oh god, was Sapnap and George much taller than him now? Oh god, oh god! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no--

Wilbur didn't stop laughing at him, his hand started petting him on his head, just like what Corpse did this morning. "Awww, how cute! The leader of the SMP has become a kitten! I could just pick you up and take you home! And your frail little arms can't do anything about it."

Dream didn't know whether to feel annoyed at how right Wilbur was, or be horrified by the fact that he just said that. But regardless, he felt humiliated, he could even feel his face heat up underneath the mask. He huffed. "I—I'm leaving!" He turned his heel, but was stopped as Wilbur wrapped his arms around his neck, muffling his laugh on Dream's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Dreamy. Forgive me~" Should he be worried that Wilbur was getting too close to him? Calling him Dreamy all of a sudden... like Corpse. What the hell was going in that mind of his?

"Please, let me make it up to you!" Wilbur thought for a moment before a smile curled on his face, the blond noticed a light pink blush dusted on his cheeks. huh? "How about going on a date with me?"

Dream's eyes widened. "A date?"

"Let me take you out, darling~" The man purred, giving him half-lidded eyes.

...

...

...Had Wilbur gone insane already?

Did Dream screw up again?

—Community house, night—

Despite knowing that it was a bad idea, Dream somehow ended up agreeing to go out. Their date would start in another couple of days as Wilbur insisted that he needed to make *preparations* for their big day. He was probably so happy about the L'Manburg independence that this was his form of celebration or something. Dream didn't know, he could never tell what the Brit was ever thinking.

For now, he should probably stop Wilbur from going insane. Although the brunet went full on TNTs after he lost L'manburg to Schlatt, there were rumors Dream heard before he let Wilbur join the server. Everyone widely believed he became insane after he lost his country, some say that Wilbur had already lost himself after his old lover left him right after she gave birth to Fundy.

Dream thought it was just some nonsense given how brave Wilbur was to stand against Dream... but the look Wilbur had in his eyes when he asked Dream out today... made Dream reconsider his thoughts about the rumor as he could see some crazies in his eyes.

“You gave them independence?” Punz said surprised. “You sure that’s a good idea? Giving them independence would make them more arrogant.”

”The kids may act all big, but the 2 sensible adults on that side are smarter than that. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure Wilbur won’t blow things up.”

“What?”

”Nothing,” Dream sighed heavily, pinching the bridge of his nose. Once his date with Wilbur ended, he wouldn’t get involved with the man nor the minors ever again.

Punz still looked unconvinced, but didn’t add anything more. Good.

“Dream, I know it’s kinda early, but I was wondering if you could pay me in advance today. I have a whole—“

”Sure,” the blond replied uninterested as he slapped a pouch full of gems on his palm. The mercenary blinked.

“... uh, thank you?” Punz looked surprised. Of course he would be. Dream just pulled out a magic trick and popped valuables from thin air. It was an admin magic thing, really. In the past, Dream would have been more careful and secretive about his magic, but now he didn’t care. He was just so tired and exhausted by whatever happened today. When more people find out about this, he would be dead.

“Hey, Punz, do me a favor. Get me a cyanide pill from somewhere. The sooner the better, and I’ll toss another 10 diamonds.”

”uh, sure? But who are you going to poison?”

Myself, he nearly blurted out.

Dream was determined to die again. For good this time.

Little did he know how badly his attempts would fail in the future.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this. I don't think I'll post again for another week. I still have studies.

Please leave comments and kudos! :)

The start of change

Chapter Summary

I WROTE A LOT BEFORE I DID SOMETHING STUPID AND IT GOT DELETED.
HAD TO WRITE AGAIN!!!!!! DAMN IT!
Dream comes up with a plan to kill himself.

Chapter Notes

This chap is short. Sorry. :(
Everyone's height in this story! some are factual, some are fictional.
Dream-Formerly 6'2 (187cm, I made him a foot shorter so his height would be closer to Punz), now shrank to 5'10.2 (179cm)
Punz-6'1 (185cm)
Wilbur-6'5 (195cm)
Tommy-5'6 (167cm)
Tubbo-5'4 (162cm)
Sam-6'7 (200cm)
Techno-6'3 (190cm)
Sapnap-5'10 (178cm)
George-5'8 (172cm)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--Early in the morning, Dream's bases--

At this timeline, Dream's cannon lives were back to 3 again. So in order to lose all 3 lives as quickly and naturally as possible, he first had to die from an accident. If Sapnap or George question about the death message, he can just say that he was caught off guard by something, like a mob or got ambushed by bandits. Then after another week or so, Dream would go to the deepest part of a cave and die in the hands of mobs. He could just tell everyone that there was a whole hoard of creepers in one area while he was mining, so he got killed from the explosions. Then... he could kill himself from cyanide poisoning, no one would question him as he would be dead already.

Then it will all be over for him.

The only flaw with this plan was that the more lives he lost, the more cautious Sapnap and George would be around him. But, if Dream played his cards well, then that flaw wouldn't be an issue for his plan.

Dream stared at his own reflection, looking at himself with disbelief. He shrank, he really shrank.

His clothes didn't fit him anymore. It was all too big. Great. He'd have to order new ones.

His favorite green hoodie was oversized. The top reached down and covered his backside while the sleeves made him look like he was doing sweater paws. The cuffs of his black pants created

extra noticeable folds.

The blond huffed, clearly pissed as he stared at the mirror. XD... that asshole. He had a lot of explaining to do once Dream found him. A little warning would have been nice before he snatched the height out of him. How was he going to explain this to everyone?

What a nightmare.

Dream sighed heavily before he removed his pants. He should look for some of his old clothes he wore back when he was teenager. Right before he removed the top, he noticed something about his legs. The skin hardly had any scars. Whether it was from burned marks or shear blades... his skin was smooth and clean. The ugliness was gone. Those horrid scars have completely vanished.

...

What the hell was he thinking right now? Those scars were never inflicted upon him in the first place. Technically in this timeline, he hadn't met Quackity yet. So it's only natural that he hadn't been scarred... yet.

He touched the cool surface of the mirror, staring at the sad expression that was reflected.

...

...

Nothing bad had happened so far... was he irrational rushing his decision to die already?

The sound of the front door shutting made him jump.

"Dude, I still think it's better if we called Dream ahead."

"I didn't get a single response from Dream after he instructed us to stay put. How do we know that Wilbur didn't kidnap him or something?"

The sound of footsteps started nearing his bedroom.

Oh, no. no, no, no, no, no, noo. Bad timing, BAD TIMING--!

Dream watched in horror as George slammed the door open.

"Dream! are you--!" The Brit sentence dropped when their eyes locked. Dream felt his entire body go stiff as heat crawled up to his neck and ear. It was only then that the blonde realized that not only was he pantless, but was maskless as well.

First a stranger, then an insane (former?) enemy, and now his (Best?) friend(?) knew what he looked like.

Although Dream should be scared of seeing George due to his PTSD or bad memories or whatnot, he wasn't feeling it at the moment. Humiliation came first. He was sure whatever expression Dream had looked stupid, and George would laugh at him. So before that happened--

"George," Sapnap's voice was heard from behind. Then footsteps were approaching to his room.
"Did you find Dream?"

Before the brit could open his mouth to respond, Dream took his pillow from the bed and hurled it at George's face. "Ahh!" he shouted from surprise and fell backwards to the floor.

"KNOCK, IDIOTS!" Dream slammed the door and bolted it before Sapnap caught a glimpse of him. His back was pressed against the wood as he took a deep breath. Trying to calm himself down. He was about to slump down to the floor until--

Click.

The sound of the window opening made his head whip in that direction. Then a head popped out.

"Sorry for the sudden--" before Punz could say anymore and pinpoint where Dream was in the room, Dream reacted faster and smacked his other pillow right to his face. That was enough for Punz to fall backwards and land on the grass, hard.

"USE THE DAMN DOOR!" He shouted at the mercenary before shutting the window. He drew the curtains closed.

Okay, two people in front of him, another guy behind. Damn, how the hell will he escape? And what the hell was Punz's deal coming from the window all of a sudden!?

God, at this rate, he might just die from embarrassment.

--Sapnap's perspective--

"What the hell?" he questioned and found George on the floor at his back. A pillow was on the floor next to him while his goggles looked like they were knocked out of his head as it lay at the corner. "Did you find Dream?"

George instantly sat up, and Sapnap instantly noticed that his face was red and... his nose bleeding?

What?

--Later, Dream's living room, Dream's perspective--

"Sorry for... smacking you two with a pillow." Dream apologized. He was fully dressed this time, mask on, as he said this in the living room. All three of them sat in front of him on the couch.

"No, we should be the ones to say sorry, Dream." Sapnap said, making sure George's head was tilted upwards as he plugged the tissue up his nose. God, did Dream really hit the pillow that hard? "We didn't text you ahead and barged into your base, unannounced. And dude," Sapnap turned to Punz, who sat next to the raven haired man, to glare at him, "what the hell were you climbing Dream's window for?"

The mercenary groaned as he moved the ice pack to another spot on his head. "I thought it would have been faster to reach him?" he replied.

Dream looked at the mercenary incredulously. "Punz, that still makes you an idiot. What if I was in the middle of something and you interrupted?"

The light blond looked at him questionably. "In the middle of what? Having sex?"

"NO!" he raised his voice sharply as his face turned red underneath his mask. Even The arsonist and Brit blushed madly from the blunt question. "Like in the middle of changing! God, what is wrong with you?!"

Punz still looked at him in question. "What do you mean? I've seen you half-naked every now and then--"

"WHAT!!!?" George yelled out in shock, he was now on his feet as he looked at the mercenary with wide eyes and his face was red again.

Punz ignored him. "How is this any different?"

Dream stared at him... not sure what to say. Shit, Punz was right. There had been times when Dream was briefly half naked in front of Punz so that he could change to spare clean clothes. This was in case the clothes he wore were too noticeable or too dirty. Hell, even Sapnap had once seen him shirtless during one beach party. They were all dudes, after all. There was nothing to be ashamed of.

Nothing wrong...

But now... Dream was starting to feel more self-conscious. It wasn't just because he became short... it felt like... it felt like whatever scars that Quackity inflicted upon him were still there. If he pulled up his shirt, he would expect to see scars and marks, even though he knew they weren't there.

That ugly body... it still felt like he was still in that body.

"it's-it's not important." Dream said, looking away. "Anyways, why did you want to see me, you two?" He asked the duo.

"It's about Wilbur," Dream's shoulder tensed. Sapnap said while folding his arms, "What did you do to take care of him? We thought something had happened to you in the meanwhile as you didn't respond to either of our messages since yesterday. What happened yesterday?."

Dream chewed his lip nervously. He opened his mouth and told them the truth.

--later--

They left his base rather angrily, as expected. He predicted that this would be their reaction.

The gremlin child running wild, the insane man making stupid decision or something. Dream hoped Tubbo wasn't making any nukes, and Eret... well... fortunately he hadn't met up with Eret, yet, so that meant Dream didn't offer him any deals. He was expecting them to be mad about that... but, instead, they were mad that Dream was going on a date with Wilbur.

...Fortunately, this didn't end with a screaming match. They just needed to cool their heads before Dream could talk to them again.

Dream thought Punz would leave along with Sapnap and George, but he stayed behind.

"Aren't you leaving?" He questioned.

"Are you kicking me out?" He raised a brow.

His breath hitched, but he was quiet enough for the mercenary to not hear. "no... what do you want?" He said in a low voice.

Punz observed him for a moment, those icy blue eyes made him think that Punz was some sort of predator preying on him. It was unsettling. The mercenary got up and walked to him. He reached for his jacket pocket and pulled out an envelope. "For you, from Wilbur."

"Will?" He questioned as he took it. He opened the sealed envelope and took the paper out.

Punz nodded. "Told me to deliver this to you without the two of them knowing."

There was silence, and the gears were turning in Dream's head.

"Is that why you were seeing me through the window?" he pointed to the direction to his room incredulously to Punz. " That's your idea of being discreet? Couldn't you have come by at night?"

The mercenary just shrugged with a blank face. "Wilbur paid me to do the task as discreetly as possible, as well quickly. Not really the best combo, if I'm gonna be honest, but... I got paid... so yeah, the window. "

This money loving dog, honestly!

"Okay, thanks," He said quickly, turning so that his back would face Punz as he read the letter.

To my beloved, Dreamy

Dream shuddered when he read the word, 'beloved'. He still wasn't used to such words.

I am still filled with joy! It feels like I'm in cloud 9! I cannot thank you enough for making my Dream come true!

...

...Should he feel annoyed, or cringe from the pun, or roll his eyes from that first line? This felt more like an insult rather than the brit thanking him.

He read on.

It seems like it was only yesterday that we were once enemies, but have now become such wonderful allies!

What the hell was this lunatic talking about? It was literally yesterday that Dream gave his nation independence! Had he forgotten that already? Did he eat something bad after they parted ways?

Again, I do apologize for offending you. You could say that I was rather caught off guard seeing your... sudden change of stature. You must be gravely shocked, too! Your height has always been one of the traits that made you look so intimidating. I do hope your friends aren't making fun of you too much. If they are, and if you want, you can always come find me and I can coddle and take care of you. I could be a great distraction.

Dream rolled his eyes at this one. *Sure, go to the very giant that now towers over me to distract myself that I shrank.* He felt so insulted right now. But he still read on.

Anyways, I am looking forward to our little date! Alone. I'd like to know you more , it would be nice if I could have you ,too. I do hope that no one would disrupt our fun, though. I would get genuinely mad, even if it were Tommy, if someone were to spoil our special day! I have a lot planned for us. I'm sure you would love it!

Dream was sure he would not. Rather than have fun on the day of their date, the blond would likely think of ways to kill himself while Wilbur showered him with positivity.

We won't be seeing each other in a few days as I am busy preparing. I'm quite excited to see what you would be wearing for our date. Your clothes did look quite big on you now that you've become short. Will miss your pretty face. Bye~

...

Dream bit his lip and clenched his hand, crumpling the paper. How the hell should he react to this? Bothered by the some of the creepy like tone from his writing here and there, or be mad by the consistent insults that were thrown to his face?

Should he burn this?

Dream flinched from the hot breath that ghosted around his neck. It was only then that he realized that Punz was behind him, too close to his liking, reading the letter Wilbur sent from over his shoulder. F**k, he was tall from up close. Not as tall as Wilbur, but still tall! Great, now he knew how George felt being surrounded by mountains.

Punz chuckled as a smile curled on his lips. "I didn't realize this, you actually shrank?"

Before Punz could say anything else, Dream literally kicked him, then kicked him out of his base.

--Night, no one's perspective--

Dream was shifting right and left in his sleep. Even if he was free from prison and Quackity's tortures, the nightmares didn't leave him alone. He was seeing flashbacks of his worst memories in prison. He didn't wake up, though. He felt scared, he felt so alone. Dream wanted it to all end.

However.. the touch on his cheek, the gentle pets and strokes he felt were... nice, soft, gentle... He unconsciously moved closer to the source, and the raven haired man chuckled, adoring his now peaceful face.

The gentle touches were enough to drive away Dream's nightmares.

Corpse kissed Dream's forehead, then the back of his hand lovingly, as though he was worshipping

him. He laid next to Dream on the blond's bed, his fingers running through the thick blonde locks. Dream sighed with contentment, silent tears streamed down his cheeks, and Corpse wiped them away with his thumb.

Dream looked like he was in pain since yesterday, Corpse thought. He cried so suddenly... and he's crying again in his sleep.

"After so long," He murmured softly, hugging Dream like his life depended on it, " I finally found you. I promise this time that I will never leave you again... my lovely, lovely, Cornelius..."

Chapter End Notes

Tahdah! That's how Corpse knew Dream. From the the tales of the Dream SMP. though, gotta tell you that I changed the setting of the dates a bit. Also, in case you were wondering... yes, Corpse tracked Dream down and broke into his base to hug Dream.

Anyway, plz leave comments and kudos :)

A talk with a God through a Dream

Chapter Summary

XD talks. Meanwhile, Corpse loves cuddling Dream... and that just led to...well...

Chapter Notes

I saw Techno's recent steam!! YAY! NOW GO FREE OUR GREEN BOI!!!!

:)

Kudos:980, Bookmarks:157, Hits:10205

WHAT THE HECK!!! JKSVKSDKJFJKSD BKE7FEHK!!! i'M SO HAPPY YOU GUYS. I genuinely didn't think this fic would get so many hits in just the 3rd week since i started this month. Really. I had nothing planned for this story, I wanted to just do this story out of a whim when stress piled.

Wow, I am so happy. Thank you all for your support. :)

Anyway, this chap has angsts

Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Hello, Daydream."

"XD, you son of a bitch."

"Now that is not very nice. Is that anyway to greet me after all I have done for you?"

They back at the black void again. Was he dead this time?

"No, you are not," The god said, shining brightly. He read his mind with his godly powers again.

He clicked his tongue.

Damn it.

"What the hell was the idea of yanking away my height!?" Dream demanded, getting straight to business. "Is my body facing some kind of side effect going back in time? No--IMPORTANTLY, why send me back to the past!? Huh?"

"You needed a fresh start, " the god answered.

...

...

...

"And? Dream, raised a brow.

"There is nothing more to say."

...That was it? That's all he was gonna say to him? Crappy response!

"Daydream, do you not believe that you can use this opportunity to change the tragic future?"

Dream shook his head. "no, nothing would change no matter what I do." Dream gave Wilbur's nation independence, but despite that he wanted to go out with Dream for some reason. What's his true intention now? Dream didn't know, but Wilbur had a crazy look in his eyes. The same eyes he had when he blew up his own nation.

Nothing would change.

"Your life will change, dear," The God told him, floating closer to Dream after reading his mind.
"Not in the way you expect, but the outcome would still favor you."

Dream didn't take his words seriously.

"And as to why I had to make your stature look smaller, you could say that this was something that would be expected to happen when I took a fragment of your soul."

A fragment of his what again? "For what?"

"Technoblade desired for your body to stay preserved." Dream flinched when Techno's name was mentioned. *"As you know, a mortal's body would soon decay once the body no longer functions. For this reason, in the other timeline, I took a tiny fragment of your soul and had it remain in that old body of yours."*

He froze as his face paled. "wait... in that timeline... am I..." he couldn't bring himself to say it. Was a small part of him alive in that body?

"No, you are not alive. The small fragment was only what I needed to infuse my magic into it so that your body would not change. Even if centuries pass by, your body will remain the same."

"oh..." was all he could say. He didn't know what to think about that.

Dream hesitated a lot to ask his next question.

"...So... what happened to the server after I died? What did Techno do?"

"Hmmm, it was quite the show," The god said with much amusement shown in his demeanor. *"I cannot tell you as your mental strength does not have the capability to handle it, but I can say that... the server was in a state of chaos."*

Dream buried his face in his hands, sighing very loudly. He screwed up.

"But on the bright side, your request was fulfilled by Technoblade with my aid. Quackity and Sam faced the consequences of their actions."

Good.

"Your former friends are in a state of devastation when they read your messages. It is possible for them to not recover from the regret they feel."

Perfect.

"oh, and another thing." The light aura around XD darkened. Huh? " I cannot forgive you too easily for destroying a statue my old worshipper made for me centuries ago. He was one of my favorites before he passed. "

Ah...

Oh, crap... Right, Dream hacked the wood carving to a million pieces yesterday out of rage. He was so mad that he did something so necessary out of spite. Now he's in trouble.

Wait, does that mean--

"No, your consequence is not death. " XD said quickly, reading his mind again.

Damn it.

"So the price for this is that I gave your base location to someone outside the server."

"WHAT!?" Dream screamed. "Are you insane? Do you know how dangerous that is?" For an old wood carving, that's a bit too much! His safety would be on the line. Shit, he'd have to move and make a new base.

"No need to be so alarmed. You know this person, Daydream. " The divine being snapped his fingers and a white screen appeared before them. Dream shrieked at what he saw, his face turned beet red.

Dream was in his bed, sound asleep. But he wasn't alone. Corpse held him. He was cuddling with the blond and it seemed like he was asleep, too... ON HIS BED!

"You gave my location to Corpse!?" He shouted with disbelief. "I barely know the guy!"

XD lifted his mask to show his smirking lips. *"This is my price, Daydream. I do not plan to wake you up as you will watch this until the sunlight hits your windows."*

"You're crazy!" he threw his hands in the air. "What if Corpse does something to me in my sleep?"

"Rest assured, he is not that kind of man. I promise. Putting that aside, I find this scene quite amusing, Daydream. "

Dream watched in horror as he saw his unconscious body shift and move closer to Corpse, his face was at the man's neck while his hands tugged his shirt. "NO, NO! Body, what are you doing!?" He had to stop, this would lead to a bigger misunderstanding if Punz climbed through his window again.

"What's his deal, anyway? Why does he want to touch me like a lover?"

"Why not ask him yourself? I cannot be the one to provide you with all the answers."

What the hell is the point being the almighty being? Dream thought with disbelief. Looking back at the image .

"Daydream, I can hear your thoughts loud and clear," The god reminded.

"STOP READING MY MIND!!!

"Hmmm..." Dream watched himself groan in his sleep, shifting a little. "Pancakes... tasty, Corpse..."

HEH!?

Did...did he just sleep talk? About Corpse when he's right there?

Corpse lifted his head, blinking his eyes sleepily. He definitely heard what Dream said in his sleep as he chuckled, then pressed his lips on his forehead. "Adorable."

"He is right, dear. That is quite endearing, Daydream." The divine god laughed at Dream's humiliated expression. Stop, stop, stop!

"THIS IS HARASSMENT!" he screamed.

Someone wake me up!

—Dream's room—

He was aware of where he was before he awoke. His bedroom, back to the world of the living. The sunlight slipped through the curtains from his window. Oh, thank god.

Finally the nightmare was over. He was so mentally exhausted.

F**king XD, that would sure in hell be the last time Dream would hack any statues of any god in the forest. Now all he had to do was just untangle his legs from the ravenette and move his body away from Corpse's, and then run for the hills and make a cottage somewhere.

Corpse, however to his dismay, was already awake as he rubbed small circles with his thumb on Dream's hip. Felt good—NOPE, not what he should be thinking of right now. He should be freaking out. This stranger tracked him down thanks to XD, found one of his hidden bases in less than a day, trespassed into his territory and his server uninvited... to hug him in his sleep.

Crazy. This man was insane.

At this point, there were multiple red flags raised from his conduct. Was he always like this, or was he some kind of criminal?

"Are you often this affectionate to people you hardly know?" Dream questioned groggily. He was still drowsy. Damn, that didn't make him sound serious at all. "Your behavior is starting to concern me. "

Corpse chuckled, removing his hand from his hips to Dream's back so that the blond's face would be closer to his chest. Hmm... warm, wait no. He shouldn't be thinking about this. He could be a killer for all he knew.

"Would you believe me if I said I'm in love?"

...

...

Love? Really? He was using that card?

Dream frowned, sitting up alarmed. "You broke into my house, hugged me while I was asleep, slept on my bed, and your hands were just holding my body. Don't you think your actions are crossing my boundaries right now?"

Love my foot, such an easy lie to tell.

But he does look sincere, though. He didn't even assault me while i slept like a log...

Unless I became unable to read people as easily as I could before.

Corpse sat up, raising his brows. "But you never had a problem with it before? You always wanted all my hugs and touches. You puffed your cheeks when you got mad whenever I disappeared without giving you a hug."

Dream stared in shock. "What are you talking about? Is this related to the night I was drunk and you took me home? Cause' that was a one time—"

"I'm talking about our past, Dreamy," the man smiled at him.

He shut up...

Their past? What was Corpse talking about? Is he saying that he met the raven haired guy before somewhere? But Dream had no recollection whatsoever of a raven haired guy touching him like this. The name, Corpse, never rang a bell, either. So what was he talking about?

...Unless he was lying?

He should be lying to cause confusion—

Dream thoughts were cut off when he finally realized what Corpse was doing. While he contemplated, the man had already pushed Dream down the bed, and spooned him from behind while he kissed his neck.

Dream yelped from the warm lips on his skin, his shoulders tensed and raised high enough for Corpse to stop.

"Corpse!" He chided as his face started heating up. "What are you doing?"

"What does it look like I'm doing? I'm marking you, Dreamy." He purred, and Dream could swear that he could feel the smirk on his face.

Marking? Like what? Property? With his lips? Was he giving a hickey? oh, no, oh no--Red flags, RED FLAGS!

"Do you often do this with random people like you do with your lovers!?" Dream struggled to move and escape from his grasp, but Corpse had one hell of a grip. Their legs were tangled again, ah! Great!

"I'll be honest, Dream. You're the only one I want to be so affectionate with. No matter how many ladies threw themselves at me, I only wanted you."

There was a pause.

...

..

...

He scoffed. "Why?"

The air changed drastically. Corpse buried his face at his shoulder, not noticing Dream's sudden change of demeanor.

Why be like this to someone like him? Is anyone sane to hold affection for a bad guy?

A child killer? A manipulator? *A monster?*

"Because I love you, Dreamy." He simply said, hugging Dream tighter.

...Ah, there he goes again. Love.

What a joke.

"Dreamy?" he asked when Dream stopped moving and started shaking his head to himself.

"...Ha...You liar," he said in a trembling voice that barely sounded audible.

He clenched his fist as he bit his lip harshly.

Who the hell would love someone like him? Dream never believed in 'love at first sight'. He became more aware of his position thanks to Quackity that no one would want to be tangled with a monster like him. He should be dead as that would show the world that he repented and paid for all his sins.

Not to mention, the first mistake he ever made was letting his first friend, Cat, sacrifice his life for him in the village he once lived in... he died for Dream so that Dream could start anew, but that led to such tragedy on this server... the server he made, and ended. He made things far worse.

He deserved to die.

Besides, even if what Corpse said was true, Dream was sure it was a short infatuation, and he would soon be bored with Dream. Corpse would leave him once he realizes this, just like how the rest of them did. He would be alone again; he was always alone.

"Dream," Corpse loosened his grip around his waist to turn him around. Teary emerald eyes met with red ones. "Do you want me to leave?"

Dream's eyes softened. The logical part of him said yes, Corpse could be a dangerous person. Dream didn't know personally him at all during the first timeline. But the damaged part of him said no, he didn't want to be alone right now.... He was pathetic and wanted to be embraced and petted as he was so touch-starved.

"Do what you want..." Dream said, averting his gaze somewhere else.

For a while, the two said nothing. The room stayed quiet.

Corpse shifted closer to Dream. "Will you allow me to show you how much I can treasure you?"

Dream still couldn't comprehend the idea that some guy just fell in love with him instantly. But if accepting this man would lead to a possibility that one day Corpse would betray him and kill him, then might as well take it. He'd been betrayed and killed before, and now he was numb to those kinds of pains,

The blond nodded his head, emotionally tired from his feelings.

"But just so you know," he warned, "I don't think I'll be reciprocating your feelings. Ever. We..."

can't become a thing. I don't want us to be official, or anything like that."

That heart of his was broken beyond repair from the first timeline. So Corpse shouldn't have any high hopes held, especially since Dream was a little suicidal right now.

"But we can't be friends with benefits, either, I'm not into that shit..."

The raven haired man chuckled, caressing his cheek tenderly, and Dream leaned into that touch. "It's fine, love, as long as I don't lose you again."

Lose you again, what does that even mean?

Corpse held him close and leaned to kiss him. Dream didn't fight back as he closed his eyes and wrapped his arms around his neck, losing himself to the kiss. The kiss was slow... soft and gentle... It made him forget his sorrow and hatred for himself. Although he always felt nervous about the idea to kiss someone... he just didn't seem to care now. He didn't care about the consequences that would come after this, either. He always messed up with everything no matter what he did, so why bother trying fix himself? He's gonna die soon anyway...

This felt nice.

Corpse was a crazy guy. But Dream allowed him to kiss him.

Maybe he was a little crazy, too...

—what happened in the first timeline after Dream died..., no one's perspective--

At the Arctic, Techno built a red shrine with ruby blocks. It's not that he wanted the building to look too grand, but he didn't want the shrine to look too small and shabby, either. Just enough for people to come in and out of it. At the interior of the shrine, there were green ribbons decorating the wall, with lanterns lighting the place up. The ceiling of the shrine was made with glass so that the sky would be visible to see. If snow covered the glass, Techno could easily melt it off with his new admin magic Dream transferred to him. Few cherry blossom trees were planted in the little indoor garden Techno made. He'd had to plant flowers soon.

In the middle of the shrine... held something most important .

An occupied open coffin...

"It's a shame..." Wilbur said, clasping Dream's cold hand as he knelt on the grass looking at Dream. "I wanted to at least talk to you one more time before you..." he trailed off, biting his lip in frustration. "After you revived me, I needed time to make a plan to break you out... but I guess it was far too long for you... I'm sorry."

With a soft single bedded mattress underneath, Dream's body was laid in a beautiful, diamond framed glass coffin Technoblade crafted. The body didn't say a word back to Wilbur, but the brunet still hoped for a response. Even if it was just a word.

Dream's body was cleaned and washed properly before being changed to only white clothes, but that just made the scars Quackity inflicted upon him more prominently noticeable on his skin. His now long dirty blonde hair had the blood washed off, and was slayed on the mattress. His mask was nowhere to be seen, exposing his untouched beautiful face. The only place where his skin wasn't scarred...

His milky skin colour made it seem like he was glowing as his lips had a beautiful faded pink colour, His small light freckles looked like they were specks of stars decorating his body. His dirty blonde hair seemed to look lighter in colour as it shined by the light.

If only those eyes opened, Wilbur's savior would rival a goddess.

Wilbur closed his eyes and brought Dream's hand to his head. "My love, my hero, my savior..." he said his words like a prayer, "I promise, Dreamy. I'll make him pay for all the injustice he made you go through. He made a country without your approval, took advantage of you in prison while he accumulated power, and inflicted such horrible scars on your body. He went too far. I promise, my dear Dream, that I'll burn Las Nevadas to the f**king ground as I did with L'Manburg. I promise, love..."

"Making vows to a dead man, are we now, Wilbur?" Techno said, walking towards the garden from the entrance of the shrine. The piglin-hybrid was wearing his usual attire... except for the mask. He had been wearing Dream's mask ever since he came back carrying Dream's body. "You're even holding his hand... People would consider your action right now as disturbing."

The brit chuckled, putting Dream's hand down and back to the side of his dead body. "You're not the one to talk. You not only refused to give Dream a burial for the past 2 weeks, but you even requested XD to preserve Dream's body so his body wouldn't rot... It's like you're openly displaying him here like some kind of trophy," Techno growled at his brother when he said that, "which I know is not your intention, but people might think otherwise. You've also been wearing his mask since the day you escaped prison."

Techno said nothing, his gaze only looked at the dead man's face who looked ever so peaceful since he embraced death. "It's the least I can do. Dream had been trapped in that obsidian hellhole for a while, so I want him to... to at least let him be out here for sometime... "

His brother nodded as he got up to look at his hero. "Then you admit that we're both doing this to make ourselves feel better... even though it serves no purpose for someone who's already gone... You built this place for him, I stopped and dropped the competition against that duck so I could be here... would Dream be happy with this if he were still alive? I wonder."

"I don't know..." the blood god admitted. "Revenge was the only thing he wanted as much as he yearned for death. He didn't say anything else."

His brother scoffed from the response. "It's more like you didn't ask what he desired. I would have killed to be in your place during that time so I could speak with him."

Techno was aware. He shouldn't have made fun of Dream and rubbed the open wounds that were already killing him from the inside.

"When are you going to start to avenge Dream?" Wilbur asked. He carefully placed the lid of the glass atop the coffin.

"Soon." the blood god clenched his teeth, "very soon."

A wicked and insane grin formed on Wilbur's face . "I'll help you."

Hope you enjoyed! Please leave comments and kudos! :)

The Techno chap all of you were asking about. It's short, I know. Left it as a cliff hanger. Don't worry, in one of the upcoming chaps, continuation will happen.

:)

Corpse is not a criminal

Chapter Summary

Dream realises was Corpse's actions was a misunderstanding...

Chapter Notes

The title kinda sucks, I know.

This chap would feel a little rushed, sorry :(

Hope you enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--a few hours later, Dream's room--

Dream woke up again, his throat was parched. He needed a drink.

He was still in his bedroom, something he was still not adjusted to seeing as lately he'd been questioning where the obsidian blocks were.

Corpse held him in his sleep, spooning him from behind.

He should mentally get used to this now. For now, Corpse didn't have any intention to hurt him, but Dream should keep in mind that from this day onwards this guy would start dropping by whenever he wanted to, and cuddle with Dream in his sleep. Maybe he would one day start living with Dream...

...Dream should die soon before that day ever comes.

But for some reason, the idea of that didn't scare him. Sure he had been caught off guard and panicked at first as no one would do that, but now that he knew Corpse was gonna do more questionable things in the future, Dream didn't mind that much. And that bothered him.

It's like this was something that had happened to him before.

Something so long ago... he couldn't remember. Well, there's a chance that his mental state was cool with it since his death was arriving soon--

His train of thought was abruptly cut short when Corpse nipped his ear.

Dream growled.

This guy had a biting problem, too. Why did he have a biting problem? He should do something about this, at least.

"You awake, love?" the hot murmuring in his ear had sent shivers down his spine. Oh, god. That voice...

"I woke up to the feeling of you trying to eat my ear off." He bristled, sitting up and untangling Corpse's arms around his waist. "Stop that, I'm not food."

"I wasn't planning on eating you, but alright," he chuckled, sitting up as well. He pecked Dream's cheek and got out of bed.

Dream rubbed his eyes. "What time is it?"

"Eleven... you looked pretty tired so I didn't want to disturb you."

He frowned when he thought about something. Corpse didn't leave his side for a while... "Did you eat anything?" he asked.

"Nope, but I'll make breakfast for us. Want pancakes again?"

"Sur--" The memory of what he saw in the void with XD hit him. "No!"

Corpse looked at him in confusion. Dream's face turned tomato red.

"I mean.." he quickly thought of an excuse. Nada. "I.. I....Okay, pancakes sounds good." He forced a smile, and Corpse smiled back at him. Once Corpse left the room, Dream fell back to the bed again, sighing deeply. XD, damn you.

He wasn't feeling that energetic, so he should sleep again. It was an awful morning... But he had to admit that the kiss he shared with Corpse made it better... slightly...

Dream closed his eyes, drifting to sleep ..

There was a sound of a tap on his window. Must be a bird.

At first he ignored it, but the second tap made him sit up. It better not be Punz trying to break his way in again. Even if he didn't look apologetic about his actions compared to Sapnap and George, at least he should at least know that trying to come through the window is something a criminal would do. Not to mention, at this timeline, Dream was still his employer!

He drew the curtains open, and-- surprise, surprise-- Punz was there. Except, this time on the ground, holding pebbles in his hand. Good, the dog didn't climb up. He flung the windows open after unlocking it. "What do you want?" He yelled down to him.

Punz opened his mouth to say something... but nothing came out... he just gaped at him.

huh?

Why was he staring at him so stupidly?

"What are you doing?" Dream hissed at him, getting irritated by the minute. Punz then pointed at his own face with a look of question. "What?" he questioned. "Is there something on my face--" The moment his fingers touched his skin, he realized what was wrong.

He wasn't wearing his mask. Shit, Punz had just seen him maskless.

SHIT!

Dream quickly moved away from the window and scrambled for his mask that was placed on the nightstand . After quickly dressing up properly, he rushed downstairs. He found Corpse in the kitchen, making the batter of the pancakes.

"It's not ready yet, Dreamy." He told him with a sweet smile. "You can still sleep--"

Dream didn't have the time to answer him. He quickly moved and headed for the front door. Punz stood outside, waiting with a shocked expression. Dream must have looked awful. He didn't have a good sleep, and he slept again when he awoke with Corpse. He was sure his messy dirty blonde hair and black bags under his eyes made him look like a Zombie.

"Don't say a word of what you just saw!" Dream warned, and the mercenary nodded. "Why are you here?" he paused. "Did I get another letter from Wilbur?"

"No," Punz dug into his pockets and handed an envelope to him. "It's from Sapnap, this time i wasn't paid to be discreet."

Dream tensed when his name was called. He was hesitant, but accepted the letter.

Dream stared at the envelope in his hands. Swallowing hard. Should he read this now? No, Punz was here, this money loving dog would read the contents again, just like he did with Wilbur's letter with no shame.

"They still aren't happy that you agreed to go on a date with Wilbur," The mercenary said, folding his arms, "so they can't face you, yet. Sapnap figured this would probably be the best way to communicate with you for now. "

The blond was aware. This may become an issue, now that he thought about it. Wilbur wanted to spend some alone time with Dream during their date, but given how Sapnap and George are right now in this timeline, he was sure they would do anything to get Dream out of it. Dream didn't want them to disrupt their date as they would mean angering Wilbur, and he did not want the Brit to go full on insane right now. His mind was unstable and edgy, and it seemed like he didn't plan on hiding it anymore.

He didn't want Wilbur to go insane, nor did he want George or Sapnap to see him with an unstable mind...

He looked at Punz again, and a thought hit him...

"Punz, the day of my date with Wilbur... Can you keep George and Sapnap away from us?" Dream said, surprising Punz, "I'll pay you, of course."

For a while, he didn't respond. Dream narrowed his eyes in confusion, why was he not saying anything? He used to take whatever pay and did his tasks without much thought. Why was he hesitating now?

"Dude, you're seriously going to go out with Wilbur when it was just yesterday he was the SMP's enemy?" He questioned, his tone changed to ...that of concern?

"That's not your business, Punz." He replied sharply, clicking his tongue. "Don't ask questions, I'll reward you handsomely when you do your tasks." He paused to take a breath, looking away from the mercenary. "I can handle Wilbur, so don't doubt me again."

He hoped they didn't interfere. And if Dream was lucky, and if this date does end up as a trap, then Dream would be thrilled to have his first cannon life taken by the brit. If Corpse ever had the intention of stabbing him in the back by killing him, he doubted it would be anytime soon.

"Alright, Dream, " the mercenary said, raising his hands to show that he won't pry anymore. He pointed at his neck with a finger. "Also, what's up with your neck?"

"What's up with my neck?" Dream didn't understand the question.

"Did you get yourself a tattoo?"

huh?

After Punz left, and the two of them ate their breakfast, Dream went to the bathroom to check his neck.

He screamed.

"CORPSE!!!"

"Yes, Dreamy?" The ravenette entered the bathroom, realising something was wrong seeing the horror on Dream's face reflected on the mirror.

"THE HELL IS THIS?" He whirled to him and pointed at his neck. Dream thought that Corpse had planted a hickey on his neck, but instead, Dream found an odd black shaped mark. It looked like a bunny with one ear and eye gone, and the mouth had sharp pointed teeth. The hell was this?

"Oh, that's my mark." The man said with a smug. "I did tell you I was gonna mark you, didn't I?"

"I thought you meant a kiss mark!" He hissed, distressed.

"Do you want a kiss mark?"

What was this--what!?

An arm wrapped around his waist and brought their bodies closer. Corpse leaned to his whispered hotly, "All you have to do is ask, love, and I'll be more than happy to give--"

"No, no, no, no, no, no,!!!" He pushed him off. "No thanks!" He took a breath, looking away from the man as he tried to calm his beating heart down. God, that surprised him. "Corpse... what is this exactly?"

"It's my mark. I used magic--" did he say magic? He's a magician or a sorceress apprentice or something?" -- to create that and plant it on your skin so that I would know where you've disappeared off to if I can't find you." the man explained while he smiled, not noticing the wary look on Dream's face.

...

...

... Was this guy serious?"

"Remove it,"

"Dreamy?"

"Corpse, this isn't right." Dream said firmly, eyeing the tall man. "You can't just do this."

"why not?" he tilted his head, curiosity filled his eyes. Did... did this guy truly not know what he was doing wrong?

He took a deep breath. "Listen, I didn't say this earlier as I sort of owe you for taking me out of that bar when I was so intoxicated, but... the way you... your actions made me uncomfortable."

A shock expression formed on his face as he gasped, wow this guy had no clue, did he? "I-I did? I'm so sorry, Dreamy! I had no idea I was making you feel that way."

Dream pointed at the odd mark on his neck. "Just take this off, and I'll forgive you."

"...ah, about that,"

Uh oh. He had a bad feeling about this.

"I... can't... the mark wears off gradually. Since I conjured a lot of magic in that mark, it may be gone in about a week?"

A week!?

"Are you kidding me?" He blurted out in a sharp tone he used earlier with Punz

Corpse winced, damn it, he felt bad already. "I'm sorry, Dreamy..." He quickly held his hand, clasping it, "as i said before, I don't want to lose you again... I was so happy that I found you... so I marked you."

...

...

...

Dream retrieved his hand back, looking away from Corpse's red puppy eyes. "It's.... fine..." he said reluctantly, even though he was not... Damn, he'd become soft. People would take advantage of him at this rate.

Was there anyone in this world who would genuinely say things so innocent and pitifully, not realising that their previous actions were something a criminal would do? It's like this guy didn't know any basic etiquette and courtesies...

...

He blinked...

wait...

Did this guy... was he ever?

"Corpse... how well were you educated?"

He cringed from his own question. Maybe he should rephrase that sentence.

"Someone like me was never educated by anyone," he said with no hesitation, "My parents abandoned me ever since I was a child. The village I grew up in... the people never liked me because of what I was. You could say most were wary and scared of me."

Dream knew it. The only other explanation why Corpse's actions were like this was because he was never taught about basic etiquette and courtesies.

He was just like Dream from a long time ago.

Before Puffy adopted Dream, he knew nothing about the world, it was only natural as both his parents died when he was young. He was illiterate. He could hardly read. He only knew how to hunt. Cat and him only had each other to rely on in the old village, and they basically did things that, now that he thought about it as a well raised man, that the kinds of things they did made them seem like they were a couple.

Dream didn't want to think of the details as it was all wildly embarrassing.

Also...

What exactly was Corpse that made the villager afraid of him?

He should think about that later. For now, he should make Corpse understand.

Dream leaned back at the basin of the sink, crossing his arms.

"Listen up, first of all, you need my consent before you hug me, or touch me so intimately. Okay? You absolutely cannot hug someone, especially in their sleep without permission. Even if you didn't touch me... in-in a sexual way, it's still a little f**ked up. You claim you knew me from before, but I don't know you. So to me, It bothers me a lot by the fact that a stranger hugged me in my sleep. Also," he pointed at his neck, "I don't want you marking me, okay? Unless I'm in a labyrinth or maze and got lost, you can't mark me without telling me. I don't want to feel like an animal with a tracker on me."

"...Oh, okay," he said, looking down, and Dream somehow had a feeling he was seeing a puppy's ears and tail go down in disappointment as well. "Does this include kissing as well? You... liked being kissed, though, this morning"

Dream's face went red. "Okay, that's on me... I... I liked it... I suppose you can kiss me, but only on the lips! okay? Not-not anywhere else." He covered his neck with his hands.

Corpse smiled brightly, and Dream was sure he would go blind by the rays of sunshine that radiated from that smile.

"Second of all, knock! Don't break into my house whenever you want, alright?"

"Okay," he nodded. Good.

Then the whole day, Dream taught him other basic human courtesies.

--Evening--

Dream was alone in his base, finally.

All the talk finally paid off as Corpse said he would make a house for himself. He now realised that Dream would feel burdened if Corpse started living with Dream right off the bat, so might as well take it slow. Which Dream was grateful for.

God, that man did have plans to live here with Dream. Still hard to believe that someone would just think they could easily do that. Dream was likely not gonna see the man for a few days because the mark Corpse put on his neck would assure the ravenette. However, Dream didn't have any plans to go anywhere. He just wanted to sleep and eat and be inactive for a while.

However...

This felt lonely, as much as he hated to admit it. Corpse was here with him last night and the whole day, and that filled the emptiness he felt from the inside. The first night he came back to the past, he wanted to have someone hug him badly. it sucked, he was so touch starved.

Should he get a cat?

Pets... they were social animals... so soft and fluffy... he needed that now to cope with it.

Right before Dream went to the kitchen to look for a bone to tame the wild wolves with, he dug into his pockets and found an envelope. Right, he forgot about Sapnap's letter. Well, he had nothing better to do, and since he wasn't gonna face Sapnap personally (that calmed his anxiety a lot), he should read it.

He crashed to a nearby couch and read the letter, throwing the envelope somewhere.

...

...

...

...What?

what? what? what? what the hell!?

no, no, no, no, no---SHIT!

Dream quickly crumpled the letter to a ball and threw it far away, looking extremely horrified. He was hyperventilating. He felt so nauseous and sick. His bones felt like they were gonna break if something touched him. Why now? Why was this happening so early? WHY NOW?!

He ran up the stairs to his bedroom for his communicator.

With trembling hands, he texted:

You whispered to Punz: I need that pill, NOW!!

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it :)

A mercenary's loyalty

Chapter Summary

Dream's attempt failed thanks to certain nosy man.

Chapter Notes

Added the Dream/Techno tag after much thinking. Yay! :D
I should be studying, instead I'm writing this.
Enjoy! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—Letter—

Hey, Dream,

I figured writing a letter to you would be more convenient as George and I aren't in the right calm minds now. Look, we're just worried for you, okay? We aren't too keen that you agreed to go out with Wilbur as the man is a total jackass and too prideful of his 'nation'. I mean, it's your server! He just stole a piece of your land and claimed it as his own. It still doesn't sit right for me to that you gave them independence despite this when those little shits don't deserve it.

But I guess I'll trust you for this. If you have plans to destroy L'Manburg or set their forest ablaze again, tell me soon. I think I'll be at ease knowing this.

Oh, and i wanted to ask if I can invite a couple of friends to officially join this server? Their names are Karl and Quackity, and they're temporary living in my house due to the—

Dream stopped from there...

F**k, screw his slow death plan! Quackity was already here. He was here, he was here, he was here, hewasherehewasherehewashere!!!

He didn't want to face that psycho yet! He didn't ! God, how could he completely forget about him!!?

How could he forget the man who had tortured him for months!? The same manic who whispered the harsh cruel words in his ear that Dream was a monster and he deserved the treatment over and over.

Why did he appear so early? Could it be possible that he was living with Sapnap for a while before Dream met him and permitted him to join the server? Yes, that must be it. Otherwise there were no other explanations he could think of..

A knock on the door not only startled him but made him shriek.

“Dream? You okay?” Punz’s voice was heard from the other side of the door. Never had Dream ever been so relieved hearing his voice, as that meant his death was right around the corner. He slammed opened the door and said, “Do you have it?”

“Sure?” Punz stared at his face, gaping stupidly. Whatever happened to him? Forget it, its nothing important. Punz raised a small pouch to show to him, and the dirty blond suppressed his glee. “It wasn’t easy to find as—“

“Yeah, yeah, I’m very grateful,” He brushed him off and snatched the pouch from his hand and shoved another pouch filled with his payment. “Go home.” He slammed the door to his face.

Dream was certain that he'll die tonight.

—Midnight—

Dream waited till midnight to kill himself. He knew that this was when the whole server would be sound asleep, and he trusted that Corpse wouldn’t break into his house around this time when Dream does this. No one will interfere with his suicide.

The pill in his hand was small and white, it’s shape was circular, like a tablet. There was only one in the small bottle, but he supposed one would be enough. The feeling of being poisoned, and the horrible effects of this would surely sate his desire to harm himself. Killing himself with a knife would end too quickly for him as he wanted this to hurt and last long enough. He deserved it after all. Then when he respawns, he'll stab his heart twice, taking all his cannon lives.

When he heard the old clock chime twelve downstairs, he knew it was time.

This was the end of the line for him...

Dream opened the bottle and swallowed the pill, not even tasting it.

He closed his eyes.

...

...

...

...

...

...

... Huh?

"...Why isn't anything happening to me?" Dream questioned aloud, he looked at the empty bottle in his hand in confusion. "Isn't the pill supposed to take effect immediately? Did Punz get me something else by accident?" He paused to think. "Unless —"

"Unless what I gave was never a cyanide pill to begin with."

The temperature in the room dropped.

Dream jumped from the sound of Punz's voice and turned. Punz crawled out of his hiding spot from under his bed.

"Punz?"

—A few hours earlier, Punz's perspective—

"Hey, George," the man knocked at his door. "Are you there?" Earlier, the colour blind man sent a whisper message to him to come by his house. Punz didn't know for what exactly.

The door swung open, and before he could greet the Brit, the man shoved a pouch full of gold to his chest.

"What is this?"

"I have a task for you," he said seriously, "When Dream goes out with Wilbur, make sure to disrupt it."

...

Punz laughed hard. "Are you that jealous that the former enemy asked Dream out before you could?"

"wha—" his face went red, Punz hit the nail. "NO! I mean, yeah, I like Dream, but I'm not jealous!"

"ah-huh, sure. I totally agree with you," He chuckled.

"I'm not!" He insisted, "look, I just don't trust Wilbur. He may say and be all friendly with that stupid smile, and promise not to harm Dream with his flowery language—"

"even though you both have the same accent?" Punz was enjoying the scene of angry George.

"Our accents have nothing to do with this!"

"Yeah, I'm just pulling your leg, dude. I get it. Unfortunately, I can't do what you asked. My hands are tied. Dream already promised to pay me to keep you and Sapnap away during their date."

"What!?" He fumed.

"Yep. We have a contract, which means his task is way above yours. So," Punz handed the money back. "Sorry, George"

But George didn't give up, he shoved the money back to Punz as he tried to negotiate, "How about taking Dream away from Wilbur? If Dream stood Wilbur up, then the date technically won't happen. There's nothing to disrupt!"

Punz rolled his eyes and shoved the money back again. "No can do. Dream said he would handle Wilbur. If I interfere, Dream won't pay me. So no."

Punz had the money again. "Okay, fine! Then keep an eye on Dream."

George had the money back. "I thought I just said—"

“Not during the date, just for a few days before the date starts. Watch Dream for a while and report back to me how he’s been doing.”

“You want me to spy on him like a stalker?” He grimaced as he said that bluntly. “Even if this is for his protection or something, that still makes me a little uncomfortable.”

“Relax, I meant follow him whenever he leaves the house, I didn’t mean watch him in his sleep.” George gave the money back again. “This should be fine with you, right?”

Punz contemplated for a while. “Fine,” he agreed.

His communicator dinged.

Dream whispered to you: I need that pill, NOW!!

Huh?

—Present, Dream’s perspective—

Dream’s mind was in a state of panic as his face paled. How did he get here? How long was he here? Did he slip through the window again while he was not looking?

“Punz? What are you doing in my room!?” he demanded, hiding the empty bottle behind him. But that futile as Dream knew he’d already knew.

“You know, it occurred to me just how strange it was that you wanted cyanide pills right after you gave L’Manburg independence. I would have brushed it off thinking you just wanted to poison someone who would be a threat to you in the future, or something. But when you pushed me to get it quickly today, that got me suspicious. Not to mention--” the mercenary threw the pouch Dream gave earlier as his payment to the floor, the precious valuables spilled from the mouth. Some gold and gems skidded off somewhere on the wooden tiles.

Dream stared at the pouch from the corner of his eyes in shock. What? This guy, why did he-? He loves money more than anything, why did he do that?

--If I recall correctly, you said you'd toss another 10 diamonds if I got you that cyanide pill. Yet, you paid me more than the promised amount."

"Aren't you glad about that?" Dream didn't understand, why was he questioning him about this? He should have just taken the money and left.

“That’s what I felt off about. Unless I negotiate, you never overpaid me. I’ve been working with you for more than half a year, and you never once did this.” He folded his arms as he stepped closer to him, with his cold icy blue eyes that seemed piercing, “now I would have considered this as a compensation for pushing me to find you that pill so quickly when it wasn’t easy.... but then, I saw your face.”

Face?

Crap.

He wasn't wearing his mask again. That tipped him off.

"You don't show people your face that easily. The first time was this morning, and that was one mistake. However, knowing you, you make sure to never repeat the same mistakes. Yet, when I came by this evening, you showed me your face again before slamming the door in a hurry. That's when I knew something was up."

"You knew I was gonna kill myself?" Dream breathed.

Punz's eyes widened. "whoa, I didn't think that far ahead. But I had a hunch that you were going to do something stupid, so the 'pill' I gave you was actually a candy." Punz looked at the hand hiding behind Dream. "But I never expected you to do something irrational like this. So... are you going to tell me what this is all about? I'll keep quiet about this... for the right price, of course. This isn't something trivial if George or Sapnap heard what you tried to do."

I'm sorry, Dream, but you should have paid me more...

Then Quackity's laughter echoed in his mind.

*Did you think you can escape me by trying to kill yourself in the lava multiple times? You're f**king wrong!*

Then Dream did what he did best.

He ran.

"Dream!"

He ran like he would if this was a manhunt.

He ran from Punz.

He ran out of his room and rushed down the stairs. Even with very dim lights coming from the outside, he knew exactly where to go. On his way, he accidentally toppled some books down as he heard a thud sound, but that didn't bother him. He stepped into the kitchen and yanked the drawer of the kitchen table open to get one utensil out.

A knife.

This has to end. This needs to end now.

He raised the knife above his head. Right when the blade was about to plunge down to his heart, Punz tackled him to the ground to stop him. Dream screamed from the sudden blow, and the knife slipped from his hands and skidded off somewhere on the marble floor. Dream struggled to move from the heavy weight now atop his body, pushing against the mercenary away from him the best he could, but Punz wouldn't let him go.

"Dream, stop!"

Punz tried to talk more but he gasped and groaned when Dream managed to kick his gut so hard that Dream was sure it would likely leave bruises. He crawled away from him quickly, figuring out where he was now in the darkness. He stumbled as he stood, but managed to run towards another room of his base. The weapon's room.

The sound of glass shattering behind him made him jump, but he didn't bother looking back. There

was not time for that. He rushed and knelt to the chest that sat before him, but before he could pop open the lid and pull out a dagger, a strong pair of calloused hands appeared from behind him and grasped his arms with an iron grip, preventing him from opening the chest.

"STOP IT!"

"LET GO!" He snarled and elbowed him at his face, making the mercenary stumble backwards as his head rolled back. Dream quickly gave another blow to his face followed with a round kick to his body, and the man fell to the floor that sounded painful. He managed to fish out the weapon from the chest and bolted out the room. He stopped in the middle of the living room and quickly unsheathed the weapon from the leather. He was inches away from slicing his own throat when a grip on his shoulder forced him to turn and face Punz.

How the f**k did he move so quickly?

"Punz--" He shrieked when the man held a strong grip and flipped him over his body.

BADAM-ThUMP!!!!

Dream landed straight down the small coffee table, the furniture broke immediately from his hard fall.

"Shit..." he swore from the pain his back felt. Right when he tried to recover from the throw, Punz had already picked him up and they were both on the couch. With one hand Punz held both of Dream's wrists over his head while the other held his body pinned down to the couch. Punz's weight prevented Dream from kicking him as he sat on his legs as well. Even if it was fruitless, Dream still squirmed and moved his body, even if it was a little, trying to escape his grasp.

"Stop," he said in a low voice between his pants, "Just... stop, Dream."

Dream obeyed as the sound of his voice sent a shiver down his spine, he looked away shutting his eyes tight. Dream didn't realize he was breathless as well.

"Look at me,"

"N-no,"

"Dream, look at me," His tone sounded more like an order.

He swallowed hard, and turned his head. He cracked an eye open.

Shit, Punz looked terrible. The dim candle on the wall was minutes away from losing its fire, but even with that light, Dream could see a bruise above his eye and a busted bleeding lip.

"Why?" He questioned. "What are you trying to accomplish from this?"

"This has nothing to do with you." He spat.

Damn it, since when was Punz... ever like this!? Why was he stopping him?

"That's not an answer, Dream," he gripped his wrists more firmly that it hurt. Is he mad? Ah, what was he thinking? Who wouldn't be mad for getting elbowed and sucker punched in the face.

"Why are you here, anyway?" Dream quickly tried to change the subject, not answering Punz's question. "Did someone pay you to eavesdrop on me?" Punz had a slight reaction, and that was enough for Dream to confirm that he was right. He laughed. This gold loving dog. "I knew it.

You're just as inconsiderate as I remembered."

Punz was nothing but a dog that just loved money. He's not loyal to people unless he was dealing with someone with a fat wallet. Punz quickly switched to Tommy's side just because the child paid him more than Dream ever did altogether. Well, Dream supposed that was true. He was so busy dealing with people and fighting that he often didn't have enough time to summon a chest full of gold and gems to give to the mercenary.

Still, it hurt to know that Punz betrayed him as he trusted the man a lot. He even told him a lot of his plans.

He'll never trust Punz again.

"What?" He growled, glaring down at him. Oh, this was new. He'd never seen Punz make that expression before, how interesting. "Dream, you don't know me. We're not close enough to be friends, you can't just say I'm inconsiderate just because of this. I'm stopping you from killing yourself! Don't you know how badly this would affect George and Sapnap?"

Dream barked a laugh. Oh, this was funny. This was so f**king hilarious that he might just cry from this.

"Of course I know you, Punz. I know you *quite well* as to what kind of character you have. *"Hey, I'm Punz! I'm a mercenary, I do what the money tells me to do."* A noticeable flinch was made by Punz as he looked at Dream with wide eyes. *"Money is money at the end of the day."*

Dream managed to shake off his iron grip fully so he could sit up and lean closer to Punz. He wanted to look him straight in the eye and repeat the same words that had haunted Dream during his first few weeks in prison...

"I'm sorry, Dream. But you should have paid me more."

The mercenary stared at him with shock and confusion. That was to be expected. Even if Punz didn't understand what those words really meant in this timeline, Dream still hated that single sentence, even if it was true.

"But, you're right," dream said, giving a dead smile, "our relationship is nothing but tied to an employer and employee contract. We're not even friends to begin with. So there's no way I would know more about how you are as much as you don't know me.... so I'll play safe ... I'm terminating our contract. You're free. "

"What?"

"You're no longer in need. I suppose your other reason why you're stopping me from killing myself was because I stated in our agreement that I needed to be protected at all times, keeping all my cannon lives safe. But there's no need for that anymore. My life isn't anything valuable, so there's nothing worth protecting. Besides, nothing is much of a threat to me anyway. L'Manburg has their independence, so I doubt they're gonna continue to attack us. Wilbur banned all illegal drug activity, and I suppose he'll keep the kids in check. So we all have peace...so you're free to do what you want, but don't associate with me anymore as I'm no longer your boss. "

Dream pushed him off his legs so he could move and stand up. "In the future, if there's a day where you would fight against me, I'd rather prefer a situation where we meant nothing to each other so I wouldn't have to live with the thought that you backstabbed me for money." Dream looked at him over his shoulder, his eyes full of frustration and tears as his face expressed that of

resentment. He laughed, and said in a mocking tone, “Because that's what you are, that's who you are. A mercenary, a hungry greedy dog, who's quick to switch sides if there's a higher bidder involved... You don't care what happens to your owners,” he looked away from his face as his lips wobbled, “you never cared about me... ”

No one did.

He blinked back the tears as he took a shuddered breath, refusing to cry in front of Punz. There's no way he wanted to die with his last thoughts being about this stupid mercenary. He won't die tonight. He'll delay it for another day. But there's no way, he wanted to sleep alone with these thoughts, either.

Corpse...

He wanted to see Corpse.

He took the device out of his pocket and started texting, praying that he was still awake . Thank god Dream officially permitted him to be part of the SMP server.

You whispered to Corpse: Corpse, you awake? What's your location?

Neither of them knew that they were being watched by a little sneaky raccoon.

—later, Corpse perspective—

Corpse was overjoyed to know his lovely Cornelius wanted to see him. He was about to go to bed in the room he just finished making when Dream texted him.

“Dreamy?” Corpse said with concern when Dream saw him, ran up to him, and hugged him while his body trembled. He was upset, did something happen while he was away? “Dreamy, are you okay?”

“C-Corpse,” he sobbed, clenching his black hoodie like his life depended on it. “Kiss, please...”

Corpse eyes widened. Something clearly terrible must have happened if Dream wanted this. Emotionally maybe since Corpse didn't smell any blood on him. The raven haired man removed his mask and planted a kiss on his forehead. “Let's get you inside first,” he said, soothing him. The blond agreed, but Corpse noticed that he shook so much that he was having trouble even standing. He gently picked Dream up bridal style and took him to his house.

That night, Corpse showered Dream with praises, love and kisses as he held him in his arms . He felt prideful to know that his love slept soundly in bed because of him.

—next morning, messages—

WilburSoot whispered to you: Good morning, Dreamy. Are you ready for our date, my

beloved?

Chapter End Notes

Dream's perspective of the people around him:
Punz- He'll never trust Punz again.

Comments and kudos are much appreciated.

....

I need lots of comments for this fic, if it's not too much to ask.

NOTE: Cannot post for the next few weeks as I gotta start studying again. Exam coming soon and my score from the mock exam was... it needs improving.

:)

Thanks! :)

Date night --part 1

Chapter Summary

Everything seems normal for Dream today.
Meanwhile, something chaotic breaks out.

Chapter Notes

Still have to study, but I'm writing fanfics. On the bright side, this does help improve my typing skills as I have to type fast during my exam.
Enjoy~
:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--Next morning, around 10:30--

WilburSoot whispered to you: Good morning, Dreamy. Are you ready for our date, my beloved?

"You gotta be shitting me,"

Dream groaned upon reading that message before placing the communicator to the bedside table. Was it date night already? He was so not ready.

A date with Wilbur, a date with a former enemy. Never in a million years would he have thought this day would come, especially since he almost married to the Brit's son, Fundy.

Dream sucked his breath through his teeth when he recalled what happened during their wedding day. Fundy being head over heels over Dream, George objected and kissed Dream in front of everyone, Dream left Fundy at the altar believing that George and him would officially become lovers, and that led to him getting his first ex.

What was even more of a let down was that George joked about it, and was never serious with Dream's feelings.

There was no way George wasn't aware. There was a phase where Dream was really mad over George, and a lot of people noticed this and openly joked about it, or teased them... yet George said nothing to Dream...

It was quite a disappointment.

The fantasy where Dream and George became a thing was nothing more than a pipedream.

It hurt, and he let it damage his heart more than he let on. Which is why Dream dethroned George coldly. Sure, it may sound petty. But protecting George... even looking at him was hard, it hurt, it was agonizing... George didn't care about Dream's deep feelings for him. Dream was half serious when he said that dethroning George was for his own safety... Dream just didn't want to be around him anymore.

But if dethroning George was such a big deal to the brit, then did that mean the romantic feelings Dream held towards him was nothing? If they thought that Dream was just being power hungry, and used everyone as pawns and chess pieces (it was partially true, he couldn't deny), then didn't that mean George was nothing but a cold, frustrating jerk? Why did he have to play with Dream's feelings like that? Why object to his wedding with Fundy, kissing him in front of everyone, and just leave it like it was not a big deal?

Be a friend, or be his lover. Pick one... But George still treated Dream lightheartedly, until Dream snapped and dethroned him. It cost their true remaining pieces of their friendship, and that was the last time they parted ways.

Well, George was his friend now in this timeline, but Dream had to keep in mind that he could become a freakin jerk in the future. The blond won't make the same mistake.

He'll never open his heart to George again.

He sighed heavily, turning to the other side and pressing his face on Corpse's chest, inhaling his forest mixed with cherry blossom scent. Corpse must have spent a lot of time outside before meeting Dream, the blond could really smell the outdoors from this guy... It was pleasant as the scent was so natural.

What a pain. He didn't want go on that date, if possible he wanted to lay in bed the whole day while cuddling with Corpse. Unlike the unpredictable Wilbur Soot, Corpse wanted to be with Dream with no ill intention or hidden agenda. Corpse seemed genuine with his feelings, he openly said he loved Dream (Dream still didn't know the reason, but he wasn't as creeped out as he was before).

And what happened last night was... gosh, where should he even begin? The loving kisses? The warm and caring embrace? The soft whispers of praises followed with tender touches? Just thinking about what happened last night in this bed made him feel slightly stupid (or was it a giddy feeling? He didn't know) as something warm blossomed in him. Corpse was such a natural making him feel better.

Trusting Corpse with hardly no doubt, being so vulnerable with a stranger, and kissing him when this situation was not even a one-night stand, was the stupidest and craziest thing Dream had ever done. But it felt good being in the arms of someone who never betrayed Dream. Dream couldn't help but show weakness and be vulnerable with Corpse when he couldn't trust anyone right now. Everyone on his Server were once friends with him, and the exact same people left him and imprisoned him.

XD told him that Technoblade made everyone on the server suffer. While that was not entirely his intention as he wanted some of them to be regretful for what they had done to him, Dream was sure that the other half were definitely celebrating his death. That's how they were.

Well, who wouldn't be celebrating?

Ding-dong the wicked Monster is dead! The tyrant is gone! That's probably what they yelled at the top of their lungs. Especially Tommy. That child was annoyingly loud, just thinking about it was

making his ears hurt.

He looked up at the ravenette's face sleeping peacefully. Cute...

Looking at the brightness of the light as the sun slipped through the curtains, Corpse would usually get up around this time... was it because he worked the whole day yesterday building his own house? Hmm, maybe if Sam was here, he'd--

Upon remembering the creeper, Dream shivered.

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Right, it's best to not think about that.

Dream owed Corpse a lot, so why not make breakfast for him? He would be happy, he can already imagine the happy face with ears up and tail wagging behind him, like a cheery puppy. The thought of it made suppress a laugh. He sat up with a silly smile as he looked Corpse.

"Good morning, and thank you, Corpse," he planted a genuine kiss on his head before leaving the bed with a hum. He wasn't aware that a small smile formed on the ravenette's face as an eye a peaked open.

--Meanwhie, George's perspective --

It seemed Sapnap brought new people to the server without Dream's permission. George had just found about this recently as he caught a glimpse of one of their faces when he went to visit the arsonist. The brit invited him over to his house to have a bit of a chat about that. Sapnap said that Karl was a childhood friend of his back in the old server they used to live while Quackity was a guy Karl befriended a few months ago. The old server broke down(?) crumbled(?) Sapnap wasn't too clear with the details, so many of the people had to migrate to other servers. He stressed the part that they could be trusted, and won't be on Wilbur's side no matter what.

George still had doubts, but trusted his decision. He just hoped Dream wouldn't flip out about it.

A knock on the door had abruptly cut George's conversation with Sapnap. It wasn't anything that important, since they just talked about trivial things while avoiding to talk about Dream and Wilbur's date.

"George?" Punz's voice was heard, and the brit brightened. Finally, info.

"Punz's what you got for me?" He swung opened the door---oh...

Punz had a bruise above his eye and a busted lip that was still bleeding. His white hoodie was dirty while some parts of his pants were ragged...

A gasp from Sapnap was heard from behind George. "Dude, what happened to you?"

"...I take you it that you've been caught." The brit started as he stared at Punz, and the mercenary gave a glare.

Punz grunted as he winced, likely from the pain somewhere. "I failed the job you gave me, and as a

mercenary, I'll have to return the payment back. But you owe me for treatment."

"Right," George let him in his house.

--Meanwhile again, Wilbur's old van, no one's perspective--

"Are you sure?"

Wilbur eyes were wide in shock, unable to believe what he had just heard from his brother.

"I know what I heard, Will!" Tommy hissed, his breathing was fast and uneven. "It maybe true that I half joke whenever i say, "I'll kill you, bitch," to everyone. But this time, I'm not! If Punz didn't stop him, Dream would have killed himself!"

Wilbur still couldn't believe-- why?

Why would Dream do something like this? Did something happen? Was someone blackmailing him? Is someone hurting his love?

"what were you doing in Dream's house, anyway?" Wilbur questioned the young boy.

"Look, mate, the fact that Dream gave L'Manburg independence without any strings attached made him sus," Tommy tried to reason, "so I searched around the place for his base... to--"

"Spy on him?" Wilbur raised his brow,

"NO... to watch him in secret..." a pause, " It does seem like spying, but it's not in a creepy way ... I kinda wanted take his some of his stuff as well? But what I saw... was... shit, it was f**king messed up..."

When Tommy broke into Dream's base, he first heard the sound of someone running down the stairs on the other side of the house, so he hid behind a large vase in the living room. From the open kitchen door, he saw Dream's silhouette ... holding the knife above his head. Tommy would have screamed to stop him if Punz didn't tackle him to the floor. There sounds of grunts and shouts before he watched Dream's shadow run to some room, shortly Punz followed after. He didn't know what the hell was going on. He was nearly blinded by the darkness, and the sounds of stuff breaking everywhere made him worry. The only source of some light was the dim candle in the living room, so Tommy had a clear view of Dream's face... as well as a dagger he was holding to slice his throat with. If Punz hadn't stopped him, Tommy would have just froze in place doing nothing.

Then he heard something things he didn't quite understand... It seemed like Dream was mocking and stating facts about Punz in a harsh way for some reason? He didn't know. Tommy described everything in detail to Wilbur as his brother listened.

Wilbur contemplated hard, making a dumb face that didn't look that much of a man. His brother sighed heavily. "Thank you for telling, Tommy. But please, next time don't break into people's houses at night! I was worried where you'd disappeared off too, and Dream wouldn't have liked being broken into, either. He had just graciously given us independence. Please be careful, Toms. Your actions may instigate another war."

"But what I saw was helpful, right?" Tommy tried to reason.

..

...

"Go to Punz, he'll look after you while I'm out."

"What!? WHY!?"

"Because you are a very destructible gremlin child, and when I'm not around to keep an eye on you, you become worse than that."

"I am a man!!!"

"Yes, a man child. we all know that."

"what about Tubbo?"

"Tubbo only becomes destructive when you're around him. Otherwise, he's a little more well behaved than you."

"F**k you, bitch!"

"Yes, I love you, too, dear brother. Now go look for Punz and play a game with him or something."

More explicit insults were hurled to Wilbur's face before Tommy stomped off feeling bitter and sulky as he went to look for Punz.

Wilbur whispered messaged Punz to look after Tommy promising payment on his communicator before putting the device away. Wilbur's date would start soon... maybe he would get a better understanding from Dream's conduct when Wilbur's with him.

--way later, 12:00 PM, Punz's perspective--

"Ow-ow-ow! Careful, watch where you're poking that--OWW!!" Punz yelped at a sharp sting the wound made him feel when George applied the healing potion. Shit, Dream did a number on him. There were so many bruises on his body, especially the front of it. Now if he attacked with a knife... oh, he'd be dead by now. Sure Punz was a little lenient with Dream as he didn't fight back and took all the blows, but due the contract he with Dream, he couldn't exactly hurt his employer... well, he broke that rule the moment he judo-flipped him to the coffee table.

He cringed when he recalled what he did...

Punz broke a lot of things in his house... he should... maybe get him new ones as replacements...

Sapnap helped clean Punz's white hoodie to compensate Punz on George's behalf. He realised only after he removed his shirt that his gold chain was missing, he must have lost it when he fought with Dream. He had to get it back... but that would mean seeing Dream again.

The mercenary sighed heavily just thinking about it. Dream wouldn't like that. If anything, Punz would be lucky to leave out of that house without losing any of his cannon lives. Maybe he should go when Dream goes on his date with Wilbur, he received a whisper message from the brit earlier asking him to... babysit the kids for the night.

Ah.

Anyway...

"You paid Punz to spy on Dream?" Sapnap exclaimed with disbelief. "What is wrong with you?"

"I know, I know," The brit sighed exasperatedly. "I know what I did wasn't right, but I can't help but worry about him. Hasn't he been acting a little odd for the last couple of days? He hardly replied to any of our messages, he gave L'Manburg independence without even speaking to us... and now he's going on a date with Wilbur! What the f**k?"

Sapnap pinched the bridge of his nose as he tried to calm down. "Even so, did it have to resort to spying? No one likes to be stalked or spied on. It cost Punz's contract to be terminated, and I'm sure Dream would flip out on us soon because of this. "

"What? No, that's not why Dream terminated our contract!" Punz blurted out, grabbing their attention.

The ravenette was surprised to hear this. "What? Then why did he-?" Sapnap questioned.

Punz was about to answer as he opened his mouth.. Until something Dream said echoed in his mind.

You're just as inconsiderate as I remembered.

...

No words came out.

"Punz?",

Punz flinched when he felt a tap on his shoulder. "Huh? Uh... I..."

... This was Dream's story to tell... Punz shouldn't spill the beans. Even if it's something so terribly bad as Dream trying to commit suicide, Punz shouldn't say or do anything yet. Yes, this would be a grave mistake, he was well aware of that. But if Punz did tell them, and if they confronted Dream... It could not only lead to Punz getting banned from the server, but seeing Dream's reckless conduct last night, George and Sapnap could get banned along with him.. So if they were gone, who's going to stop Dream from killing himself?

... A day or so... the mercenary assumed that's how much Dream would stay alive for now before bringing a knife to his neck. So he'd have to find a way to devise a plan to carefully stop Dream.

Punz contemplated carefully to his next words, "I... can't tell."

"what?"

"I'm sorry, guys. But I can't tell. Dream... last night, I saw something I wasn't supposed to see. I can't tell you about it as Dream will hunt me down till the ends of the world...."

They stared at him.

"Well... I guess we won't force you..." Sapnap scratched the back of his head. "When was the date of their date again?"

"An hour from now," Punz blurted again. This time he regretted it as the room dropped became colder when neither the arsonist nor the Brit said a word as their face darkened .F**k. These guys, why are they like this when it comes to Dream?

"we should go," George got up, putting away the potion he applied on Punz. Sapnap got up with

him. Okay, it was obvious that these two irrational men were going to disrupt Dream's date. He should stop them. Right before George took a step to the door, Punz moved faster and blocked the entrance, firmly bolting it shut as well.

Sapnap blinked. "Punz? what are you doing?" he questioned.

"I'm sorry guys... but I can't let you do that... I won't let you go and disrupt their date." The mercenary said firmly as he looked at them in the eyes.

"What? Why?" George demanded, his tone changing.

"I'm fulfilling my task," he replied.

"But, your contract with Dream ended." Sapnap pointed out, even if he said it in a calm tone, Punz could see him clench his hand. This was not going to be pretty. "I don't think Dream would want you to carry out that task."

Punz didn't say anything for bit."... I'm carrying out this task, not because of I want my payment... This is more personal."

You're just as inconsiderate as I remembered.

Hopefully this would change Dream's opinion about him.

... *This is worth it*, he told himself.

--Later, Corpse's place--

"A date?"

"Yeah," Dream said as he helped Corpse wash the dirty dishes.

It should be fine telling Corpse's this. Dream and Corpse weren't even dating, if anything, Dream was... sort of using him as a kiss buddy, and a cuddle buddy. Corpse made him feel better, and helped calm his nightmares and anxiety down. But the blond thought that it would be better to remind Corpse once in a while that Dream wasn't into him romantically. This could also cut Corpse's infatuation short and make him leave on his own one day.

It's all for the best. As much as Dream loved his company and touches... Corpse was a human, not something to be used and disposed of, like a pawn or tool. Dream had to draw a line, he had to keep some distance... He didn't want him to be that heartbroken, like Fundy.

God, Fundy was really in love with him-- and because Dream left him, Fundy's love took a 180 degree turn to full on hate Dream to the core.

Well, he was sure Fundy must be one of those people celebrating his death in the first timeline.

Dream went on. "So I won't be back until midnight.... or anytime earlier." Wilbur didn't specify just how long the date was going to be.

"...You'll come back?" Corpse questioned, making Dream frown.

Of course he'll come home, where else would he sleep? The woods? Hell, no. Technoblade made a lot of homeless jokes that offended his pride. It was partially true. All the bases he set up before are known to almost everyone on the server, including Tommy, so he often didn't stay in those

bases for too long. This time, he will build a permanent big secret house somewhere so he won't have his stuff taken away by the racoon boy, nor be found by other people as he wanted to be alone. It kinda sounded like he wanted to stay isolated--maybe he did, he didn't care. Although he hated being alone, he sure in hell didn't want to be surrounded by people who backstabbed him.

...

Wait, this wasn't his house. This was Corpse's house. Shit, he messed up and Corpse's misunderstood.

Dream quickly said, "I-I mean, I'll see you tomorrow... tonight I'll just go back to my home"

There was an awkward silence...

"I should just go home now and change for... my date." Dream said that last part with much hesitation as he was not sure how well his night would go. He opened the front door. "I'll see you tomorrow, Corpse."

Before he could step a foot out, his arm was grabbed and pulled from behind that he yelped in surprise, but the sound was soon muffled when a pair of lips smashed with his. Corpse held him in a protective manner, a hand around his waist while the other held the back of Dream's head. The blond didn't resist as he soon found himself melting into kiss as he wrapped his arms around the taller man's neck.

They kissed until they could no longer breathe before taking in more air and kissing again. This lasted for a while, and Dream loved it. Corpse's kisses were full of love and genuine care. His first and last kiss was with George so long ago, he couldn't even remember whether George ever kissed him like this. Probably not as Dream never got this feeling from him.

When they finally stopped, Corpse peppered kisses all around his face, which was fine until he kissed below his jaw and on the neck.

"What did I tell you about kissing me at other places that's not my lips?"

Corpse stopped immediately and buried his face on his shoulder as he purposely (Dream could tell) whimpered like a puppy. "I want you, Dreamy. Please stay~"

The blond sighed heavily as he smiled, petting the man's head. "Corpse, you had me last night all for yourself just like the last couple of days. Isn't that enough?"

"No," he whined, "want you forever just like we promised."

Dream didn't promise him anything... ah, whatever. It's probably Corpse making it up as an excuse or some past thing Dream didn't remember. The blond gently removed Corpse's hands from him.

"Look, tomorrow evening I'll come here and you'll have me all to yourself. Okay?"

"Even in bed?" Corpse asked. Making Dream cringe. If someone else heard that, they might get the wrong idea. They were sleeping together in the literal sense, after all.

"Sure..." Dream drawled. Corpse's eyes lit up with glee, well he's happy. Dream should go home and change, and maybe find something that could hide the mark Corpse's gave to his neck.

Dream pecked his lips before waving goodbye.

"Bye, Corpse,"

"I'll see you, Dreamy!"

On his way home, he realized that he--Dream-- kissed Corpse just like that. Not the other way around. Dream initiated the kiss when he didn't feel so lonely or hurt.

He kissed Corpse like a lover would normally do with their significant others. Did.... Did he... like Corpse?

...

...

...

Dream tried not to think too hard about it.

--Tommy's perspective, George's house--

After an hour and half of searching for Punz... he found him. He could hear the mercenary's voice coming from the inside, shouting something that didn't sound audible, followed by some loud banging sounds. God, this took him forever, his f**king legs hurt! He had to break into various houses to find Punz when there was no sign of him in his base. This included Dream's base... and Tommy still cringed when he saw that the mess remained the same, it's like the big man didn't return home at all.

Anyway, Wilbur better give him something good in return, like a netherite sword!

Right when Tommy was about to knock on the door... the f**King CHAIR BROKE THE GLASS AND FLEW OUT OF THE WINDOW!!!

"WHAT IN THE F**KING--?!!!" The young boy screamed in fright when the sound and object startled him. From the open broken window, he could hear the angry voices.

"WHAT THE F**K!! JUST LET US THROUGH!!!"

SMASH!!

"PUNZ, YOU'RE ALREADY INJURED, DON'T MAKE THIS HARDER THAN IT ALREADY IS FOR YOU!"

THUD!!

"YOU'RE NOT EVEN PAID TO DO THIS, SO WHAT GIVES!!!!?"

WHAM-WHAM-WHAM!!

"I TOLD YOU, IT'S PERSONAL!!!"

Tommy peaked through the window and gasped at what he saw. God.

George's house was a mess, same as Dream's... maybe a lot worse since his possessions and furniture were still being broken.

George was pinned to the wooden walls with 6 daggers embedded on his clothes, restricting his movement. Fortunately, he wore a t-shirt, so he could move his arms and hands freely. So while he

tried to free himself from the daggers, Sapnap avoided the a whole trunk of books falling on him when Punz pushed the bookshelf.

BA-THAM!

Punz was fighting again? Didn't he get all jacked up because of Dream? The mercenary's face had a few bandages here and there. Because he was shirtless, Tommy could clearly see gauze wrapped around his chest and torso. It must have been from all the bruises Dream gave him... and he was gonna get a whole lot more.

"Sapnap, don't go after Dream!" Punz yelled when Sapnap threw George's old clay vase at him.

CRACK!!

It broke into a million pieces.

Punz summoned an axe from his inventory.

"We have to protect him!" Sapnap gritted as he summoned his wooden shield to protect himself from the blow from the axe. THUD! "Wilbur is an unpredictable piece of shit, and you know it! Why are you letting him do what he wants with Dream!?" He gasped when something hit him. "Did you-- *are you in a contract with Wilbur!?*"

What? why would... oh right, Dream terminated Punz contract. Tommy personally saw the whole thing happen in front of him.

...But even if Tommy knew Wilbur was a little unpredictable (Tommy could see that he was slowly going insane), he didn't like the fact that George and Sapnap degraded Wilbur that much. Wilbur's his brother! There were times when he truly was an awesome guy to look up to.

Tommy narrowed his eyes. Were Sapnap and George ever this protective over Dream?

"No, I'm not!" Punz growled. "Do I stoop that low to form a contract with the guy you two maniacs are overreacting against?!" another blow blocked.

THUD!

Wow... Tommy should have brought some popcorn.

"I don't know! You tell me! Anyway, we're Dream's friends!" Sapnap yelled as he blocked another hit with his shield. "we're constantly worried about him! Wilbur is--"

"Dream said that he could handle Wilbur! If you're are his friends, don't you have any faith in him!?" Punz growled when he tried to swipe kick Sapnap's legs, but the arsonist dodged swiftly. "God, I get George getting all worked up about this due to his jealousy--"

"I'M NOT JEALOUS!" The brit yelled as he removed two daggers from his clothes. "I'M WORRIED!!"

"YEAH, YEAH, LIKE WE ALL BELIEVE THAT," Punz attention was back at Sapnap. "But why are you behaving like him, Sapnap!? Are you in love with Dream or something?"

That had definitely caught everyone off guard. Sapnap's hold on his shield was gone as the wood flew from his hand when Punz hit it...

...

...

... The ravenette's face reddened as he said nothing while Punz gaped at him. "No way," he said with disbelief, lowering his axe. "no, no, no--are you f**king kidding me? You actually love--"

"GOT IT!" George yelled when he finally freed himself from all the daggers that had him stuck on the wall. He headed for the door.

Punz turned his head. "George, no! Don't--" his sentence was cut short when Sapnap swung a pillow (he got it from somewhere, Tommy wasn't paying that close of an attention) like a baseball bat to his head sideways, knocking him down.

"George, YES!" Sapnap said as he moved to Punz and put him on a headlock to the ground. "Go after them! Use the compass from our old manhunts to look for Dream!"

"WILL DO!" The man quickly sped off.

It was then that the icy blue eyed dog noticed the younger's presence, "Tommy!" Punz yelled, "Stop George! If he finds Dream, Wilbur will yeet him to the ocean! URK!!!" He choked when Sapnap tightened his hold around his throat.

"Me!?" The young brit pointed at himself.

"What!? George isn't that weak! Stop underestimating him just because his legs are short!" Sapnap said angrily.

"Wilbur is a man of surprises," the mercenary gasped out, "and if I can throw Dream over so easily as I did last night, chances of the same situation with George and Wilbur are very high."

Silence hung the air, and it seemed that Punz realized he made a slip of the tongue.

He screwed, Tommy thought.

"Wait--"

"YOU DID WHAT!?"

"i--ERRRK!" Punz looked like he was suffocating again. He managed to gasp out the words though, "Tommy--George... stop him...."

His legs seemed to have moved on his own as Tommy found himself chasing after the colour blind man with no plan as he hurled an ender pearl to the sky.

Chapter End Notes

Dream's perspective of the people around him:

Punz- He'll never trust Punz again.

George--He'll never open his heart to George again.

That... felt like a long chap.

Comments and kudos are much appreciated :)

Reap what you sow

Chapter Summary

Meanwhile, what happened in the previous timeline. (Time goes way faster there, by the way).

I think this is considered lore?

:)

Chapter Notes

Still have to study, I'm just posting an old draft that I finished editing.

Edit: New Helluva boss vid came out. Watch it! :)

Also, Happy birthday, George!

Enjoy.

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—what happened in the first timeline after Dream died... Techno's perspective--"

"Dream, Dream, please wake up--you can't-just-just, dammit, wake up, please!" Techno sobbed as he held his rival's body close to his chest, hugging the corpse hard. He was just alive... he was just alive mere seconds ago, and now he's ... just gone!

"Why did you wish for such an absurd thing? You fool... you stupid, insane, moronic fool.."
Technoblade's tears rolled down his cheeks and fell from his chin, few landed on Dream's cheek and neck. But the blond wouldn't bother wiping them away as he was dead.

His rival just died in front of him, and Techno didn't do anything to stop him...

" *I will return soon, Blood God,*" XD, the god of the server and the divine being who granted Dream's death wish, vanished from the cell, leaving Techno alone with a lifeless Dream.

Techno could do nothing but cry for a while as he held his rival.

"I... never admitted this to you, Dream... I never told this to anyone, not even my dad. I ... I liked you... " He confessed like that was going to bring Dream back from the dead. "No, it was stronger than that, but I was too embarrassed and prideful to ever admit it to you. You were the only person who could equal my strength, I admired the way you fought against me during the duel. You were the only worrier I ever respected. I don't know when my admiration for you started to change to something stronger, but..."

...

God... he was pathetic saying all these things to a dead man.

Technoblade ran his hand through Dream's dirty long hair, murmuring to his ear as he silently cried.

"I... didn't want to know you more, or get close to you, or see what was underneath that mask as I feared that would just make my yearnings for you stronger. Love wasn't something I ever experienced, nor felt before. That's why I never took you seriously, nor had I ever bothered to visit you in this prison. I wanted to take these secrets with me to the grave... But did you have to leave before I did?"

It was silent for some time, and his tears finally stopped, and his sobs tapered. He whispered things to the blond's ear, whispering sweet nothings, words he'd always been wanting to say to him...

A tearful kiss was planted on the forehead. Techno whispered in a hushed voice.

"Sweet dreams, my love...."

Techno disappeared from that prison with Dream's body the very next day...

--2 and a half weeks later, Quackity's perspective—

"Everyone ready?"

Sam, Sapnap, and Tommy nodded their heads.

"Good," Quackity said, raising his shear blades, gritting his teeth. "Now let's go get that son of a bitch."

Quackity was furious at Sam when the warden informed him that they escaped. He knew it, the prison had flaws, it was all Sam's fault. 2 weeks had passed since Techno **and** Dream escaped from Pandora's vault. When the sirens rang, everyone knew that their happy days were now over as the tyrant and monster were free. Quackity had a hunch that Dream was likely staying at Techno's house in the Arctic, so getting that green bitch back would not be so simple. They all didn't make their move hastily as they got their enchanted netherite gears, and other strong weapons ready before they stormed in to fight the blood god.

While they waited, in the meanwhile... they noticed something off about the server. The server...was slowly dying. It was hardly sunny and hot. It didn't rain for the past 2 weeks. The temperature dropped like nature would during the winters, and that was odd as the server was still in the middle of summer. The crops were dying and nothing grew well because of this, including the grasses and trees. The wild animals started disappearing, too.

It couldn't have been because they were overhunting as they rarely hunted birds, and all the feathery creatures were gone, too. It seemed like the hostile mobs only remained behind, and it didn't help as the mobs have been attacking people more frequently than usual. Usually, when mobs attack, they do so the minute they see you, but these days it's like they go looking for you.

For sure though, Dream had something to do with this. Quackity paid Punz to go scout the Arctic and the mercenary reported back that the arctic wasn't facing the same situation the SMP was. Everyone came to a unanimous agreement that this unusual phenomenon the server was facing was because of Dream since he's the admin of the server.

"I'm here," Puffy came, wearing the thickest blue, fluffiest coat Quackity had ever seen. "Let's get this over with."

"... Puffy?" Tommy said confused, "what are you doing here?"

"Sam called me," she said rather tiredly. "He thought... that maybe Duck--that maybe Dream would listen to me if I try to persuade him, so things wouldn't be so hard. I know it's not gonna work... but still, I figured I should give it a try," she sighed, running her hand through her long curly locks. "I want to see his face one last time."

"So you're not gonna stop us, right?" Quackity asked her suspiciously. "You know since he's your son and all?"

She didn't look offended, surprisingly. "He *was* my son..." she corrected, "but after he hurt me, he's not anymore..."

Tommy whistled. "Damn, takes a lot to come with us and see your son getting arrested again..." Sapnap smacked the back of Tommy's head for the blunt statement. The child complained.

"It's alright... Dream was never my actual son..." She confessed, gaining surprised looks.

"I found him one night in the middle of a forest when he was about 14 or 15... he told me that his parents died when he was young...the village he was living in suddenly started fighting against each other, and his only friend died to protect him." She shook her head. "You could say that I adopted him out of pity. Of course now... with everything that happened, sometimes I wonder whether there was something wrong with him from the start, or whether I didn't raise him any better."

Quackity looked at her for some time before he smirked. "Nah, Puffy, there's nothing wrong with the way you raised Dream." He patted her shoulder to reassure her. "That guy had been probably twisted since he was a squirt. I mean, look at Foolish. He turned out to be such a great guy."

Who now obediently works under me.

A small smile formed. "I suppose... thank you, Quackity."

"You're welcome... Let's go."

The trip to the arctic was hell.

It not only got colder, but the thick snow made it harder to walk. Traveling to the arctic takes roughly about an hour and half to reach... but it took them 3 GODDAMN HOURS!! Not only that, the mobs had rather attacked them more aggressively, it was like they didn't want the group to come to the Arctic at all.

Dream was the definite cause of this.

But finally, after what felt like a long tiresome journey to another world, they reached their destination. They were glad they reached as they were almost at their limit from hearing Tommy's constant nags and whines.

"Okay, so the plan is simple." Quackity said, "We'll go ahead and face Technoblade. While we talk and keep him distracted, Sam will scout the area while invisible and look for Dream. If we get to Dream before Sam, I'll contact Sam through the comms for backup and surprise Techno as we drag Dream away. If Sam gets to Dream before us, he'll send me a message, and we'll leave quickly. Sounds good?"

Everyone nodded.

"Let's go."

Sam disappeared after drinking the invisibility potion.

After some time of exploring around the area, they found Technoblade outside, grooming his large number of wolves.

"Technoblade," Sapnap said sternly, "we need to talk."

He said nothing.

Sapnap frowned. "Techno."

The man stopped grooming his dog, he placed the brush on a nearby glass table, but said nothing to them for sometime.

"Techno!"

The hybrid responded by getting up calmly, and said while not facing them. "I was expecting my dear guests to arrive much earlier, but I suppose you needed sometime to prepare yourselves. Understandable, since you all believe that Dream would be a difficult last boss to face. Then you can all live your 'happily ever after' ... Unfortunately--"

The piglin-hybrid turned finally turned to them slowly, and they all gasped and stared at what they saw.

Technoblade was wearing Dream's mask... Which meant that Dream was mask-less somewhere? Quackity couldn't believe it. He did all that he could to rip that freakin thing off that bitch's face, and yet Techno... It was a little unfair, that he sulked. Guess Quackity had's striked enough fear in Dream to make him take the mask off for Quackity. He'll keep that in mind.

"That is not the case here." the blood god said calmly. The blood turned to him, tilting his head... curiously? He couldn't tell. "Hello, Quackity." The hybrid drawled. Something about his greeting just sent a shiver down his spine.

"I'll cut to the chase, Techno," his lover stepped forward in front of him. "where's Dream? We know he's here."

There was a pause, before Techno roared laughing, catching them all off guard.

"I see... Well, he's here, but he won't be going anywhere with the likes of you."

"The bitch deserves it," Quackity snarled at him. Dream still hadn't given him the revive book. That stubborn asshole was going to receive thrice amount of lashings once he gets the hold of him.

"Techno, take us to Dream," Puffy ordered, sounding tired as well.

The blood god nodded. "Follow me," he said.

--meanwhile, Sam's perspective--

As instructed, Sam had gone and scouted the area for any sign of his prisoner. Nada. He checked the main house, the stables and the potato farm thoroughly, but there was no trace of Dream

anywhere. He avoided the big wooded shed (for now) as it was likely where Techno kept his precious and vicious army of dogs/wolves as he heard soft growls and snarls. Given how well trained the blood god's pets were during Doom's day, Sam was sure that their keen sense of smell would pick the Creeper-hybrid's scent and alert Techno.

Now all that's left was this... ruby blocked house that stood before him. Looked more like a shrine given the exterior architecture designs. Sam opened the door and stepped in, he gaped. Not only was it warmer in here, Techno had somehow managed to make a gigantic garden! Cherry Blossom trees were planted here and there, the grass looked greener and more fresher compared to the dry and barren lands Sam and the other's were now facing. Sam crouched to the ground and inspected the soil. The dirt was slightly damp, but it was rich enough for anything to grow from it...

How on earth did Techno build all this and managed to maintain it?

It was then Sam noticed something on the ground in the middle of garden... a square shaped box that... that eerily looked like... like a...

Sam stepped closer to it.

He gasped again .

It was a **coffin...** and it wasn't vacant.

A person with long locks of long dirty blonde hair splayed elegantly on the mattress, with light freckles forming constellations on the pale white milky skin. They only wore white short, but woolly clothing, and Sam could clearly see a lot of big and deep scar cuts, likely inflicted by some shears.

Their face was covered with sunflowers over their eyes, while most of the red rose petals covered his body.

Sam didn't know what to make out of what he was seeing.

"Uh, excuse me... Miss?" This person's... chest didn't look that perky, maybe she's actually a male?
"Sir?"

"..."

The blond did not stir.

This person... was this person actually dead?

...

There's no way, though. Even if there were a lot of scars on his skin, Sam could not smell blood or fresh wounds that could cause a fatal death... Techno maybe a murder machine, but he wasn't a sociopath to keep a body...

.... Right?

... Shaking, Sam reached out to the stranger's neck to feel his pulse.

Nothing... Absolutely nothing.

"What?" he shot up, alarmed by what he just discovered. This person was dead, but despite being dead, his skin wasn't that of a greyish colour, nor was his lips colourless. Did he die a few hours

ago?

No, more importantly, what the f**k was Technoblade keeping a dead body in the open like this?

The creeper hybrid hesitated for a few heartbeats before he moved closer to the body, his arm reaching out to remove the sunflowers from his eyes to show the whole the face.

"You have no right to touch him, Sam."

The creeper-hybrid froze in place, finger inches away from the sunflower.

An animalistic growl was heard before his entire body was grabbed and his feet was yanked off the ground. The last thing he saw in his shaky vision was Wilbur Soot holding a banquet of roses in his hands as he smiled like a madman.

Sam lost consciousness after that.

--Quackity's perspective--

...Something was off...

Why had Technoblade not said a word about his imprisonment? Why hadn't he pointed his finger at Quackity and revealed to everyone the truth about what he and Sam had done to Dream? Surely that f**ker told everything to that anarchist.

They were taken to a red building made out of ruby blocks. When they got inside, some gasped at the the grand indoor garden and the well blossomed Sakura trees that were planted here and there.

"what is this place?" Puffy asked the blood god a they continued to walk.

"It's a shrine... i built recently," the anarchist answered back. " I built it for Dream..."

Quackity's eyes narrowed. For Dream?

Why? Was this his new house?

"Why, hello. I wasn't expecting visitors." The hybrid tensed upon hearing the familiar british voice.

Wilbur Soot was here.

They stopped walking.

He stood in front of them, holding a bouquet of bright red roses in his hands. He wore comfortable looking woolly clothes rather than the usual attire Quackity had last seen him in, and black snow boots. The front of his hair still covered an eye, and the white streaks in his hair glowed, likely because of the sunlight in this area.

Now that he thought about it, Quackity hadn't seen Wilbur in the same 2 week time span when Dream and Techno escaped. Because of that, the competition between the two of them dropped, but Quackity had considered it as a win.

"What are you lots doing here in the Arctic?" He questioned, narrowing his eyes suspiciously at them, eyes focusing on the armor and weapons they had with them. "Ah!" he said, as though an idea just dawned on him. "I see," he smiled at them, but Quackity noticed that his face darkened as

well. "Are you going to tell them?" Wilbur asked that question to his brother, and the blood god huffed in response.

"I'm taking them to Dream." The piglin-hybrid replied, and Quackity couldn't shake off the feeling that something terrible was brewing their way.

"well, you're here, already." The brunet said in delight, he looked back, "Dreamy, darling... you have visitors."

"He's behind you?" they all looked and gasped.

There was a coffin at the center of the garden... a body laid there. Eyes covered with big sunflowers while rose petals cover some parts of his body.

"Techno..." Quackity said with shock. "W-what is that?"

"I'm surprised you couldn't recognise him, Q... Considering the fact that you always had the privilege to visit him every day thanks to Sam covering for you. " Wilbur said as he approached the coffin, standing next to the body with his roses. "This is Dream."

What?

"You're lying!" he heard Tommy yell. His eyes wide as he paled.

"It's funny..." Wilbur said, as he laughed to himself, "you idiots came here with anger and confidence believing you could take Dream back one way or another... but we had given you almost 3 weeks to figure out yourselves that Dream died in prison. If only you hadn't muted him on your comms and seen the death message. You wouldn't be here chasing after a dead man. "

From the corner of Quackity's eye, Puffy immediately checked her communicator, looking for the message... "No..." Puffy said... in horror? Didn't she disown Dream willingly? Why was she showing such emotions?

"Oh, but it's true, why do you think I'm wearing Dream's mask? He gave it to me. " Techno said, moving closer to the group. "And we all have Quackity to thank for that. He pushed him to do so, after all."

For once, they all looked at him... really looked at him with wide and wary eyes.

"Q?" he heard his fiancé whisper in disbelief. "What are they talking about?"

Quackity shook his head, denying the truth. This was a lie. This was some sort of scheme. Dream wasn't dead. He was alive, he was... faking it somehow.

He wasn't dead, Quackity didn't kill him!

This was a set up of sorts. And there was only one way to find out.

Raising the netherite axe high, Quackity launched himself at Dream..

Both Wilbur and Techno moved faster. The brit threw himself to the blonde as he dropped the roses, half his body hovering over Dream's body as though to shield him. Techno had summoned his netherite sword to block the blow.

CLANG!

Their blades met and made a loud metallic sound.

"I f**king knew it!" Quackity said with glee, exposing his teeth. "If Dream was really dead, there's no way you would stop my blow!"

Besides, if the mother f**ker was really dead from before, why was his body not rotting? Quackity nearly fell for their trap.

"You've already hurt him enough, you f**king duck!!" Technoblade roared to him furiously, "I'm not going to let you scar his body more than you already have! "

Then something stopped him from moving. One moment his axe was against Techno's sword, the next moment he found himself off the ground, his body movements were restricted... as he was in the jaws of an animal. ...a monstrous large animal, nearly the height of a tractor, resembling a black wolf.

"what in the f**king hell?"

"Quackity!" Sapnap screamed.

"Holy shit, what?" Tommy swore.

"Like the new look of my pets, Quackity?" Technoblade crooned, lowering his sword as Quackity struggled to set himself free. "XD aided me to get them a better upgrade. Now if i had unleashed them during Doom's day, I wonder how many of you would have lost a cannon life?"

Right on cue, another wolf giant appeared behind a cherry blossom tree with something in its jaws... specifically, someone..

"Sam?" He was caught!?

"Ah, Sam," Techno said, not surprised seeing the creeper hybrid in the jaws of one of his pets. "I was beginning to worry about your arrival . I'm glad to see you're here, now I can finally commence the first stage of my revenge...well, Dream's revenge to be more exact. "

Sam didn't respond back, likely because he was unconscious. The giant wolf then sped off out the shrine, going somewhere.

Technoblade turned to him. "You're next, Q."

--Sapnap's perspective--

"Quackity!" Sapnap screamed when his fiancé was taken by Techno's giant horrifying grotesque wolves. Techno kicked the ravenette in the guts when he tried to chase after his lover.

His back hit the fresh grass as he groaned from the pain that now ached in his guts. Tears pricked his eyes as he clenched his teeth from confusion. What the hell was going on!? Dream was... was dead? Quackity was responsible for pushing Dream to kill himself? No, no! That's a lie! it can't be true! Dream wasn't dead... he was right in front of... him.

Dream was... was just sleeping in a box that looked too eerily similar to a... coffin. Dream was... Quackity would never...

He could hear small sobbing and crying behind him from Puffy , but he wouldn't bother with that as right now... right now...

Sapnap struggled as he tried to sit up. He looked past Techno at Dream... Then he noticed the deep scars on his bare arms and legs... Scars that... that Quackity had.... But Q, his fiancé was--Sapnap knew... he... Q would never.. .

"Oh, and one last thing, Sapnap." Technoblade said, stepping in front of Sapnap to block his visual on Dream. "Dream told me that if he ever got out, you'd hunt him down and kill him."

Sapnap's breath hitched...

...No...

No!

Don't....

Stop!

"Technically, he died in prison before his body left the cell..."

Sapnap slowly looked up to the blood god slowly with a haunted look on his face. He was met with Dream's mask, the same mask he'd seen Dream wear for a long time... now, the person behind it was no longer Dream...

Techno looked down at him as he huffed. "Don't give me that look. You took it upon yourself to kill him, so I'm sure you already prepared yourself for the day Dream would never walk the earth again. Aren't you glad you weren't the one to get your hands dirty with his blood?"

Sapnap just stared, wordlessly. What was he saying? Dream.. Dream was right there... and get his hands dirty from Dream's blood? He was glad?

No... he wasn't... He did threaten Dream, yes, and he did have plans to end Dream... but Dream died before Techno...

...

"Be at ease, arsonist." Techno turned his heel and moved towards Dream. "He's never waking up again."

Why was Techno expecting Sapnap to be happy about this? Dream-- Dream--

Techno snapped his finger. "Escort our remaining guests out of here, Ave, Marie, Star."

Sapnap could do nothing but let tears fall from his face while another monstrous wolf appeared and took Sapnap and the others away from them by its jaws. The last thing he saw was Dream's eyes remained closed as Wilbur cradled his head to his chest protectively.

--no one's perspective--

"Wilbur, let him go. They're gone." Technoblade said to his brother firmly, putting his weapon away.

"...Right," The brit let him go and laid him properly back to the mattress of the coffin. "Can't believe Quackity still had the f**king guts to attack Dream," he spat as he his fingers caressed Dream's cheeks, "even though my saviour is already gone."

"Tell me about it," Techno collected the roses Wilbur discarded earlier and placed them near the coffin. "I'll be going now."

"Torture, I presume?" Wilbur grinned like a madman as his face darkened.

"What do you think?"

"Wonderful!" He clapped his hands in glee. "Blood for the blood god... I suppose your title is fitting for that kind of aspect as well! "

Techno growled at his brother. "Don't misunderstand, Wilbur. Torture isn't my cup of tea, but I will get my hands dirty for this to make sure Sam and **Quackity** regret what they had done to Dream. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

Wilbur hummed in a sing-song way. "I suppose I should pay Las Nevadas a visit as well."

The blood God ginned underneath his mask. "You have enough explosives?"

"Just enough to make a mountain crumble to the ground."

--A few months later--

Since that day, the whole server was in the state of chaos.

Some had tried to go and rescue Quackity and Sam from Techno, but failed miserably due to the giant wolves that now guarded the arctic. But they didn't rebel against Techno for very long.

Technoblade carried out Dream's favour. Just as promised, he showed everyone what Quackity and Sam had done to the blond during prison by code hacking and overriding everyone's communicator to show a projector of every single video that was in the thumb drive. There was no way they missed it as the hack prevented them from being able to turn off their communicator. Even if they destroyed their communicator to avoid the horror, XD had helped Techno invade their dreams, forcing them to watch the gruesome scenes of every single torture Quackity had ever done, as well as the scenes where Sam forced down healing potions Dream's throat.

Techno wouldn't let them go so easily. While they stayed ignorant and lived their peaceful and stupid lives for the last 8 months, during those 5 months Dream had suffered terribly. He forced them to know the details. Then after the nightmare was over, Phil used his birds to send the paper written messages Dream left for almost everyone.

This certainly had an affect. People were starting to be disgusted with Quackity while Sam's authority of the prison was deeply questioned. It was clear that people wouldn't look at them the same way as they did before. This was deemed true as people didn't charge into the Arctic to get the two prisoners back.

Meanwhile, Wilbur and Technoblade had kept themselves busy.

Wilbur Soot not only accomplished and fulfilled his vow destroying Las Nevadas, but the brit also had Pandora's Vault completely obliterated with the help of XD. He even self-proclaimed himself to be the new owner of the land where Las Navadas used to be, building a new home and a grand garden. He'd been... keeping himself detracted by writing books and poems. He had also been growing new flowers so he could lay new fresh bouquets next to Dream every time he visited the Arctic. If Techno hadn't made the weather of his new place more warm, his flowers wouldn't have grown.

"It's done, my love, " Wilbur said as he placed fresh tulips down near the coffin. " I wish you could have seen the entire place burn to the ground. It was absolutely spectacular, even XD seemed to have enjoyed the show..."

Dream said nothing back as usual.

Technoblade was well aware of his brother's mad love for the dead man. But didn't say a word about it since he loved Dream, too.

The layout and blueprints Dream gave to Techno a few months back were rather useful. Dream probably gave him that book believing that Techno may needed to escape. Albeit that wasn't it... the blueprints and layout had gave him the idea of building his own Pandora's vault. Deep underground, Techno had become a warden of his newly built prison that held 2 captives separately.

In Techno's dungeon's, Sam suffered Techno's neglect while Quackity had suffered his wrath. He had no intention of releasing them until they broke just like Dream did.

Phil, his father, was not impressed. He still didn't approve of this method, but Techno ignored his father's thoughts and remarks. Those two were going to experience the same thing that Dream went through. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

Technoblade was now on his way, going to visit Dream again...

He froze as his nose picked up a scent that he couldn't recognise. A scent that didn't belong here, and it was coming from the shrine.

He swore.

The hybrid rushed to the shrine entrance and burst open the doors.

Sure enough a figure stood in front of Dream's coffin, wearing a black hooded cloak that covered his body from head to toe.

"Hey! what are you doing!?" Techno shouted in fury as he began to march towards that person. The unknown person held Dream in his arms, carrying Dream bridal style. God, even when the blond was dead, there seemed to be people after Dream.

The man said nothing as he turned, red eyes met with another pair of red eyes. Techno stopped.

"I think I should be asking you that question, blood god," the stranger's voice was rather deep as he glared at him. He wore a mask that looked like a bunny with one ear and eye as the teeth was shaped like piranhas. "What was your intention displaying Cornelius like this? He deserves a proper burial."

"Cornelius?" he scoffed, "His name is Dream!"

The man held Dream more closely to his chest, and that seemed to have infuriated the blood god more.

"That's what he's known to you, but to me, he's Cornelius because... because that's his real name..."

...

...

Technoblade stood there stunned, but he quickly recovered as he shook his head. This guy was lying, there was no way...

"Put him back," Technoblade growled at the man, baring his fangs at him. "Dream's body isn't going anywhere with the likes of trespasser. He doesn't belong to you!"

"He does!" The man snarled back as his red fire eyes glowed in anger. "He... he was my fiancé."

...

For a split second, Techno felt his heart sink.

--Karl's perspective, (**This narration is written in first person**)--

Hello, my name is Karl. I am a human blessed with a unique ability to be able to time travel into the past and see future events in my dreams. The only time when my powers fail is when there's a supernatural being interfering with my ability, blocking any warning signs of my visions related to the future. And there actually was a supernatural being that messed with my powers...

The god of the server, XD...

It didn't occur to me that my powers were blocked as the server was so peaceful, and because I didn't receive any disastrous vision, I assumed everything was alright. How wrong I was...

Because I let my guard down, the entire server was in chaos.

Not only was Technoblade, now the new administrator, causing most of the server to wither and die, the blood god had also held Sam and Quackity as his prisoners. It had been months since I last seen my fiancé...

...my ex-fiancé...

I... couldn't stop the feeling of being horrified when I found out what my ex-lover had done to Dream. I couldn't believe it at first, but... when I saw the evidence, and the videos... and when I visited the Arctic to pay my respects... Dream was... his body...

I don't have any idea what Techno had in mind just leaving him there in the open like that, but I wasn't in any position to say anything about it. Sapnap included, as with the rest of the others.

Sapnap, my other lover... was in deep shock. He wasn't leaving the house, nor was he eating as much. Over the past few months, Sapnap had hardly left our shared bed, nor had he spoken proper sentences to me. We could not hold a proper conversation for while now. The arsonist would just stare out the window for long hours before sleeping again. I taken care of him till now, and it was clear that my help wasn't enough as he was thinning and his complexion was always pale. He needed more help, so I had to call Ponk.

Puffy could have been the ideal person since she was a licensed therapist, but... she wasn't in the right mind right to help anyone now. The hybrid couldn't even help herself. Apparently, she had a breakdown when she saw Dream's lifeless body, and was in a similar state as Sapnap was, along with a few others. Foolish was trying his best to help her recover from her shock and guilt.

Ponk's personality, however, had remained unaffected by the entire situation, which was odd given that Sam and him used to be an thing once.

"He got what was coming to him," Ponk said to me in a monotone way as he helped Sapnap lay down the bed.

"What do you mean?" I asked in confusion. Did.. did Ponk know that Sam was letting Dream get tortured?

"... Sam was the one who cut off my arm..." Ponk stated as he turned to me and waved his prosthetic arm.

"What?" I couldn't believe it. Sam wasn't that kind of guy to be so violent and brutal. Even though the creeper hybrid had neglected Dream and failed his duties as a warden, Sam wasn't the one who had directly caused harm to the blond.

"It's true." Ponk insisted. "You could say that I did what I wasn't supposed to do one day, and Sam thought an arm needed to be cut as a fair punishment... I could tell by the look in his eyes that something about being the warden of the prison had changed him... so when I heard what he did to Dream... I wasn't that surprised. The once nice and responsible man had changed to a corrupt f**ker. I hadn't seen Sam since that day..."

The doctor paused for a moment.

"You know, I had a feeling that something funny was going on." He told me with disinterest. "I couldn't comprehend the idea that this server was in such a peaceful state after Sam cut my arm off. With that sort of violent behavior... I ... I dunno, I had a feeling that the peace we all were having was just the calm before the storm. It felt superficial to me. Guess I was right. Anyway, Technoblade did me a favour in the end. That bastard got what he deserved."

I didn't say anything more, and Ponk didn't add more. He continued trying to help Sapnap for another month, but in the end, Ponk couldn't do anything to get my lover back on his feet.

Ponk left the game

And that was the last proper conversation I exchanged with Ponk before he left the server for good.

And it wasn't just him, either. A few more had left the server when it was starting to get difficult to live here with the server dying--leading to food shortages. Even if that was a valid reason to leave, I had a feeling that wasn't entirely it. Guilt and remorse had reflected in their eyes even if they didn't show it.

After another few more weeks, I decided that this couldn't be the ending of our story. I had to do something to change the state of this server.

"Sapnap..." I said softly to the arsonist. His eyes fluttered open slowly, but he said nothing to me as usual as his eyes remained lifeless. I held his hand, gripping them firmly. "I'm... I'm going to use my powers to go back in time. I'll stop this. I'll stop Dream from dying, I'll stop Quackity and Sam for what they did to Dream... Don't worry, Dream will stay in prison, but he won't be dead. Our lives will be just like how it used to be. The happier times..."

I let go of his hands, and began walking away from the bed when suddenly...

"You do realise that I used you, right , Karl?"

I stopped.

Then turned with wide eyes.

Sapnap sat up, but he didn't look at me.

"No," he said as he shook his head. "It's more like you knew, but you didn't say anything about it. Regardless of my half hearted feelings for you, you still stayed by my side even after Quackity left us."

"...Sappy... babe, what are you talking about?" I asked...

...But I knew what he was talking about. It was something I had turned a blind eye from the start of our relationship.

"... I ... used you and Quackity to forget my feelings and yearning for Dream's affection..." He said slowly, "I replaced Dream with you two... I wanted to forget about Dream, but I couldn't.... You knew that I loved him more than I did with either of you...and I still do."

"...Yes..." I admitted. I was well aware for a long while now. Thanks to my abilities, sometimes I could see a person's past in my dreams... and because I lived with Sapnap for a long while... it became inevitable to not avoid this knowledge.

"I loved him so much, I wanted him, but I couldn't have him....I was jealous of my best friend... I was jealous that Dream was crazy for George... I don't know why George never admitted that he liked Dream, too, and I was angry at him for that. I knew Dream's real reason why he dethroned George... but I still left Dream when he was alone when he said things I know he didn't mean. And then... I had him locked up out of spite..."

I said nothing as I continued to listen. I bit my lip...

Sapnap took a breath, lying back down again as he spoke. "I had a really f**ked up mindset, Karl. Because of how power hungry Dream was becoming, it was clear to me that I shouldn't be too close to him, nor let him know that I held feelings for him as he would have manipulated me, just like he did with Tommy. So I thought hating him would be the answer. And so I did. I 'hated' Dream, and I planned to do that for the rest of my life as I had you guys.... I even pushed myself to be the one to end Dream's life if he ever escaped prison..."

Sapnap draped an arm over his eyes, he said in broken and pained voice, "... I can't help but wonder now ever since I saw Dream's corpse... I kept questioning myself, 'If Karl noticed that I still loved Dream, then did Quackity notice as well? Did that psychotic lover of mine.... notice that I loved Dream more than him? Was he jealous of Dream? Is that another reason why he inflicted such horrible scars on Dream? Am I the one who killed Dream?'"

I gasped. I shook my head and shouted, "Sap, no! That's not--"

"It's the truth, Karl!" He shouted back at me in a frustrating and tearful tone, making me flinch. It's been a while since I last heard him raise his voice like that. His tears started falling. "I... I personally told Dream I'd be the one to kill him if he ever escaped... and I know Dream took that to heart. That note I received from the birds? The last message Dream wrote when he was alive?" He laughed bitterly... "It was clear to Dream that he thought he had no one left..."

My lover tossed a crushed paper to me and I caught it. I uncrushed the paper and read it.

I'm sorry, Pandas, for everything.

If you had never met someone like me, you wouldn't have to suffer what I made you go through. Even though I was tortured, I know that isn't enough of a punishment for me to leave prison alive. I know Quackity would think so.

I'm going to be one with the void and suffer in the darkness for all eternity, so I'll be punished even after my death.

I hope this makes you happy as this is the only way I could think of to repent for my sins.

I'm sorry. But I know you'll be relieved to know I won't be causing any trouble on this server again.

Goodbye forever...

I said nothing... I'm still processing with this... Sapnap said nothing.

"...I'll.. I'll change this!" I said as I looked back at Sap. "I'll... I'll go way back to the past and change the events that led to this disaster! I'll change Dream!"

Sapnap looked at me with red eyes, running his hands through his black messy hair. He wasn't going to stop me. "Dream was perfect the way he was, Karl." He told me. "His behaviour... and actions changed because of the situation around him... It's the other people that needed to change... including my past self... If George hadn't dismissed Dream's feelings and had taken it seriously, if I only had the guts to confess to Dream... if Wilbur hadn't held that stupid election, if Tommy matured a little more like has now... and if Pandora's vault never existed... something would have changed for sure..."

I nodded, mentally listing all the things Sapnap said.

"I'll be going," I said firmly. "Please stay alive while I'm gone, Sappy. Please... I'll change the past for a better future for everyone, you'll see Dream again!"

"... Stay safe, Karl... I love you..."

"...I love you, too." I said, and I meant it. Even though it hurts, I truly did love this man.

And then I was gone.

--Past, Karl's perspective, (**This narration is written in first-person narration**)--

Sometimes I forget that whenever I time travel to the past, I don't always appear in the correct timeline I was supposed to be on. I planned to go to the past 5 days before Wilbur held the election, except I'm 5 weeks too early. I think this was around the time when Dream fought against Wilbur? So it was likely around the time before I officially joined the server.

Judging by the light of the sun, it must be around morning here, so I don't have to worry about mobs attacking me.

Jeez, being a time traveler sucked sometimes. I have to wait for an hour or so to recharge and time

travel again a little more to the future. Then, I'll go look for Dream and convince him to not unban Schlatt. If Quackity never met Schlatt, the chances of Quackity collaborating with anyone likely won't happen. Neither Wilbur nor Tommy would be kicked out of L'Manburg, then Wilbur won't meet Technoblade and go insane and blow things up, then--

There were faint voices heard, and the sound of footsteps approaching my direction. I quickly hid in a bush and waited. I gasped at what I saw.

Dream walked as he said something to Wilbur...

Dream... it was Dream... wearing his smiley mask. Dream's alive! I felt like crying for some reason.

God, I wanted to--wait...

...

This is the time when Dream fought against Wilbur, right?

They should be at each other's necks by now, yet they were standing so close... Why... why were they so close? Wilbur was even holding his hand.

"I enjoyed our date last night, it was fun and all, " Dream said, looking away from the brit, his ears in crimson colour.

..

Did he say date? Or was my ears going wrong?

"--but I overstayed... I need to go, Wilbur. He's waiting for me..."

What was this situation right now?

"Alright, Dreamy~" Wilbur grinned, and the way he looked right now... I was sure it was that of a love-struck fool.

Also, 'Dreamy'? Were they that close for Wilbur to give him a pet name? No, I must have misjudged the timeline or something, or I am imagining things. Cause there was no way...

Also, does Dream look a little shorter than before?

"Before you go, I need to give you something," Wilbur said, making Dream turn to him.

"I think you already gave me a lot of things... my inventory is full." Dream said.

"It's small, and you can carry it," the brit insisted.

"so what is--"

Before he could finish, Wilbur had lifted Dream's mask.

"Nooooo.....Wait," I said in shock. My eyes were wide as diner plates now as I watched Wilbur Soot kiss Dream passionately, holding his body close as his hands moved and roved around Dream's body. And what was even more of a shocker was Dream just let him... The blond seemed to go along with it as his fingers clenched the brit's shirt.

What the...

WTF???

Dream's mask hit the ground as they continued to make out. I gasped again.

I didn't know what was shocking me more. The fact that two people who were supposed to be enemies were kissing each other like lovers in front of me, or the fact that I just witnessed the face of a living goddess...

I looked away from the pair.

...I should... probably go a little further back to the past to see what led to this turn of events once I recharge.

"W-Wilbur, no! Don't kiss me there!"

"Let me nibble you a bit more, Dreamy~"

I blushed after hearing what they said and covered my ears immediately.

Out of all the times I traveled back into the past, why did it have to be in this sort of situation?

Chapter End Notes

Edit: That's the first and last time I'm going to do write a first person narration. It was hard as hell. I only did to increase the impact of subjectivity to make you all feel the angst, but it very hard maintaining it throughout. Next chap, Karl's POV would be in third person like the rest of them.

In case if you are wondering, Karl travelled to the time where Dream and Wilbur's date was yet to be shown to you guys. Hope you guys aren't too confused.

Next chap will definitely show why Wilbur and Dream became suddenly kissy with each other when Dream clearly didn't want to associate himself with Wilbur anymore once the date ended.

:)

Some parts of this story seems rushed, i know. I'll add some things later... I just wanted to finish this now.

Comments and kudos are much appreciated

Date night- part 2 won't be out in a while... a long while...

Like a month or so, long while.

I need your help for the next upcoming chapters >~<

Chapter Summary

Ideas are needed...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

OKay, so...

As you may or may not know, this second fic of mine only came about when my stress sort of piled. Which means I don't have a proper plot to this.

Which also means... I need help with ideas.

Since my exams are coming up, I don't have the time to think of what would happen next. And it seems that I am a little stressed about it as my appetite seems to be affected by this. Don't worry, though, I'm well looked after, so I'll be eating well again in another few days.

Anyway, regarding my story, please help me!

I need not just filler ideas, but some ideas that would create an impact on the characters feelings and thoughts about Dream. I still don't know what Dream would say to Sapnap or George and how they would have a proper conversation, or with any of the minors for that matter. That's how unprepared I am.

XD would make some more appearances in the future, so you guys can make some suggestions.

RULES:

The scenarios or vague ideas I need is romance, romantic scenarios (not necessary the cringe ones), ***jealousy*** (hoho~ need lots of it), angst (if possible need to make it heavy), wholesome moments, hilarious and crack scenarios as this is crack treated seriously sort of fic.

This fic... will not contain any sexual scenarios. I cannot bring my self to write that, but I can write any of the harem nibbling Dream's ear or something. Teasing I guess? But again, not too sexual.

:3

Lastly, in the comments of the previous chapter, a lot of you mentioned if Karl was going to join the Dream harem. Personally, I don't look too deep into that ship, but I'll hold a vote. If anyone of you want Karl x Dream in this story, I'll write it. Just type 'K X D' down in the comments below, and I'll tally the votes.

Also... whatcha guys think about Sam/Dream?

EDIT!: *To those who do not feel like commenting your opinion about the pairs, then please vote in this poll on this website! -- > <https://strawpoll.vote/polls/o7q8m8i0/vote?s=0>*

Thank you so much for all you love and support for this fic. I mean, this blew up fast! As I viewed my statistics, the subscription and bookmark count is already catching up to my first fic! :o

Thank you so much, and I'll see you all... next month I guess? It depends, there is a possible chance that my exam dates would be delayed. Hopefully I'll be free by December.

Stay safe y'all!

:)

Chapter End Notes

Did you guys watch Sadist's new animation? POG.

Ranboo left the Uk... it's sad when I saw the post on social media. God, time went by quickly! I still don't know why he was in the UK to begin with, but it was nice when he met half of the Dream SMP gang IRL. Now... we have to wait for George to travel to the US and meet up with the other half of the Dream SMP gang. I heard he was moving to the US to live with Dream and Sapnap?

Ranboo is freakin taller than Wilbur... damn man...

I'm back...ish...

Hey, guys!

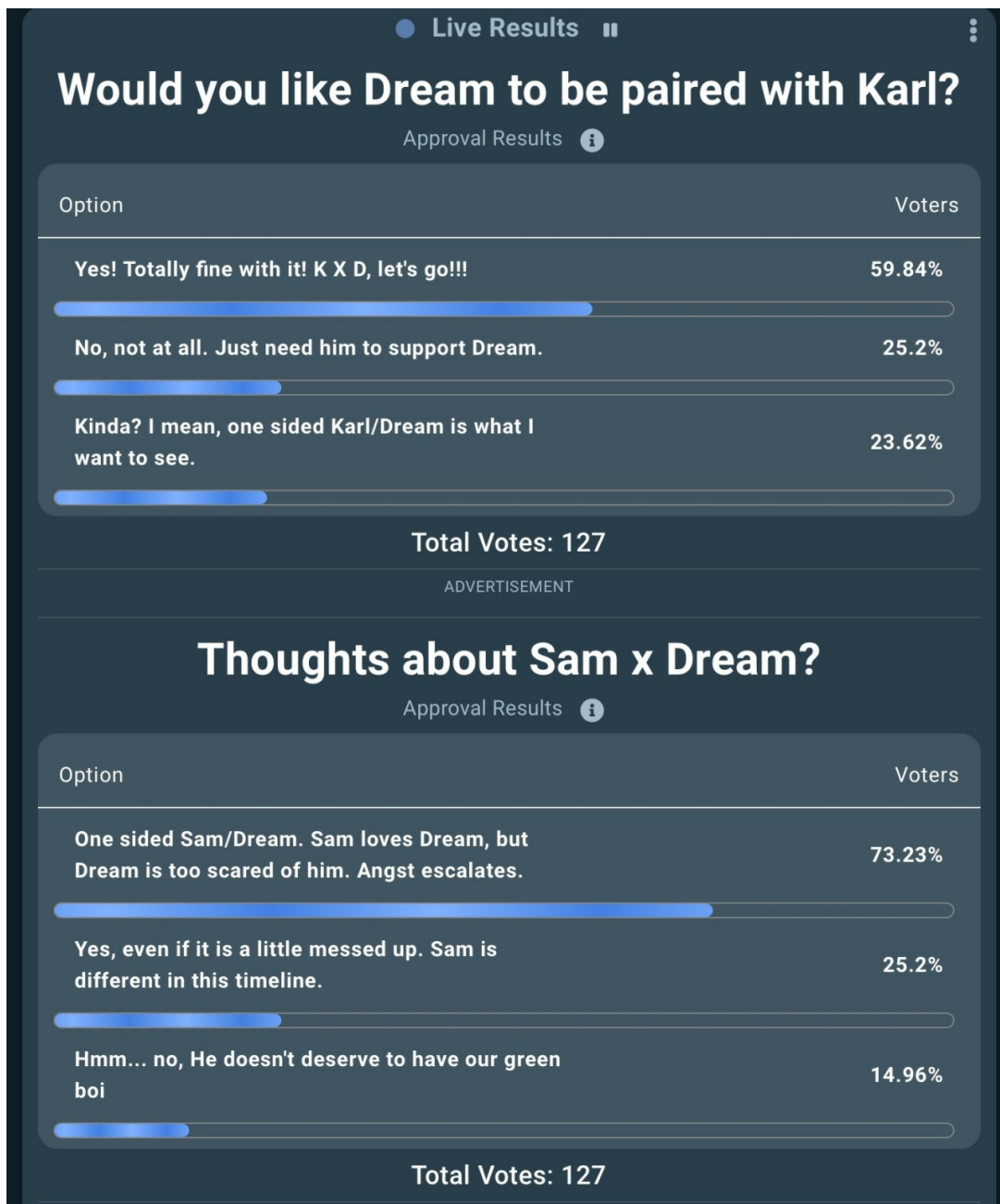
Thank you so much for all the comments and idea you gave me. I am so happy many people love this fic so much... this fic may extend another 10 or 15 chapters than planned.

I finished my exam 3 days ago and... I needed a break mentally. The exam was so nerve-wrecking, my parents noticed that my entire breathing and body was stiff even after I came out of the hall. I'm fine now... but the result... Please pray I passed. I'm not gonna say anymore as I don't want to jinx it.

Anyway, I'm still writing the draft for date night-part 2, and I'm almost done taking down the notes of ideas you have given me previously. Thank you so much you guys, you're awesome. ♥
♥ ♥

Date night would probably, can't 100% guarantee it, be out before the month ends... or maybe around the first week of December. Depends if I'm not that busy.

So in case you did or did not know. I made a poll. And here are the results:



If you haven't seen it and wish to add your votes, follow this link here —><https://strawpoll.vote/polls/o7q8m8i0/vote?s=0>

Oh and also, this advertisement on the website caught me off guard.:

StrawPoll.vote

Create Poll

Dashboard

Voting Systems

ADVERTISEMENT

Cattle slaughter line for sale

Experts in Halal / Kosher slaughtering equipment and complete slaughter lines for cattle.

VDZ Trading BV

Open

Would you like Dream to be paired with Karl?

Select one or more options

???

Anyway, see you guys soon! Love you guys so much! :)

Date night-Part 2

Chapter Summary

Date night!
Don't have much to say...
I'm back!

Chapter Notes

This chapter is sorta rushed, sorry :(
Did something stupid and some sentences didn't get saved. I hate this.
Tags are updated.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--A hours earlier, around the evening, Dream's perspective--

Dream fidgeted nervously as he stood at the exact coordinates Wilbur sent him via communicator. It was in the middle of a forest... Dream was not familiar around this part of the dense forest at all. The situation made it seem as though the blond fell for a trap, which he should be happy about since he planned to die in the first place.

“Dreamy?”

“Wha!” The blond jumped from fright and whirled to the brunet, who towered over him. Right... the height thing. “Hey, Will...” he said nervously, biting the inner walls of his cheek.

Wilbur wore a white shirt with a black jacket over it followed by black ripped jeans. He wasn’t wearing his beanie, revealing his now slicked-back chocolate brown hair not covering one of his eyes for once. Dream couldn’t help but stare.

Looking at how well dressed the brunet was for this date made Dream a little self-conscious about his clothing. Did Dream dress up nicely for this date?

All he wore was... honestly, he had to trash out his entire closet to look for something suitable... The black suits seemed too formal (and thank god he didn’t pick any of them), his green hoodies and black sweat pants were not only too big, but it was something mundane for an occasion like this. He brought some of them as a backup just in case, though. The only thing he could wear was a black long sweater, a white t-shirt that fitted his size, and high-waisted black shorts that he was sure were styled more for a woman’s liking. He wasn’t sure how that got into his closet. The choker was an added accessory to hide the mark Corpse gave to him. God, maybe he should have slicked his hair back like Wilbur. Dream looked and felt pathetic, it was humiliating.

The blond could feel the other male’s gaze never leaving him. He sighed heavily. “Go on, laugh. I couldn’t find anything decent in my closet other than—“

"Dreamy, you look rather stunning." Wilbur purred in his ear, his body too close to Dream's liking as there was no space at all between them. The brunet snaked an arm around Dream's waist. "I'm flattered that you didn't wear your mask."

Dream turned red from the compliment and turned his head away from Wilbur as the blonde felt that their faces were too close. "You've already seen my face before, so there's no need for me to hide it from you." He reasoned. "You... clean up nice, too, Will." He said in a small voice.

Wilbur chuckled as he blushed, then surprised Dream by pecking his cheek. "Shall we go?" He said, taking Dream by the hand and leading him to a portal.

Dream said nothing as they walked. When they entered the portal, Dream was greeted by the scene of the Nether, which was expected... but there was a well-built pathway leading straight to another portal. Dream gasped, and Wilbur smiled stupidly at his reaction. The pathway was adorned with roses and vines as a line of countless candles lead the way to the other end.

"How did you..." Dream's sentence trailed off as his eyes flickered to the ocean of lava that lay boiling under them. A shiver ran down his spine when some bits of memories during his time in prison flashed before his eyes. He stopped.

"Dreamy?" Wilbur frowned, holding his arms gently. "Are you alright?"

Dream shook his head and cleared his head. Right, date. "How did you--the roses and candles, why are they not burnt to crisps?"

"I have my ways, my dear." Wilbur purred, plucking a small rose from the vines and placing it behind Dream's ear. As they made it to the other end... Dream found himself at a beach...

His eye widened at the scenery before him.

The smell of this area... the sands underneath his feet... The sound of the ocean tide, the sparkling blue colour of the sea... The warm rays of the sun as it sets, spread across the horizon. Gods... he hadn't seen this view in such a long time. He had nearly forgotten about this place on the server.

Dream's lips wobbled as he watched the sun go down.

Shit, he shouldn't cry. Wilbur was here, if he sees him cry, Wilbur may misunderstand it. Hell, he may tease him endlessly about seeing a sunset.

Fortunately, the Brit was focused on taking Dream to a grand and well-built wooden cabin. *Since when did Wilbur have a cabin?* He thought to himself as they walked on the porch of the cabin. He never did in the original timeline, not that Dream remembered.

They got into the house, and... A table for two stood before them with two wine glasses and a wine bottle on top of it. As they sat down across each other, Dream noticed that... there were candles lit everywhere. Even roses.

"As you may have guessed... this is more like a dinner date," Wilbur said to him. "I know I could have had our dinner reserved and set up in L'Manburg but," While huffed, "the chances of us being watched by nosy, prying eyes doesn't appeal to me much. Plus... I know you love the quiet and lovely places, such as this."

Dream raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Wow... you know me well."

Wilbur gave one of his charming grins. "I pay close attention to things you like."

Dream blinked in confusion, the smile melting away. *We were just enemies a couple of days ago, and we didn't interact that often... how does he know what I like? He wasn't stalking me, was he?*

"Um... okay," Dream said awkwardly. He tried to change the subject. "So... I didn't know you had a cabin... Is this your vacation spot?"

"Well, it is now. I had this built 3 days ago."

What?

"You... you had this built 3 days ago? He asked incredulously. "This glorious cabin was just made 3 days ago?"

"I'll be frank, I did have a bit of help... but yeah, I thought about it and had it made for our date. Lovely, isn't it?"

Dream smiled and nodded, but he couldn't help but feel a little guilty. This date... was smelling less and less of a trap. Did Wilbur not have any intention to hurt Dream, much less take a cannon life? Drats! Dream was not ready for an actual date. He was not prepared for this.

"Shall we start with dinner, darling?"

--Wilbur's perspective--

They talked for long hours as they ate, some topics were about themselves while others were just random and nonsensical things. It was a little difficult to specify what each said as he was sure the two of them were a little drunk from the wine.

Wilbur made sure to get everything perfect for tonight. He may or may not have had paid a certain mercenary for information about things that blond liked and disliked, including the type of food and drinks. Dream seemed to be enjoying the meals Wilbur made earlier, and brunet couldn't help but feel pride swell in his chest. Damn, he could just watch those gorgeous green eyes all night.

There was probably a moment when Wilbur pulled out his guitar and sang some silly song for Dream, and the man... shit, Wilbur wanted to kiss those sugar lips so badly.

They shared another drink.

After the plates were put away, Wilbur's hands came in contact with the other. Dream didn't pull away, which was a good sign. The way the blond giggled sounded so angelic and innocent. This was dream come true (pun not intended, or maybe intended, Wilbur didn't know since he was a little high). The brunet was so hopelessly in love with this man.

"It's really... peaceful here." A smile curled on Dream's lips as he looked out the window at the ocean, "I love watching the waves."

I'm in love with you, Dream, Wilbur nearly blurted out as he watched Dream with adoring eyes. Thank god, if he said that out loud, he was sure it would not only ruin the moment, but Dream would run from him.

"Wilbur?" Dream said in a whisper.

The brit smiled at him warmly. "Yes, my dear?" He could see the tip of Dream's ears go red. How adorable.

But the blond's expression soon changed that to wariness. He removed the rose Wilbur put in his ear earlier to the table as he removed his hand from his. "umm... Why... did you want to take me out exactly? Does... does L'Manburg need something?"

...

...

... Wilbur's heart sank.

--Dream's perspective--

Dream felt a little lightheaded. Perhaps he drank too much?

Strange, his alcohol tolerance was much better before... before he went back to the past. Was this some effect of having a short small body now? Or was it because he hadn't drunk anything for so long because of his lovely time in Prison?

"Nothing,"

"Come again?" Dream was caught off guard by his answer.

"Nothing... I don't want anything--L'Manburg does not need anything now that you have given us independence."

Dream was quiet as his eyes widened.

"You're lying."

"Pardon?"

Dream shook his head, refusing to accept that answer. "You must be after something... You.. You... never did this. I mean this-this arrangement! This date, the pathway to the nether, this cabin, this date! You put so much effort into this... I know you want something in return for all your hard work, Wilbur. That's how it's always has been."

Wilbur frowned. "Dreamy, what are you talking about?" He asked softly. Why was he asking in such a gentle manner? Why? Why? Why? Why? WHY!?

"Why else would you have prepared so much for me?" He ended up asking.

The brit stared at him for a few moments, and Dream couldn't find himself to breathe from the heavy air in this situation. He looked away, feeling guilt and shame. He should have thought about his words carefully.

"Is it not obvious, enough?" Wilbur asked, reaching out for Dream's hand and grasping it gently. "I like you a lot, Dreamy." He leaned forward, bringing Dream's hand to his lips so he could place a kiss behind his palm. He let his hand go.

Dream froze. "What?"

That was a lie... it had to be. Who would love him? He hated himself.

"It's true..." Wilbur said, whispering in a hushed voice as they locked eyes. "I truly like you Dream. I want to be with you. You make me go insane, and my thoughts are always about you. It's... it's

hard for me to not stop myself now from wanting to kiss you. "

His shoulders tensed as he gasped. The blond had just been confessed to.

Wilbur... liked him?

...

...

...

No...

NO...no, this was not right. He knew that.

His experience with love and affairs was never genuine, and will *never* be genuine. He only believed in fake love in his life. He learned that from George. He may only receive temporary affection, and infatuation like he did with Fundy... but nothing more than that.

Dream felt like a panic attack was going to occur if he didn't say something right now. "I...I...."

"Are you alright?" the other male noticed his pale face as he reached to grasp his hand, but Dream quickly pulled away.

He shot up to his feet suddenly, the seat behind him pushed backward harshly. God, this was too sudden.

"Dream?"

"I...I-I... I need get some air," he said hurriedly and quickly left the house. He didn't dare look back as went, he couldn't bring himself to do so. He stepped outside to the porch of the cabin and stood there doing nothing. He just...

His mind blanked. Dream... for once... didn't know how to react to this information... Wilbur liked him... The madman liked him... Was the brit like this in the original timeline as well? How did he not notice this?

What was about Dream that made Wilbur hold feelings for a monster? Wilbur was... he probably loved the idea about him or something... Maybe it was power... Maybe Wilbur had feelings towards him because he was currently the most powerful individual on this server... for now.

"Dreamy?" Wilbur followed Dream as he stepped outside as well, his voice sounded like he was concerned. Dream looked back at the brit, swallowing hard. "Look... I... I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I wanted to express how I feel about you.

"It's not that I'm... uncomfortable with the idea that you held feelings for me... But... I'm..." Dream sighed heavily as he shook his head. He inhaled through his mouth slowly. "A few days ago, I... got myself involved with a guy.... and I... started to do things with him which would make other people misunderstand that we're lovers"

Wilbur's jaw dropped. "You're friends with benefits with him?" He asked awkwardly.

"Wha—NO! We're not like that!" Dream's face reddened before he looked away, feeling slightly ashamed of himself. "Not... exactly... He... I'm... we ... We've been just k-kissing and sharing a bed for a few days. He makes me feel good and safe, and I love the feeling when he says such sweet

things to me. We don't have an established relationship, I told him I didn't want that... but I think... he... that guy is smitten by me."

Dream turned away from Wilbur, holding his arms tightly as he continued rambling. "He... I don't know why he fell for me in such a short amount of time, but I can't turn him away at this point because... Because I know that he's a good person. I would know if he had a hidden agenda or... or wanted something from me but... He's just so good to me... and so sweet and caring and...and I'm just using him..."

Dream took in a shuddered breath.

"I don't know what it is about me that makes him love me... I thought he was just crazy until you... you just confessed to me. I... gosh, Wilbur, I'm a horrible person. I can't--I don't deserve to be loved! I just can't! I'm using him so I wouldn't feel so pathetic and alone. I crave to be hugged and petted and kissed so badly, and he gives it all to me, and I can't just... I'm unable to return what I know he wants..."

"I can't... love you back, Wilbur... I can't love him back, either. Or anyone... I'm sorry, Will, " Dream faced him fully, tears streaming down pathetically as his voice broke, "I'm just too broken for that."

A few sobs escaped his lips as he painfully shut his eyes closed. God, this was pathetic. He was selfish, stupid, a monster, a killer... He was--god, the urge to drown himself right now was rather strong. He hated himself so much.

A gentle, and soothing voice stopped his negative thoughts.

"Then... Dream," Both Wilbur's hands cupped Dream's face. Green teary eyes met with warm brown eyes. His thumbs caressed his cheeks tenderly, making Dream... stared at Wilbur. Wilbur smiled gently at him as he said, "Will you let me be in the same position as him?"

... What?

"I want to be used by you, just like that man... Will you allow that?" Wilbur asked softly... gently... his thumb caressed his cheek.

Dream was horrified, his breath hitched. "W-what? NO... no, I won't let you.... you-you'll get hurt by m-me!" Dream stepped away from him, forcing his hands off his face. "I don't want to use... I-I'm a MONSTER!" He can't use Wilbur... not after what happened.

It seemed... Dream was wrong about Wilbur. He didn't how he missed it, he didn't know how he failed to see this part of Wilbur...

...Wilbur was already... his state of mind was never 'normal' to begin with when Dream invited him to the server. He was already insane the moment he stepped foot on his lands...Which meant that no matter what Dream did, Wilbur would still behave the way he did in the future. He'd blow the very nation he made either way. He'd get himself killed. Dream had no intention of showing his ability to revive people, nor would he ever kill Tommy again and revive him. But if Tommy doesn't know how f**ked up the afterlife was and the state of Wilbur's insanity, Tommy would forever blame Dream for getting his brother killed. Then everyone would hate him again. Then... then...

Dream stopped breathing when Wilbur touched his face again, caressing the cheek with his fingers. "Dreamy," he whispered in that sweet soft voice, "I don't care if you are a bad guy. Because if you

are one... then I'll be one for you." Dream's eyes widened at what the brunet just said. "Let's both be the bad guys." Wilbur grinned as he narrowed his eyes.

"... What?" Dream thought he felt the world collapse around.

What did he just say right now? How can he say something like that so easily like it's nothing?

While Dream was lost in his thoughts, what Wilbur did next caught him off guard.

Wilbur kissed the blond...

Wilbur... just kissed him. He kissed a monster like him...

With that thought in mind, Dream forgot everything.

It was a simple peck that didn't last long. They pulled apart from each other as their eyes locked... before leaning in again.

Despite letting himself have his lips pressed against the other, Dream had no idea what he was doing. He wasn't prepared.

Just like someone who can't stop a raging river and be swept away by the current, Dream couldn't stop him even if he wanted to. His mind started to fog as his body trembled a little. He felt a bit overwhelmed by this feeling. His shoulders tensed when Wilbur's tongue brushed his lips, fingers clenched the brit's jacket.

He felt Wilbur's arms hands move around him, holding him, never letting him go. Their bodies pressed against each other as Wilbur slipped his tongue in, making Dream whimper from the new feeling.

He... he couldn't keep up with this... He felt like he was soon going to get devoured by a hungry, greedy beast, and that idea scared him... yet excited him a little?

Dream gasped weakly when their lips parted, and the blond was able to breathe again. After his head cleared, Dream realised what just happened. Did... did he just? What happened right now? Dream legs trembled so much that he couldn't keep his balance. Was he that shaken from a kiss, or was this the effect of the alcohol?

Wilbur chuckled as he planted a kiss on his head and whispered hotly to his ear. "Dreamy is so weak to kisses," he teased, "maybe I should take care of you so you wouldn't faint."

Dream puffed his cheek as his face flushed from embarrassment. Jerk!

It's not that Dream was weak to kisses. Albeit new at the practice, he's been getting better at it now thanks to Corpse. But while Corpse's kisses were gentler and tender, Wilbur's was... was totally different! He just kissed Dream in the most passionate and lustful way possible! Of course, Dream would get swayed by a kiss like that, and this smartass knew it!

God, a kiss seemed more terrifying than he thought.

The way Wilbur held him, the shuddering yet exciting feeling his body reacted when Wilbur's hands were just... everywhere... Dream could even feel his desire and hunger for him... Wilbur wanted Dream so badly... but since when? Just how long had Wilbur admired a monster like him? How long did he want him? To be his? Dream still couldn't seem to comprehend it.

"One more?" The brit teased him when he nipped his ear, his hot breath ghosted his skin, sending a shiver down his spine.

"N-no," Dream said in a feeble voice as he tried pushing him away, but Wilbur wouldn't let him go, "Too much." Wilbur smiled as he pecked his cheek, and Dream grumbled.

Then Wilbur started humming a tune, and because Wilbur did not let him go, Dream's body was swaying slowly with his. It was like... was he dancing with Wilbur? And was Dream letting him do what he wants? Man, the once fearless and powerful tyrant... had become this weak and a pushover.

"Dreamy?" Wilbur whispered in a soothing voice.

"Hmm?" Dream leaned his body closer and pressed his face to his chest. He closed his eyes as he was so tired.

"... I love you... "

...

...

...

Dream's hands clenched on Wilbur's front jacket as his lips wobbled, he felt as though someone tore him apart.

"I'm sorry, Wilbur..." He genuinely meant that. He hated himself for being like this. "I'm sorry."

Dream was so selfish... Not giving him a chance. Other than creating and establishing L'Manburg without his consent, Wilbur didn't do anything else that harmed or angered Dream. Rather, Dream used him when he was insane to blow a nation before he died. And it would seem Dream will be using him again just like how he's using Corpse to forget his pain.

"It's alright, darling..." Dream felt a warm kiss atop his head. "Take your time... Letting me have you like this is enough for now. From now on, I'll coddle you and treat you well with all my affection and love. I'll cuddle and give you as many kisses as you want, and tell you again and again how much I love you. I'll make nations and worlds for you and destroy others with my hands for better ones... My love for you is endless, Dreamy. Maybe someday I'll have you fixed from your broken heart, too."

... Dream softly laughed in a lifeless way.

This Wilbur was sounding more and more like the Wilbur from the future... insane, a madman with his crazy ideas. And the idea that Wilbur could fix him with his love--it was so absurd, he could cry about it.

Ah, whatever... he'll just have to accept Wilbur since he's offering himself to be used. The future doesn't look that bright anyway.

Dream wrapped his arms around his neck as his head still leaned on his chest. His eyes closed as the eyelids felt heavy... he was so tired... so tired of the emotions he was feeling. He felt himself being lifted from the ground.

The two of them didn't know they were being watched from afar...

--Corpse's perspective--

His hands had transformed to claws as he clenched and broke a thick piece of bark from a tree, watching his love kiss another man. Corpse clenched his teeth. This Wilbur man was looking at Dream as though he had won himself a trophy. It was sickening. He could see the hunger and lust his gaze held towards his innocent love.

...

This was not something he should be furious about, Corpse knew that well. Dreamy made it clear to him that their relationship isn't one of commitment. For now... Dream wanted to feel loved and cared for, and Corpse would gladly provide that for him. He could tell that the blond was touch-starved as he also yearned for someone's affections.

Still, even with all the warnings Dream had given him in advance; telling Corpse he was going on a date with another man, and kissing someone else that wasn't him... Corpse couldn't help but feel like his feelings were being played. His lovely Cornelius being held by someone else... the idea didn't settle well with him, and it didn't seem like this would be the last time something like this would happen.

The possibility that Dream would soon lean and rely on other people without establishing proper commitment... Corpse dreaded that idea as that would mean more people would have their hands over his love.

If Corpse revealed his identity to Dream that he was Cat, then maybe... no it's not time yet. He needs Dream to be and feel more familiar with him before saying anything unnecessary. The blond's mindset was pretty fragile right now. One wrong move and something will change drastically in their relationship which may not necessarily be good.

Corpse had to be patient till the time was right.

But in the meanwhile... Corpse was sure in hell not going to let his Dream hang around with other men all day tomorrow as he'll pamper and spoil his love to his heart's content.

Chapter End Notes

Have you seen Quackity's recent lore stream? POG!!! :D
Not gonna say anything more as it would spoil.

What am I to you?

Chapter Summary

Dream inadvertently got himself another kiss buddy.
Sapnap and George interrupted a moment.
Punz didn't plan to talk to Dream so quickly, nor did he expect something out of it.

Chapter Notes

SORRY! I accidentally posted the draft while I was editing it and some of you have already seen what I wrote. Uh... Anyway, here id the complete version of it. Enjoy!

So.... the lore stream--Dream escaped, yay!
I really enjoyed it, it was exciting and thrilling to watch. What I didn't expect, however, was for many people to just suddenly stream at the same time. I had to watch different POVs to get the whole picture.
What I didn't expect, however... was that Punz never betrayed Dream. I mean, I genuinely thought Punz betrayed Dream. Turns out not. Which may mess up with my fic...
Don't worry, I got a plan for to make it more angsty.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--Next morning, Dream's perspective--

A ray of light slipped through the gaps between the curtains, making his eyes flutter from the brightness. Dream hummed but felt too sleepy to get out of bed and wake up. He turned to the other side to avoid the light. A few heartbeats had passed before Dream felt the bed shift. An arm draped over his body, holding one of his hands.

Corpse...

Dream was being spooned again. Not that he minded, but regardless, this crazy guy still broke into his house. ugh...

Well, whatever.

The blond smiled as he grasped the hand gently, sighing in content as he brought the hand closer to kiss the knuckles. He suppressed the giggle, Dream felt strangely giddy and stupid this morning. Wonder why? Well, this felt nice...

Until Dream felt hot breathing around his neck before a trail of kisses were planted on his skin all the way up to his jaw.

Dream's eyes snapped open immediately when he felt the ear nibbling. He grumbled, "Corpse, I thought I told you. If you kiss me at places that aren't near my lips, we're gonna have issues." He

closed his eyes again, ready to fall asleep when the other male stopped nibbling.

"Oh, is that some kind of rule you set up with him?"

Huh?

His eyes snapped open again when Dream realised the other male's voice was not deep. He let go of the hand and quickly sat up with his arms to look who exactly was holding him.

Wilbur, with his messy thick brown hair and charming warm smile, winked at him.

"Good morning, my dear. Slept well?" He purred, then pecked at Dream's cheek.

"Wha? Will...Wilbur?" He sat up stiffly on the bed.

He laughed, lightly brushing his knuckles at Dream's cheekbones. "Who else are you in bed with, Dreamy?" He propped himself up on an elbow and stared up to his face with a grin.

He blushed madly. "What are you doing in my house?"

He tilted his head in confusion. "We're in my cabin. You slept at my place last night, Dreamy. Don't you remember?"

It was only then that the blond was more aware of his surroundings, including the fact that Wilbur was half-naked.

He blushed madly. "Wait, did we--did I--?" he looked under his black oversized shirt. The top clothing clearly didn't belong to him, and he was alarmed as to how he wore it in the first place.

His skin was clean. No marks.

Wilbur laughed at his actions. "We didn't do anything last night, Dreamy. I promise."

He was getting a Deja vu right now.

Wilbur propped his big pillow up, then gently held Dream's waist and guided him to lie back down to the bed. Dream didn't know why he was letting himself lean on Wilbur's bare chest, but... damnit, he was starting to melt into the warm embrace. He felt another kiss on the head.

"What... happened last night?" Dream could only remember the lovely dinner they shared, drank wine, talked about a variety of different topics. Then that kiss...

Right, they kissed before he fell asleep.

"Well..." Wilbur started, scratching his chin. Then recited what happened last night.

--Last night--

"Dreamy, are you asleep?" Wilbur asked as he tightened his hold in case Dream slipped down.

"Hmm... give me one more, Wilbur." Dream slurred as he looked up at him with glassy eyes.

"What?" But Wilbur couldn't ask any more as Dream quickly leaned his face closer.

Their mouths touched again, and this time both their hands moved around and roved. Wilbur made a noise of surprise when Dream started to add a little more spice to the kiss by slipping in his

tongue. He didn't mind, though, as Wilbur still remained dominant in the kiss.

"Will..."

Dream sighed between the kisses, his hands now in his hair tugging his brown locks. Wilbur loved every single moment about what was happening right now.

"Wilbur..."

Before he knew it, Wilbur found himself on the couch of the living room. He didn't even realise Dream had dragged him back to his cabin until he was thrown to the furniture. The blond had straddled on his lap to kiss him again more firmly.

This went on for a few minutes until Wilbur noticed that the heated kisses may be overwhelming Dream as he heard faint whimpering.

"Dreamy?" Wilbur broke the kiss as he cupped the blond's cheeks. His eyes were unfocused, lips were plump and red. Dream giggled in such an adorable way that made his heart flutter. "Dreamy?" Wilbur said his name again, trying to get his focus on him.

"Yea, Wilby?" Dream laughed at his own words, then giggled again in a silly sort of way. "Wilby-- I just called you Wilby--ha!"

The brit smile faltered as he frowned. Oh.

His Dreamy was mad drunk right now, that's why he allowed Wilbur to kiss him like this. Was the wine too strong for him perhaps?

"... We should stop, for now, Dreamy." Wilbur caressed his cheeks, and Dream leaned into his touch in such a heartwarming way... "I don't want you regretting this in the morning if we take it too far tonight."

Dream stopped giggling as his smile vanished. He looked at Wilbur's face with unfocused eyes and said. "Do you really love me?"

"Of course I do," he answered quickly as he held his hips.

"Would you do anything for me?"

"Even if it meant making the whole world crumble to dust. Yes."

Dream caressed his cheek rather intimately. "Wilby, if you want me so badly you'll have to do something for me."

"Anything for you, love." He purred, planting kisses on his jaw. But at the back of his mind, he hoped Dream wasn't asking for sex... As much as he believed that the experience may be gratifying, now wasn't the time for that.

"Don't blow things up. Or your nation. "

Wilbur blinked in surprise. He wasn't expecting this. "What?"

Dream giggled again as he laughed on his shoulder. "If you do that for me, I'll let you leave a kiss on my neck. I mean..." He drunk hiccupped, removed the black choker he still had on and revealed to him a black rabbit mark. "It's only fair for you to have your share. Corpse left his mark, I'll allow you to leave as many as you want. As long as if you... TNT... don't use..." He slurred at the end

before he stilled.

Wilbur's brows furrowed. "Dreamy?"

Faint snoring was the response he got.

"He fell asleep." He laughed incredulously

--present, Dream's perspective--

"I.. don't remember any of that..." Dream cried as he flushed with embarrassment as he pulled the covers and hid underneath them. He couldn't bring himself to look at Wilbur's face.

This was probably the second time that he got so drunk and landed on someone else's bed with no memory. He was lucky so far that he wasn't touched sexually, but he should stop drinking now. Dream didn't want to have a third incident that may actually end up with drunk sex.

Don't blow things up. Or your nation.

Why would he blurt that out!? Many questions would arise if he said such things carelessly, and he was not in a mood to answer any of them.

Wilbur hummed, sounding amused.

They stayed in bed for a while in silence. Even if he awoke with shock a few minutes ago, his eyes were starting to droop. He wanted to sleep again, and so he did... his head resting on Wilbur's chest with an arm over the brit's stomach.

His eyes shut, and before he drifted off to sleep again, Wilbur asked, lifting the covers to look at him, "I'll make breakfast. Wanna rest while I make stuff for us?"

Dream hummed in response, not even peaking an eye open at him. He felt a kiss on his cheek, then Wilbur whispered sweet nothings to his ear briefly before leaving the bed.

He was feeling giddy again as warmth blossomed into his chest.

Wilbur was so romantic, Dream couldn't help but admit that now.

--Later, forest--

Dream, now changed to his usual green and black attire, left soon after breakfast. Well, almost. They stalled for sometime at the front door when Wilbur kissed him deeply there.

Wilbur was just supposed to be seeing him off, but now he was kissing Dream passionately again in the middle of the forest.

It was wrong to do this in the open, especially with his face exposed. But at the same time, he didn't care. He decided right then and there, that he'll stop Wilbur from killing himself, and the only way to accomplish that was to stay by his side and keep a close watch on him.

"W-Wilbur, no! Don't kiss me there!" Dream yelped when Wilbur started nipping his neck.

"Let me nibble you a bit more, Dreamy~" He purred, "After all, you did say that I could mark you as much as I wanted."

He sucked at the skin, making him gasp.

He blushed, hating what his drunk self told him last night. "I was drunk!"

"Still, don't you think it's fair I get a share? I suppose I'll be sharing you with that... Corpse guy, whoever he is."

He... right, he accepted Wilbur. Now Corpse had to share him with Wilbur. It would be nice if Corpse didn't become too jealous, even though it was hopeless thought.

"Wilbur--"

"GET AWAY FROM DREAM, YOU F**KER!"

They both jumped away from each other when Sapnap's scream interrupted them. Fierce anger flashed on Wilbur's face before it changed into a gentle smile at him, and Dream felt a shudder run down his spine seeing how fast Wilbur changed his demeanor.

Dream was quick to pick his mask and slip it back over his face. A sudden pull at his hoodie had his face shoved at Sapnap's hard armoured shoulder while George pointed his sword at Wilbur.

"Sapnap!? George!?" Dream looked back and forth between them. "What are you doing here?" He demanded, but his question was ignored as both men glared daggers at Wilbur. Sapnap's arms were around him, embracing him so tight...He was having trouble breathing.

"Get away from him," George growled, raising his sword at his neck.

"Whoa--what's going on here, mate?" Wilbur asked politely as he raised his hands, his eyes flickered with amusement.

Sapnap hissed at him before his expression changed to that of concern at the blond. "Dream, you okay?"

Dream stared at his eyes... Sapnap was holding him... he wasn't disgusted or anything... Why was he holding him this close?

Why doesn't he hate him?

Dream felt like he was going to throw up.

Before Dream could even think about the words he should say to his betrayer best friend, Sapnap's eyes had blown wide. His fingers suddenly touched his neck, and those touches made him flinch. "Did he do this!?" he snarled.

This?

Wait, was there another mark on his neck now? He turned his head to the brit quickly. Dream could see the shit-eating grin on the brit's face over his shoulder. This cocky smartass. He knew what he was doing.

"SHIT!"

Dream looked over Sapnap's shoulder and found Tommy looking at him with wide eyes... Well, the child looks well in this timeline. And not damaged, or manipulated, or scarred. There were unusual bags under his eye for some reason.

"Tommy?" Wilbur questioned. "What are you doing here?"

He started marching towards the brunet, standing next to his side. "Wilbur. you owe Punz and me a lot!" The teen pointed his face. "While you and Dream had your f**king time of your lives, we spent all night stopping these two shit-heads from interrupting your date!"

What?

"Did you now?" Wilbur raised his brow.

"Punz did what?" Dream asked, surprised. He could have sworn he terminated their contract. Why did Punz still carry his orders? Did the mercenary still want something from him? "Tommy, where is Punz?"

"He left," The kid replied. " Said something about not being able to face you or something."

A chill ran down his spine when they all looked at Dream.

"Did something happen between the two of you?" George asked.

The blond made no plans to ever tell what happened that night with Punz, but now that Tommy brought it up, he had to come up with excuses.

"Dude, yeah," Sapnap said, his grip on Dream more firm. "Punz got beat up because you sent him to spy on--" he gasped, realising what he was about to say, but Dream was quick to connect the dots.

His head slowly turned to George. Under that mask, his expression changed that to disbelief. "You... paid Punz to spy on me that night?"

He wasn't angry, but he felt empty and disappointed. To think George was capable of doing something like this behind his back.

That's why Punz was there that night. That's why he failed to kill himself.

Judging by George's face, Punz didn't tell him anything. Good.

"I..." George faltered, he lowered his sword. "Dream--let me explain--"

"I'm going home." Dream said, dismissing George. He pushed Sapnap away harshly, freeing himself from his grasp, and stalked out of there.

They were such idiots...

--later, Dream's house, Punz's perspective. --

He couldn't find his golden chain fast enough as the master of the house had returned far too quickly than Punz anticipated.

"Ah," Dream said as he stared at the other's face. The smile on that mask seems rather haunting now.

"Ah," Punz said, awkwardly. He was picking up the books that were on the floor that still remained there from the night Punz stopped Dream from killing himself. Dream stared at him for some time, then looked away to go to the kitchen without another word.

He started to sweat. Was he going to go and grab a knife to finish the job? Oh, boy.

Dream reappeared, maskless, to the living room with a medical kit in his hands. "Come on," he said, uninterested. "Let's get you patched up."

"This good?" Dream said as he tightened the gauze around his bare torso.

"Y-yeah," He stuttered, his body completely stiff. The ice Dream had given to him for his bruised face, from Sapnap's punch, felt better than before.

"Good. Hold still," he heard the sound of cap pop, and something cold applied to his skin at the back. He jolted--both from the pain and the coldness.

"It's an ointment for your bruises," Dream said. Oh.

After some time, he heard the cap close. "I guess that's everything."

"...Thanks, man," He said, awkwardly, shifting on the couch and turning to face him. Dream averted his gaze away.

...

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Right when Punz contemplated leaving, given how unbearably awkward this was, Dream spoke.

"Punz... what am I to you?" Dream suddenly asked, still not looking at him.

...okay, so now they were going to talk. He should have left while he had the chance.

"Uh...well, as you said a few days ago, we're not even friends. Our relationship was nothing but tied to an employer and employee contract... until you called that off... I don't know."

"Then why'd you do it? Why'd you stop Sapnap and George?"

A pause.

"I... what you said that night... I couldn't get it out of my head... I guess you're right, I always am insensitive to my employer's feelings. Whatever shit they faced had nothing to do with me as money was all that mattered..."

"You did this so you wouldn't have anything to feel guilty about anymore?" Dream said flatly, making him cringe.

"...No... yes?"

A heavy sigh escaped the dirty blond's lips...

"I... I didn't tell Sapnap or George about what you did that night," Punz quickly added, trying to improve the mood of this room.

There was a pause. "Okay..." Dream nodded, but the frown on his face still didn't disappear. "That's good I guess... Punz, you know you owe me for what you did that night, right?"

Punz raised a brow. "Did I not repay it to you for keeping those two away from your date?"

"You also broke a lot of my stuff, and flipped me to the coffee table."

"Right," now that he thought about it, surely Dream should have gotten a bruise from that impact. Had he treated the bruise?

"Good... I'm sorry."

"About what?"

"This,"

Dream grabbed both sides of his face and kissed him.

"Hmmp!" Punz eyes widened, feeling soft lips press against his. Dream's face was close to his, and he could see how vibrant the green colour of his eyes was. The kiss quickly broke as soon as it came.

"...You owe me for what happened that night." Dream said seriously, "Now you don't. Don't tell anyone what just happened." Dream let of his face go.

Punz stared at him while the dirty blond put the medical kit away, still unable to process what just happened. "... why kiss me?" He asked huskily.

"... I ...wanted to confirm how I felt from it." Dream answered in a small voice as his ears and cheeks reddened. "I've been questioning myself this whole morning whether I like the feeling of the lips of someone who loves me, or whether I like the idea of kissing in general, and letting a bunch of people touch my lips with theirs. "

Punz made a face, not sure how to react. "And the result?"

"...The former. I felt nothing from you."

... That was a little...

Ouch. "okay..." he paused to think. "Wait, this morning--didn't you have a date with Wilbur last night?" He stated. "Did you... did you kiss him?"

"It's more like the other way around," Dream averted his eyes. "And... I let him kiss me as I didn't see the harm of it, and... I liked it."

"You liked it?" Punz said incredulously. "You liked the kiss your former enemy gave to you?"

Dream sighed heavily. "Turns out Wilbur had a thing for me before we fought against L'Manchildburg."

A stare. "You're kidding."

The dirty blond nodded as his ears reddened. "He was talking stupid stuff last night about how much he loved me, Punz. And kissed me passionately... This morning, too.. he did again, and I liked it... until we were rudely interrupted. Will was pissed."

Punz cocked an eyebrow up as he looked at Dream. He snorted, making Dream look at him with an annoyed expression.

"What?" He questioned.

"Are you seriously falling for whatever bullshit Wilbur says just because he kissed you passionately?" He queried with a frown on his face.

Dream huffed. "What's it to you?"

The mercenary explained calmly, "I'm just saying that not all people mean what they say. Anyone can say that they love you, and kiss you passionately to put on a show."

The dirty blond scoffed as he folded his arms. "What are you? Some expert?"

Punz grinned wolfishly at him. "You don't even want to know my hookup list before I came to this server."

Dream shook his head, not believing him. "so what are you saying? Someone like you is capable of kissing like Wilbur did last night with no emotions or love at all? You don't even know the things Wilbur made me feel from that kiss, Punz! You can't!"

He glared at Dream, feeling his pride get wounded. He knew the dirty blond didn't mean to say indirectly that Wilbur could do something and Punz couldn't, but he still took it personally. He didn't want to be compared with a madman.

"Wanna bet?"

Punz trapped Dream with his arms on either side of his head suddenly, confusing Dream as he now leaned on the backrest of the couch. "Was the kiss Wilbur gave to you the kind you never experienced before?" he asked in a low, hushed voice. A small smile curled at his lips from the innocent, confused reaction.

"...well, yeah--" He gasped when the light blond leaned his face closer.

"Did the kiss go something like this?"

He moved.

Punz smashed his lips with the dirty blond's. Dream's yelp was muffled by the other's mouth. Punz first made sure it would be slow and gentle, letting the kiss linger for a few seconds. He drew away, letting the tips of their noses touch for another few heartbeats before leaning in again.

"Punz--"

Dream whimpered when Punz lightly bit Dream's bottom lip and nibbled at it. Slowly, Punz's hands moved, one hand lightly tugging and petting Dream's hair, and the other kept a firm hold on his slender waist so that their chests pressed against the other. He felt Dream tense up, clenching onto his shoulders when Punz slipped his tongue in.

"Hmm!"

The mercenary could tell from Dream's body language that he was new to all this. Figures. He was a bit amused by the other male's reactions, he had to admit. But if Dream stays that innocent throughout the rest of his life, he's gonna face some awkward issues.

Some forms of passionate kissing would involve neck kisses and stuff, but Punz wasn't going to go that far. He just wanted to prove his point. However, that didn't mean he wouldn't mess with his

former boss.

He drew away and moved his mouth to Dream's ear so he could blow soft, warm breaths for a few seconds. Punz felt him shiver, then squirm in his grasp before the mercenary captured his lips again. Good, his body responded excitedly.

Then his hands moved again to hold the back of his neck as he kissed him deeper to take the air out of him. Punz counted before letting the dirty blond breathe again.

"There," Punz pulled away from Dream to look at him. "I don't have any romantic feelings for you, and yet I can make out with you in the same way Wilbur did. If you often had one-night stands, your partners would do the exact... Dream?"

Dream was unresponsive as he covered his mouth, eyes wide in shock as his entire face was in a crimson shade. "What's wrong with you?" He said in a small voice, looking at him horrified. That's when Punz noticed that Dream was at the brink of tears.

...

The realisation of what he'd just done dawned on him.

He stilled.

Assault wasn't the accurate word of what he'd done, but it was something similar.

Oh god.

"Wait, Dream--whoa!" Punz fell backward as Dream shoved him hard away from him. , he landed on his back on the floor hard. "Dream!" He called out when the dirty blond ran from him again, rushed up the stairs.

The sound of the door sharply slamming made him flinch. Silence followed soon after.

...

...

Punz sighed exasperatedly, lying back down to the floor with his palms pressed over his eyes.

Shit, he screwed up again. What the hell came over him!?

He bit his lip harshly, growling at himself as he contemplated his actions for a few more minutes. The mercenary groaned and was about to go up and apologise-- until he heard the front door open.

An unfamiliar man with black hair, fire red eyes, and wearing black clothing entered the house. He scanned the living room, and their eyes met.

"Who are you?" Punz questioned. The other man's eyes narrowed at him but ignored his existence soon after.

"Dreamy?" he called out, and man was his voice deep.

"Come... Come up, Corpse..." Dream's voice from upstairs was clear enough for Punz to know that Dream was crying.

This alarmed the man as he rushed up the stairs. Punz could hear some small talk, and comforting

words before the door slammed shut, muffling all the conversation.

Just like that. Punz was left forgotten in the living room.

...

....

...

Shit. He really messed up now.

--Back in the timeline where Dream died... Punz's perspective--

Punz was one of the people who left the server along with the other lots before parting ways with them. But unlike most of them, who left the server when it was getting more difficult to survive albeit hiding their guilt, Punz went to a nearby server to get drunk at a bar.

The barkeep had been watching the mercenary with pitiful eyes hours ago. But he didn't kick Punz out as he wasn't making a ruckus here. Punz had more than enough money to buy the whole bar itself if he wanted to.

One hand clenched onto the beer bottle, while the other crumpled the last message Dream wrote before he died.

Punz...

I know you switched sides with Tommy just because he paid you more.

I wasn't expecting myself to land here in prison, but I promise you that I was going to pay you the rest of the amount soon...

I guess it was only fair that you thought I was underpaying you because I took so long. I'm angry at you for not visiting me, for not talking to me... but I guess I was asking too much.

I'm sorry...

Then at the bottom of the page was the location where Dream hid a chest of all his payments, but Punz didn't bother looking for it. Money wasn't on his mind right now.

The light blond gritted his teeth. Why did he write a letter like this?

Dream... shit, had he forgotten what they discussed? Dream was the one who ordered Punz to go against him to put out an act! Punz still remained loyal to Dream. It's true that Tommy paid him more, but Punz still secretly remained by Dream's side...

He didn't visit Dream so that he wouldn't arouse suspicion. Surely his former boss should have seen through his reason...

But then again, Quackity had broken Dream's spirit.

Thanks to Technoblade and XD's work, Punz had to watch every gruesome torture Quackity had made Dream scream in agony. Quackity had used different methods trying to get the revive book out of the dirty blond, and Punz had no choice but helpless watch those scenes in his sleep.

...The things Quackity said... 'Everyone hates you, they are laughing at you, no one cares for you, you're a monster, you deserve this, there's nothing left for you,' Quackity had repeated those words. The constant gaslighting... he supposed Prison mad Dream crazy enough to believe those lies.

And when it got too much, he killed himself.

Dream, that stupid fool... His foolish employer.

Strange, Punz usually didn't care for whatever happened to his employers for as long as he was paid. Their personal issues were not his problem... but now his chest would hurt so much at the idea that Dream died from a misunderstanding. He probably felt so lonely with those lies in his mind.

"What was I to you, Dream?" Punz questioned himself as he took another shot.

Chapter End Notes

Ha, see what I did there? I made it more angsty.

Dream's perspective of the people around him:

Punz-- He'll never trust Punz again.

George--He'll never open his heart to George again.

Wilbur--He'll stop Wilbur from killing himself.

Comments and kudos are much appreciated.

Simp

Chapter Summary

Dream gets the comfort and care he deserves.
Meanwhile....

Chapter Notes

PLz leave comments and kudos! :)
Enjoy~!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream cried silently in Corpse's chest for a long while. The raven haired man held him in his arms, there was a hand soothing Dream on his back as Corpse rubbed up and down.

Corpse didn't ask anything or question who the man downstairs was, and Dream was thankful for him for that.

Why? Just why? Why was everyone behaving differently from his memory? Wilbur being in love with him, George stooping so low to spy on him, and Punz kissing him without his consent!?

Just because he became a little soft didn't mean they should take this as an opportunity!

"It's okay, it's alright. I'm here." Corpse kept whispering that line like a mantra, stroking his head tenderly and wiping his tears with his thumb. A few times, he kissed Dream's eyelids, calling his name like a prayer. "Let it all out. I'm here for you, Dream."

Dream cried harder hearing that line.

This kindness and gentleness---shit, it had been so long.

Just how much did Dream yearn for someone to say that to him when he was in prison?

Techno was no help. That pig may have tried to lighten up the mood with his jokes and sense of humour, but honestly, he didn't help.

Dream was crazy enough to even fantasize Sam saying comforting words to him in his head every time he came to his cell to shove healing potions down his throat after those 'sessions'.

He hugged Corpse tighter, afraid that if he'll let go, his nightmares would come and break him... but then again, wasn't he already broken?

Wasn't he already at his limit? He can't handle being alone anymore. He doesn't want be hated or used.

He wanted to be loved and cared by someone.

All he wanted right now was Corpse.

Corpse.... He was the only who seemed to only understand Dream.

It was bliss to meet someone like Corpse in this second life.

--Meanwhile, George's home, Punz's perspective--

Punz helped George clean the mess in his house after he treated their wounds and bruises, trying to forget what he'd just done to Dream.

God, he was terrible. He'll have to apologise soon.

..

..Who was that man, anyway?

Punz checked the Server list of the members and found an unfamiliar name. Corpse.

Punz didn't know if anyone had noticed the newest member, but he wasn't going to bring it up now.

'Another strange and unfamiliar man is in Dream's base with Dream', if he said that right now, these two would start running to Dream's side like the protective idiotic simps they were.

Punz trusted nothing wrong would happen since it's Dream's decision. He's the administrator, after all, he decides who's in and who's out.

Dream seemed to know the new guy long enough for the dirty blond to show an emotional side to someone. This was the first time Punz had seen Dream cry.... And it was his fault...

...

...He felt like shit.

Sapnap and George didn't say anything when Punz offered to help clean the mess from the fight, but he could tell they were still grouchy about the fact he stopped them.

'If you hadn't stopped us, Dream wouldn't have a hickey on his neck,' was what Sapnap stated furiously an hour ago.

The mercenary couldn't help but wonder if they noticed it yet. Was it really Wilbur who kissed Dream on the neck forcefully, or did Dream encourage and allow Wilbur to leave a mark? That's a big difference.

Either way, those two were still blinded by their rage against Wilbur. Those overprotective stupid idiots.

Speaking of idiots, Punz was the biggest idiot of all.

He made another mistake by kissing Dream, kissing his former boss, by force to prove a point. It was petty and terrible. Now Dream will never forgive him, nor ever want to see him again. He'll forever think of Punz as someone who'll always be inconsiderate to someone's feelings...

They worked in silence.

Sapnap cleared his throat to grab their attention. Both Punz and George looked at him as they stopped sweeping the floor with their brooms.

"Just to clear out any misunderstanding..." the arsonist started, placing the books back on the shelf, "Dream's my best friend."

They stared at him incredulously as their brows furrowed.

"He's been my childhood friend since we were teenagers, including George. So I don't have any sort of romantic interest in him. I never had... He's just a friend. "

Both Punz and George were unamused from his bullshit claim.

"Boy, you're a simp for him..." Punz said in a monotone voice. "Shut up and work"

"I had my suspicions, too. Sapnap." George agreed with the mercenary, putting the broom away. "Whatever excuses you make up right now, I won't believe it. "

Sapnap said nothing as his cheeks reddened.

--Later, Evening--

"Dreamy, wake up now. You've slept the whole day." Dream felt Corpse gently tapping his cheeks, slowly waking the blond up from his slumber. Corpse's expression was that of concern as he brushed his fingers over Dream's eyelids lightly. "You need to eat, Dreamy. You skipped lunch."

"But I'm not hungry, Corpse." The blond whined with half-lidded eyes. He was just so tired these days. Tired of everything.

"Please," He pleaded.

Dream narrowed his eyes from those puppy dog eyes. ugh, damnit. He was a little thirsty, he supposed. "Fine, I'll have something light. Carry me," Dream said, reaching his arms out for him, making grabby hands, like a child.

Corpse chuckled in response. "I'm spoiling you too much," he hooked an arm under Dream's legs as the other held his torso firmly, lifting him up from the bed.

Dream instinctively wrapped his arms around Corpse's neck, and he couldn't help but grin in a silly way when he said, "You're a simp for me." He kissed his cheek affectionately.

Corpse returned the kiss on the lips, humming, agreeing with what was said. "True. I'd anything for you." The raven-haired carried him out the door and down the stairs before placing him on the couch of the living room. The taller man left Dream and disappeared off to the kitchen.

Dream didn't bother to clean up the mess that was made by him and Punz since that awful night. Mainly because he avoided his house. So it wasn't hard to miss the clean floor, and the books stacked neatly on the shelves. The broken coffee table was... Punz had bought him a new coffee table, yeah. Which was a bit of a surprise considering how much Punz didn't want to spend his gold.

But then again, Punz rejected the payment Dream gave to him for the cyanide pill as the money still remained on the floor of Dream's bedroom.

Why did he refuse to take it?

Dream leaned back, sinking into the couch getting a headache from all this. Let's try and relax to forget about that stupid dog. His slender fingers slipped through the gaps between the cushions of the couch, and he jolted when the tips felt something. He pulled the object out... it was a gold medallion chain. This was Punz's belonging. Was that why the mercenary was in his house this morning? Did he drop this during the... fight?

...The dirty blond couldn't help but glare at the shiny jewelry, though. Truth be told, he wanted to yeet this stupid thing out his window, but he didn't like the idea of Punz breaking into his house to look for this, either. Hm...Maybe if Dream was like Philza, he could send those crows to do his bidding.

Alas, he didn't have that power.

... He'll place the blame on XD.

He didn't know why, but as soon as he sensed Corpse come out of the kitchen to him, he quickly hid the jewelry in his pocket pants. Dream forced a smile looking at the other male. He could see the plain sugar crackers on the plate and smell the hot chocolate in the mug.

"Please," The ravenete gave him the puppy dog eyes again when he noticed Dream's face pale. Corpse placed the plate in front of him on the brand new coffee table.

"...Fine," He picked one of the crackers and took a small bite of it. Corpse sat next to him as he ate, and Dream leaned on his shoulder as he chewed. "Corpse?"

"Yes, love?"

"Did you eat anything?"

"No need to worry, Dreamy. I had a heavy lunch while you slept, I'll pass dinner."

"...I see..."

Other than the sound of the crackers getting munched, the house stayed quiet for the rest of the evening. He forced himself to eat everything on the plate while Corpse held his hip, rubbing his sides as he rested his chin on Dream's head.

"Corpse," Dream said as he drank all the hot chocolate. "Thank you... for everything..."

"You're welcome..." He purred, nuzzling his nose on Dream's forehead before pulling back with a frown. "Dreamy, look here for a bit."

He placed the mug back on the table and did what he was told. Corpse uncapped a chapstick and started applying it on his lips. "It was pretty dry. Your lips look a little swollen. too."

Gee, wonder why? Maybe if Wilbur and Punz hadn't pulled and bit his bottom lip so much, they wouldn't be in this state.

"There, much better." He capped the chapstick before putting it away. Corpse kiss him for a few seconds, then drew back and licked his lips. "Hmm, chocolate."

"oH--You're so stupid." Dream laughed lightly, wrapping his arms around him. The taller man laughed along with him as he maneuvered Dream to his lap. The blond probably weighted nothing now that he shrank.

"I'm just happy I have you." He smiled in such a warm way, Dream felt his cheeks heat up.

"Ah..." Dream paused awkwardly when he remembered something important.

"Is something wrong?"

"Ummm..." He averted his eyes, trying to come up with the right words to say. "Corpse, we... I need to say something." From the corner of his eyes, Dream could see Corpse looking at him intently. "... so here's the thing... Yesterday's date with... Wilbur turned to something unexpected." He was starting to sweat when Corpse's face darkened. "And... I may have let him also... have... me?"

There was no response soon after, making Dream regret letting himself sit on Corpse's lap so quickly. He wanted to run.

"As much as this news sours my mood," Corpse said, his eyes twitching, "I had predicted something like this would happen. But despite how much the idea makes my stomach churn... I suppose there isn't much I can do about it. You did say from the start that our relationship isn't one of commitment."

"So... you're cool with it? This news... isn't going to... you know, have you walk away from my life." He wanted to confirm Corpse's answer. So far, everyone left him in the previous timeline... would he...?

Corpse's face softened, smiling warmly again. "I found you after so long, Dreamy. I don't plan to leave you so soon again."

Oh...

Even if Dream didn't understand what Corpse meant entirely of 'I found you', a heavy burden on his shoulders was lifted from his shoulders as relief swept through his body.

Corpse was not going to leave him. Probably never.

Huh.. was it that easy? Corpse didn't explode, which Dream was thankful for.

Dream blinked in confusion. "What do you mean 'predicted'?" he questioned.

"You have a certain charm to attract people to you, Dreamy." He replied. And before Dream could ask what that meant, Corpse held him close and started biting his neck in a light way, yet like an animal.

"C-Corpse!" He yelped. "I told you, stop--"

Dream couldn't believe Corpse had the audacity to huff at him... his neck, actually. "If you're gonna add him to your harem, then I decree that only I have the privilege to kiss Dreamy in places other than the lips."

"In my what!?" He yelped when the man squeezed him tighter. "And what kind of decree is that!?"

Was this guy seriously pouting right now? God, he was jealous of Wilbur, yesterday's date must have killed him Okay, so maybe it wasn't going to be that easy.

"Mine," the male purred in his neck, placing his lips on that little skull mark. The mark that Corpse made himself.

Even though he didn't know it was wrong, Dream was sure he was still proud of marking the blond, regardless.

"Yours..." Dream agreed, rolling his eyes, "only because I promised you'd have me for the entire day... even in bed."

Corpse stared at him. "you want to have sex?"

He stiffened. "Wait... that came out wrong-- "

Hold on-- Corpse said the exact same thing yesterday? Why was it weird when Dream said it like that?

--Meanwhile, L'Manburg, van, Tommy's perspective--

"Thank you, Tommy, for all the effort you and that mercenary put into for me to have a lovely time with Dream." Wilbur said, handing Tommy an enchanted netherite sword. "Which reminds me, I'll have a look into my savings to compensate for Punz." He murmured, taking out his communicator and started texting.

"OH RIGHT!" He screamed with joy, swinging his new sword around.

"Careful with that, you're still in the van." Wilbur chided, but the younger didn't care. Finally! He wanted this for so long!

Ha!

"Now, Tommy, you can have your fun killing the mobs with that," Wilbur told him in a firm manner, "But the moment I hear you swing that unnecessarily at someone, or hurt yourself from it, I'm taking it back."

"Yeah, yeah, I know mate, blah, blah." He jumped excitedly. "I can't wait to show this Tubbo!"

He heard Wilbur sigh heavily and loudly, sinking to a chair. "It's hardly been a day, and I already miss my Dream."

Tommy stopped laughing as he turned to his brother incredulously.

Wow, way to spoil the mood. What a killjoy.

"The next time you see him, go out with him on Valentine's day."

A blink. "...But that's 11 months away,"

"That's the point,"

Wilbur huffed. "You know, Tommy. When you understand how love works, you would empathize with me a little more."

"BITCH! I am loved! All the women in the world love me!" Wilbur raised an eyebrow, and Tommy scoffed at him. "Look, Wilbur, I don't want to talk about this. I don't like it. And it doesn't matter now 'cause the dates over, and you'll never have to see Dream again." Tommy said with pride and relief, crossing his arms after he put the sword into his inventory.

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Wilbur stayed quiet, a little too quiet, and Tommy didn't like that he was not responsive.

"Will? he called, and his brother turned his head away from him. "You'll NEVER have to see him again, RIGHT?!"

A pause.

...

...

Wilbur finally looked, opening his mouth with hesitance. "Can I tell just say how endearing Dream is when he tries to kiss?" Wilbur started with a stupid smile.

"oh--OH! no, no!" The teen's face morphed from that to disgust and nausea. "F**king hell!! You already--UGH!" He was going to puke. Oh, bloody hell.

"Honest! Dream isn't as terrible as you think!"

"Don't tell me the disgusting details, you traitor!"

"I didn't mean how he kisses!"

"YOU F**KING SIMP!"

Dream was in one of his old bases...

He flinched and looked around in shock. He didn't remember leaving the house, nor did he ever plan to come here.

Man... he hadn't been in this place in a long, long time. It was a little nostalgic... if this place was built underground, Dream probably would have made this his home given how spacious this place is.

"Dream? Hello?"

He jumped and turned. Punz stood before him, arms crossed. He looked bored.

Punz!?

Wha--how--when did he get here? why was he here? What was he doing here?

"Dream, my payment?" He said, raising an eyebrow. "You said you would pay me last week. It's way past that now."

"uhh..." he said stupidly as he looked around. Behind him was a chest, (coincidence, but he could have sworn that wasn't there a minute ago). "Sure, I have it right here." He knelt to the ground and opened it.

Nothing.

Shit.

He was going to lose it.

"Dream, I don't see anything," He stated the obvious.

"Give me a second!" He was about to get up and look for whatever there was in the other rooms until Punz suddenly pushed him to the wall and kissed him fast and passionately.

"HMMMPPPHH!!!???"

No, no, no, no--not again. Why was he kissing him again?

Punz sent electric shocks through his body as he bit and nibbled his lips while his hands moved and roved around his back. The kiss wasn't long, but Dream already felt like his body was going through too much when that stupid devious tongue of his slipped in.

Dream whimpered.

God, stop it.

"ha--hmph!"

Why was he behaving like this?

"Don't worry, Dreamy," Punz said hotly to his mouth, "I can accept this as an alternate form of payment."

His jaw dropped. This was payment? This was freakin payment!? "Are you insane!?" Dream nearly screeched.

A wolfish grin was given. "Absolutely. Now give me more."

Punz kissed him again deeply, and Dream was too weak and overwhelmed to stop it all.

--Dream's house, night--

Dream gasped, sitting up abruptly in the middle of the night from that disturbing nightmare. His breathing was ragged as he hugged himself tightly, goosebumps ran through his spine.

It was...a dream...

...

...

What the hell?

What... in the f**king hell!?

Why did he dream about Punz kissing him after what he did to Dream this morning!? What kind of sick joke was his brain cooking up? Or was this XD messing with him?

Crap, he felt nauseated.

Thank gods Dream ended his contract with Punz.

The sudden movement on the bed seemed to be enough for Corpse to stir from his sleep. He turned

the switch on, and the lamp lit up the room dimly.

"Are you okay Dreamy?" The ravenette spoke softly, his arms around Dream's torso as he sat up.

"I decided," The blond suddenly declared, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Decided on what?"

"I'm moving," He threw his hands in the air, then turned his head at the surprised male, "I'm not going to stay here anymore."

"...Is there a reason for your sudden declaration?"

"Too many people know where I live..." Dream reasoned. "It's frustrating just how many times they've broken in here... I want to take a break from them."

"Alright," he patted his head. "Do you have a location in mind? If you want, you could live with me for a few days if you want to avoid those people."

Dream froze.

Thinking logically, Corpse probably wanted to have Dream for more hours, he was rather possessive (Wilbur too, both of them were psychotics). But just imagining the awkward scenes and conversation between him and Sapnap and George, and maybe Tommy looking for him to spew his bullshit around... oh, and there was Punz...

Ugh, Punz...

...And Quackity and Sam were here in this server, too. If he'd run into them by accident...

He swallowed hard.

"Sure!" He quickly agreed.

A big smile spread across his face as he blushed. Dream could already see an imaginative dog tail wagging quickly from side to side. "Thank you, Dreamy!"

Right out of nowhere, Dream's brain behaved like a bitch again as an image from his nightmare flashed before his eyes. Punz kissing him as 'payment.'

He made a face.

Damnit! There was absolutely no way in hell he was going to sleep with the image of Punz's lips over his.

"Corpse, kiss me right now."

"What?"

Dream didn't give him the chance to react when he tackled him down the bed.

While Dream slept the whole morning because of sleep deprivation, Corpse was in a very good mood the next day.

Just so we're clear, they didn't have sex. It was just kisses and neck hokies all night. :)

Comment and kudos are much appreciated.

Preparations

Chapter Summary

Dream was given a proposal he had to think deeply about.

Chapter Notes

My Christmas gift to y'all! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--Punz's perspective--

Dream was gone. After 3 days of pulling himself together, Punz had mustered the courage to go visit Dream. But as he got there, he noticed that the front door was left wide open.

The house was empty, Dream was nowhere to be seen.

Punz checked the server logs. Dream was still remained in the server and not somewhere else, thank god. His only hunch was that he was either in his old bases somewhere else, or staying with that... Corpse guy. That stranger...

...

Punz was sure Dream had a reason for bringing in a stranger.

In the living room, the new coffee table Punz got for Dream to replace the old one was the only furniture left behind. Atop of the table was his gold medallion and a note.

Punz, I don't want your apology

Don't look for me

That was it. Just two simple lines, and yet those were enough for the mercenary to feel something crush inside.

Dream wasn't just avoiding him, he didn't want to see Punz because now he hated him...

One screw-up after another led to this... f**king shit!

9 days had passed since Dream moved out of his house/old base to temporarily live with Corpse, and it wasn't hard to notice that the other man was *very happy* about it.

Corpse was starting to spoil Dream more and more by the day while he smiled smugly. Because Dream had often been sleeping longer during mornings, sometimes Corpse brought brunch for the both of them on bed tables. He'd make hot chocolate and crackers when Dream had a sudden loss of appetite.

And during those 9 days of living together, Corpse started to learn more and more about Dream as much as Dream did with him.

Albeit knowing him for a short period, Dream learned that Corpse likes to get his fingers painted, he's in bed with Dream around 10 PM but only sleeps around midnight, he reads a lot of books (which was odd because the male said he wasn't educated, Dream didn't say anything nonetheless), and he was good in cooking. Oh, and he loved to bite, and Dream couldn't stop him for that no matter how many times he reminded him. Nibbling his ear and neck were Corpse's favorite thing to do.

Corpse was now aware that Dream had a great dislike against potatoes, he knew Dream was hesitant to travel to the Nether to get materials (Dream didn't tell him his fear of lava or obsidian), and... he knew just how much Dream craved and wanted to be cared for. And he gave him just that.

Dream was deeply grateful for him... for everything.

It didn't hit Dream that they were behaving more like a couple until after they... umm...

Okay, so he may have realised too late that they were getting too comfortable in each other's presence when they kissed each other deeply... in Corpse's bathtub.

...

...

To Dream's relief, that didn't send any false signals nor lead Corpse on. There were no sexual activities that week, just painful awkwardness (for Dream at least).

Putting Corpse aside, the blond had kept himself busy. While Dream had avoided his old 'friends', and ignored Punz and George's desperate messages to talk to him, the speedrunner had been paying frequent visits to Wilbur in his cabin...

--Wilbur's cabin near the sea--

They were making out on the couch the second Dream stepped in.

Dream's arms were around Wilbur's neck as the blond sat on his lap while the brunet held his waist firmly. The speed-runner wasn't going to think in detail just what the kiss made him feel both physically and emotionally. But he knew for sure that while Wilbur kissed him to his heart's content, Dream kissed him to fill the void of his loneliness.

He felt a little guilty for that, but he was far gone deep to stop this now.

Wilbur kissed him deeply one moment, holding and pressing Dream's body to his chest before parting to take a breath. "You know, Dreamy? I've been thinking lately." He panted, cheeks flushed as his eyes looked up at him with lust... or love, Dream wasn't sure.

"Hmm?" He sighed in reply. He tilted his head up and closed his eyes, letting Wilbur access his

neck and have his breath ghost this skin while the teeth grazed it lightly. He stiffened from his own actions.

Crap, he was going with the flow without even realising he was giving Wilbur neck kisses. He should be more careful as that may send out false signals to Wilbur.

"Won't you live in L'Manburg with me?"

His eyes shot open as he stopped breathing. "What?"

"Live with me in my nation, Dream." He said with more confidence, eyes never looking away from his emerald ones.

"...W-why?" Dream stammered, shocked. Why did he want Dream in his nation? This was too sudden.

Wilbur's smile melted away. "Why not? Our nations are no longer on terrible terms with each other, and... considering our current relationship..."

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"I don't think that's a good idea, Wilbur," Dream pulled away far enough for him to look at the brunet properly. "No... they-they wouldn't like that." He shook his head as he averted his eyes. This was not a good idea. Oh hell no.

What crazy joke was this?

"Who's 'they'?" Wilbur's brow furrowed. "You make your own decisions, Dreamy. Who are the people to stop you?" He pecked his cheek and gave one of his charming smiles.

"Wilbur, it's not that easy. It's already hard for me to come to visit you without Sapnap or George knowing as they would likely burn your house down." Dream tried to reason. "If I was someone else, I may consider it. But as the l-leader," he cringed from saying that word, "We just... our nations are in peace with each other because I let it happen 2 weeks ago. But me moving to your nation is like... the leader of the SMP is abandoning his nation, or the leader of the SMP is now weak."

"Are you anxious about what people might think?"

...No, Dream stopped caring about his pride and status the moment the torture began.

Dream shook his head. "I don't care... but Sap and George do." At least for now. "Besides, other than you, I don't think anyone else in your nation would just accept me as a resident right away. Tommy, especially. He hates me."

"I'll find a way," Wilbur said stubbornly. "I'm the leader of my own nation. I'll persuade them."

He stared at the man in awe.

Wilbur was either insane because of his blind love for Dream, or just batshit insane.

He sighed heavily. "Okay... Let me... let me think about it, okay? Give me a month or so." Wilbur looked at him in question. "Look, this is all going way too fast for me despite us not being in a proper relationship. The fact that we became enemies to kiss buddies just from one date is still

processing in my head..." he shook his head, he looked into Wilbur's eyes. "Give some time, please..."

Wilbur stared at him for some time before a smile curled on his face. His face beamed with happiness and excitement. "Alright, Dreamy. Thank you so much, love!" he said in such a gentle way, making Dream forget that he could become such an animal when he kisses.

Sure enough, Wilbur did just that.

"Hmmppphh!!! Wilbur!"

--later, night--

Dream had eaten dinner and stayed over at Wilbur's place that night.

While Wilbur slumbered away, Dream stayed awake, staring at the wooden ceiling blankly. He couldn't sleep. He wasn't feeling guilty or having nightmares...at least not now. What he thought about was ever since he traveled to this timeline... what the f**k had he been doing this whole time?

At first, it was trying to fix the past, then changing to dying as soon as he could, and then fixing the past again while he got kiss buddies along the way.

Wow, quite the ride the past had taken him.

As much as he hated the idea, Dream had let both Quackity and Karl become official members of the Server and texted Sapnap that they were welcome here. That was why Dream had mostly stayed in Corpse's house as he didn't want to accidentally run into them.

The future would not change unless he did something. The election that Wilbur would soon host, even with Schlatt still banned from his server, who's to say that Quackity wouldn't share his votes with someone else? There's a possibility that George could team up with Quackity and send Wilbur and Tommy to exile as the brit hated both of them. Hell, even Sapnap may take part in this election to overthrow Wilbur.

If Dream burned all the blueprints of Pandora's vault, then that could lead to a brighter future. But again, if Sam just... wants to construct the prison in secret for his reasons then...

Dream sighed heavily at all the horrifying possibilities.

"Love?" He jolted from the sudden voice. He rolled over and turned to Wilbur, who looked at him with half-lidded eyes. "Can't sleep?"

"Yeah, I guess..." Dream shifted closer, snuggling into his arms. "Had a lot in my mind."

Wilbur kissed his head. "Really? Were you thinking about your other companion?"

There was a hint of jealousy in his tone, Dream noticed. He didn't want to think of the scenario when Wilbur meets Corpse.

"Corpse? Pfft, no. Isn't that like jerk move when I'm here with you?"

"Well, you don't tell me what's on your mind," His hands moved up, playing with the thick locks of his dirty blond hair. "We just kiss, eat and sleep."

His smile melted away as a pang of guilt hit him. "...I'm sorry." He said, nuzzling his face to the brunet's neck.

"Hey, there's no need for you to apologise. Let's just sleep, okay?"

"Hmm," he listened and closed his eyes.

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"...You know if you want to make it up to me, you can start wearing my clothes."

His eyes shot open. "What good does that do? Your clothes are too big for me anyway."

"Well," Dream gasped when he felt a nip on his ear, "I like the idea that you would be covered in my scent."

"ah," he rolled his eyes, "getting possessive, aren't you?"

"Mine," he purred, nipping the skin.

"For the night, Will" Dream reminded him, his fingers lightly tugging into Wilbur's hair. "Only for the night."

--Next morning, Corpse's house--

"How was your night at... his place?" He could already see a jealous dark aura coming out of Corpse.

Dream hesitated, leaning against the entrance doorway of Corpse's home. "...Corpse, we need to talk."

He looked at him in surprise, but didn't argue. "sure."

They sat in Corpse's bedroom. The ravenette helped pack Dream's last box of belongings. Dream had found the new location of his settlement and was going to move out of Corpse's house soon. The blond felt bad as Corpse was very, yet subtly, upset. So he ended up telling him that the ravenette could visit him whenever he liked, which Corpse was thrilled to hear.

Was that a mistake? Too early to tell.

"Have you wondered why I let Wilbur have me even though you were already enough?" Dream asked as he put the books away. "Wondered why had you two s-share me for almost 2 weeks?"

Corpse looked at him over his shoulder. "I knew it was a personal matter for you, so I didn't want to press it any further."

"It kind of is...kinda, " Dream sighed heavily. He stood, slowly moving towards Corpse. "It's more like... work, uh, a personal mission I guess? Not trying to sound dramatic, but yeah."

"Mission?" He raised a brow. "Are you trying to kill him?"

"No!" he quickly said. "No, no, no, no. That's the last thing I want to do. What I'm trying to do is... stopping him from, uhh... exploding his nation before he kills himself. "

"He has a death wish?"

He bit his lip. "Not yet. But... look, it's long and complicated, and it may seem like oddly specific details if I say anymore. But in a nutshell, I'm just trying to keep an eye on him."

"Why though?" The other male questioned with a frown, coming closer to Dream. "Before Wilbur had you, the two of you weren't that close. Whatever happens to him has nothing to do with you. "

"...Not yet," Dream shook his head sadly. "...But he may hold an election soon, and that election would drag everyone... including me... I don't have any confidence in that event, and if things turn for the worse, people would place the blame on me for whatever happens to L'manburg and Wilbur."

"...Why?"

A sad smile curled on his face. "I was... a different person before I met you, Corpse. So it's only natural for them to make me the patsy." Dream sat down on the bed. "Anyway, that's not the talk I wanted to discuss with you."

"no?"

"No... today Wilbur offered me an... interesting proposal." He looked up at Corpse, feeling a little nervous as he hugged himself. "He asked me to live with him."

Dream could see Corpse's shoulder tense as his face remained unchanged. "And?"

"I... hesitated. I told him that I'll to think about it. It's a tough decision."

"Are you though?" Corpse sat down next to him, an arm snaked around his waist to pull Dream closer to him. "it might be fun."

"Fun?" Dream looked at him seriously. "How do I know that moving to L'Manburg isn't going instigate a war, as much as I worry that you and Wilbur won't be at each other's throats the moment you meet?"

"This is just my suggestion," He purred, leaning his head onto his shoulder. "And I already accepted the fact that I would share you with him, Dreamy. So I won't be that jealous."

"I fail to see you two making peace with that considering that both of you are quite possessive about me from your actions sometimes."

He snorted, not agreeing. "No we're not...at least I'm not... I have self-control."

Dream glared at him. He reached for the thick black choker around his neck and unclasped it, revealing a line of red and dark bitemarks and hickies. "Still call that self-control?" Dream questioned, pointing at his neck. Corpse avoided eye contact. "No matter how many times I tell you and Wilbur to knock it off, you don't listen."

"... We just love you, Dreamy," Corpse gave his reason awkwardly, his hands slowly slipping back and wrapping around Dream's body to hug him. "We can't help ourselves..."

Dream shoved him away, crossing his arms as he stood up and walked away slowly. "Corpse, did

you forget what happened the other day? You glared daggers at my new tamed wolf just because I let him give me a few licks at the face."

"You never let me do that," he pouted, and Dream stared back incredulous over his shoulder.

Oh, this poor soul...

He turned fully to face him. "Oh my god, Corpse, you are missing the point. That fact that you're jealous of my dog means you would go crazy jealous when Wilbur flirts with me in front of you. I don't want anyone to lose their cannon lives. Okay? Also Corpse, my wolf is an animal, he doesn't have hands or a human mouth to grab my face and kiss me as you do."

"But--"

"No buts!" he quickly pointed his finger to his face. " Promise me you won't go and be all mad and stupid from your jealousy?"

"I-I" Corpse hesitated, they both knew it was going to be difficult.

"Oh... I see," Dream said in a monotone way, using his acting skills and... manipulation. "Well, I guess I'll just spend the night at Wilbur's place for 3 more days," he turned his heel to the door.

"When you're done contemplating, t--ahh!"

Dream yelped when he was quickly grabbed from the back and pushed back to the bed. Corpse was growling lowly at his neck as he caged Dream's body with his hovering above him.

"Mine," Corpse said darkly and possessively. **"I'll behave, but you're not going anywhere."** He smashed their lips together.

"I guess I'm not," Dream said after some time, feeling guilty for manipulating Corpse like that. Soon the blond forgot how to breathe when Corpse kissed him again, slipping his tongue in this time.

Well, this was new.

--Meanwhile, future Karl's perspective--

It took him a while as he observed and stalked people (he was uncomfortable doing that, but he had to), he finally understood what was going on in this server.

Karl had the assumption that Dream was from the future. Yes, the Dream he saw making out with Wilbur.

He didn't have solid evidence, especially considering that the time traveler being in the past would mean Dream's body bore no wounds from his former fiancé's tortures.

Still, he was going to take a gamble. The Dream Karl knew was cunning, sharp, ruthless, fearless, and confident in his skills. Yet, while watching the speed-runner from afar.... he was softer.

Clearly, something had changed. Dream wasn't screaming at anyone, nor was he displaying reckless behaviour. He wasn't manipulating the minors with his poisoned words, either. All he did was keep a low profile, staying with that Corpse guy's place while he paid his visits to Wilbur. Karl still didn't understand this arrangement as this never happened in the past, but he couldn't help but dread the idea that Dream was probably plotting something.

There was another factor that seemed to have affected the rest of the server because of Dream's behaviour. Wilbur had become insane, and Karl wasn't sure if it was from love or not. Punz (after pulling that stupid move, yes he saw that) was looking all over the server for Dream, George was completely stressed that Dream wasn't replying to his private messages, and Sapnap... Sapnap was just entertaining his past self and Quackity. Karl knew from the way Sapnap behaved, he was trying to forget about Dream as he kept himself busy. The minors seemed a little shaken to know that their leader is deeply in love with Dream, but nothing big had happened... yet...

He'd seen enough now.

Karl will be meeting Dream soon.

Art belongs to me! :)



Don't forget to leave comments and kudos!

PLZ LEAVE COMMENTS, NEED MY MOTIVATION BACK AND I HAVE A LOT TO WRITE.

Happy Holidays! :)

They notice (also, join my lame discord)

Chapter Summary

The past haunts Dream again when he sees an old face.
WARNING: Angst up ahead.

Chapter Notes

HAPPY NEW YEAR! :)

Join my lame discord server. Compared to the server owned by Cring's, who was lovely and kind enough to help me set this server up, it's probably not that exciting. But please join regardless.
<https://discord.gg/58wXg9wACa>

Anyway, enjoy! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--A few days later, Dream's new home--

Dream moved out of Corpse's place. Even after how supportive and chill (and possessive) Corpse had been most of the time, he was bummed out about, very subtly, though. Regardless, he helped move stuff to his new home.

His new place was this (too lazy to get into details so here):



Dream huffed as he carried the large parcel up the stairs and dropped it to his new room. He cut off the straps and ripped out the tapes in an inelegant manner and threw them haphazardly somewhere on the floor. He opened the box and smiled.

It came. The delivery service was much faster than he anticipated.

Last night, Dream made a lot of purchases than he ever did in his life. Soft towels and bathrobes, big ass fluffy blankets, silk bedsheets, and pillow covers, and tons of pillows. Oh, and more and more pillows, all in different shapes and sizes.

Why would he do such things? Two reasons.

The first one was simple; prison sucked to the core.

Dream remembered the heavy desire to touch soft materials and snuggle in them when he suffered in his cell. The make-shift bed Sam made with obsidian blocks wasn't great to sleep on as it wasn't evened properly. The first week he got himself imprisoned, Dream thought his back broke. He felt sore everywhere, his neck was stiff and his joints hurt like anything. The pain was too much for him that he started sleeping on the hard floor. But the obsidian blocks weren't that great, either. The blocks were unforgiving. Sometimes the blocks near the lava absorbed too much heat and were too hot to sleep on, but the other blocks were icy cold when he slept far from the red magma.

A couple of weeks passed and his endurance and patience ran thin. He swallowed his pride and pleaded to Sam for a blanket. But the Warden just huffed at his face and ignored him. It was only after another couple of weeks of begging later that Sam obliged his request and threw a rag of a blanket to his face. But that didn't do him any good, either. The material was too rough and poky. He tried to convince himself to not be so demanding or be greedy as this was the only thing Sam would ever give to him, however when he slept with that over his body, he received stinging cuts on his neck and arms.

The only soft thing his fingers and skin ever touched after a long time was the cape Techno lent to him. The pig told him that he was fine with it as the heat and cold in his cell didn't bother him much since he spent most of his time in the Nether and the Arctic. Dream couldn't thank him

properly for his kindness as he tried so hard not to break down in front of him. It was pathetic, he felt so pathetic from the small act...

It stung that he couldn't thank him for it, but instead said farewell to him...

...The second reason was something he discovered recently. He needed the comfort, he was probably seeking closure maybe? For sure though, this was something related to his mental state.

A few nights back, Corpse had to fix something outside of the house and didn't join him in bed until it was nearly 2 in the morning. Despite wanting to help him, the other male insisted that he should head to bed first. So during that time Dream stayed alone in bed, he just... something happened. He couldn't exactly describe it, but being alone in a room somehow triggered him to have a flashback of the time he was all alone in the prison cell.

Being alone.

Everything was so dead quiet.

Never knowing when he would be expecting someone to come to see him... if they ever bothered to in the first place...

The horrible voice in his head screamed that he had no one left to trust...

Dream didn't break down, nor cry from those thoughts, but he hyperventilated. He was not only experienced shortness of breath, but he also felt like was going to freeze to death as his body felt like it was going numb.

He didn't know why.

He managed to subdue the terrifying feeling by wearing Corpse's oversized hoodie and inhaling the scent constantly, finding whatever blankets and pillows Corpse had in the room and curling into the big pile of softness on the floor (not bed) and embracing and feeling the soft fur and body heat from his new tamed black wolf, Len, to calm down.

He kept telling himself that he was safe, that this was Corpse's home, he was not alone, everything was okay. He did occasionally manage to sleep with those thoughts, but he was always woken up by some disturbing chill in his body every 20 minutes or so. He didn't know if it was a nightmare that caused it, he didn't remember dreaming.

Corpse nearly had a heart attack when he found him on the floor later when he returned, seeing Dream being buried under soft materials and animal fur. Dream immediately jumped into his arms in relief when he woke up. After that, Dream didn't hyperventilate, nor did he feel that cold as they slept together (his wolf had to sleep on the floor).

...

...

Yeah, prison definitely screwed him up. He regretted having the prison being built in the first place. Pandora's Vault was probably the most inhuman prison that ever existed in the world, and the ironic thing about it was that it was his own prison that broke him.

Anyway, because of that incident, Dream felt wary of the future. Once he lived in his new base location, and if he went through that again without Corpse being around... what would happen to him?

Would he just break mentally?

One of the solutions he thought of to get through it was getting as many fluffy and cozy materials as he could as it brought him comfort. Which he now had. The second one was having support animals. Other than his wolf, he... he wanted more. He wanted to touch different coats of different animals, stroke them with his fingers, and feel the warmth and fluffiness.

So he got a cat.

He got a cat because of Tommy's cat.

The cat that Tommy killed in prison just to spite him in the first timeline... Dream didn't name the cat because that would mean he would get attached to it. But despite that, something broke inside him when Tommy murdered the poor animal.

That cat belonged to the younger, and he killed his own pet just because the feline liked Dream better...

He supposed the anger that burst within him caused the blond to lose control and kill Tommy in the heat of the moment, thus making his first mistake... as Quackity came along later on.

He loved the cat, he loved petting it, he loved hearing his cute calls. But he couldn't risk resurrecting it as much as he wanted to as Sam would likely take the animal away from him. Really, one of the reasons he looked forward to facing death so much was so he could see that cat again in the limbo.

"Meow,"

Dream jolted and turned, smiling at the new tamed cat he found a few days back. He crouched down to the small precious thing. "Hello, you! Guess who's got a new comfy bed?"

The cat meowed again, jumping into his arms excitedly and purring loudly. Dream giggled in a silly way.

Patched Tabby was the breed of the cat, and he had named her Patches. Dream didn't care about the entire idea of not having attachments anymore. His stupid pride and some of his ideas were what got him stuck in jail in the first place, so whatever.

Thanks to what Tommy did in the prison, it terrified Dream to his heart if something happened to Patches while he was away. Small animals die quickly than bigger ones, especially in the hands of people. So Dream had gotten more and more... wild pets as a measure to prevent outsiders from killing his cat.

Dream's original plan was to live in a small cottage and stay isolated, but that idea was thrown out the window as he needed a bigger living space for his new pets, which were a fox, an ocelot, a brown forest bear, a panda, and 3 special rabbits.

...

...Yeah, he had some screws loose.

Even Corpse made a face when he saw all the wild and dangerous animals sprawled around the newly built room lazily, but he didn't say anything about it. Dream knew Corpse had to blindly trust Dream's decisions.

The blond had tamed wild animals as his cat's bodyguards and as his social companions. He didn't need to train them, though. Astonishingly, it seemed like his new pets knew what to do. They came up to him without displaying any hostile behaviour as he tamed them and gave them names. They were even smart enough to not kill each other (he was especially amazed that his new fox didn't kill his 3 special rabbits at sight) and his cat.

Occasionally, they were naughty as they break his vases and glasses while playing around, or chewed some of his books, but Dream could tolerate it. He didn't mind. He didn't have to worry about the amount of food he had to feed for his 9 pets. The place where he lived had abundant resources for them to enjoy.

Dream came downstairs to the foyer while he carried his cat, smiling at his pets sleeping on the floor. Their ears all twitched around the same time and snapped their heads to his directions, his wolf and fox wagged their tails as his ocelot meowed at him like a kitten trying to get some attention seeing Patches in his arms.

Dream gave them plenty of love and pets, fed them till their bellies were full, and gave them instructions to look after Patches and the house while he was gone. He needed to take care of something.

It was time to visit the old church.

--Tommy's perspective, L'Manburg--

The young blond boy was not happy. He was not happy at all with his brother when he heard the news from him.

"Tommy, have you been playing pranks with wild flocks of sheep these days?" Wilbur asked him, frowning as he gazed at the hills, drinking his coffee. "I've been noticing them just being nude everywhere in great numbers."

"Dream's going to live with us in L'Manburg?" Tommy questioned exasperatedly, trying to get back to the main subject.

Wilbur shrugged casually as he gave an easy smile. "I mean, Dream didn't give me a straight answer, but I'm sure he'll actually consider the offer. It's a good thing, Toms!" He cried with joy, turning back to him as his eyes were looking wilder by the minute. "It proves that our nations are now sworn allies, and Dream would never backstab us! Look around, has this server ever been this peaceful?"

"Will--"

"Of course, I'm aware that Sapnap and George are still struggling to go along with Dream's sudden decision, but look! We have Punz now on our side and --"

"Wilbur!" Tommy screamed, finally grabbing his attention. "Wilbur, will you PLEASE stop thirsting over that green bastard one f**king second and focus on our nation and its people?" He felt so hurt for being ignored and dismissed all the time, and the idea that Wilbur, his brother, would choose Dream over him hurt even more.

His brother frowned. "What do you mean?"

He clicked his tongue in response. "Have you been hearing yourself lately? Back when we were at war, you were always on guard, preparing for the worst if Dream plotted something. But now

you're being a total ass by prioritizing your desires over the safety of your own people. Has it ever f**king occurred to you that Dream could just be using you, or-or having you keep your head in the clouds so he could manipulate you?"

"Tommy, that's not--"

"IT COULD BE!" He screamed. "Dream could be plotting and scheming without any of us ever realising. This could be his grand plan! That's how he always is!"

"Tommy," Wilbur's tone changed to that of warning, making the younger flinch, "I can assure you, Dream will never do that to us. He changed, Toms. I don't have any concrete evidence to prove that he's innocent and wouldn't backstab, but at least have your faith in me. Please."

Tommy stared at him in aghast. He didn't want to admit it, but his brother was too far gone. He was so in love with Dream that he's blindly believing his own fantasies were coming true. The younger knew that his brother's ex-wife leaving him so suddenly drove him mad, but never imagined it would be this bad. Shit, Tommy should have tried to help him

Was there even a piece of his brother he knew in the man before him?

Or was he just utterly gone?

--Sapnap's perspective--

They heard everything.

Sapnap and George were just taking a walk. The arsonist wanted George to get some fresh air seeing that he'd been so depressed because of what he'd done behind Dream's back. After a week or so, Sapnap had finished helping Quackity and Karl build their houses and settle down in the server. They got to know everyone on the server and were on good terms with everyone, everyone except Dream as they have yet to meet. But Sapnap knew the blond wasn't going to do so as he avoided everybody, not just him and George.

What happened to Dream?

Sapnap had realised late that Dream had been avoiding them. Not just from the recent events, but he'd refuse to see or talk to them ever since he disappeared from the server one day.

"I'm gonna kill that jackass," George fumed, as they stalked through the forest on their way home. "I knew he was always ahead of himself, but to be so boastful and have that shit-eating grin on his face to say that Dream would move in with him! It's ridiculous. God, I'll murder him in his sleep! He doesn't deserve Dream!"

Sapnap said nothing as he looked down and walked at the same pace George. He agreed with his best friend that Wilbur wasn't good enough to be with Dream. But Sapnap wasn't angry at Wilbur for this, he was angrier with Dream.

These past few weeks had been frustrating and stressful. He didn't know why Dream's behaviour suddenly changed, but these days Dream wasn't including them in any important matters and decisions, like giving L'Manburg independence. He didn't give his god damn reasons why he agreed to go out with a stuck-up like Wilbur. Sapnap found out just yesterday that Dream moved out of his house and lived somewhere else without giving them any notice. And Dream didn't give a direct 'no' to Wilbur's preposterous offer to move into L'Manburg with Willb--God that was the last straw.

Enough was enough. It was time to look for Dream and talk.

--Church Prime--

Dream unclasped his mask as he stepped foot to the old church, Church Prime.

It had been such a long while...

He walked slowly towards the building as he gathered his thoughts.

It felt unrealistic that he used to be the pope of this place. In this timeline he currently is, but Dream didn't plan to keep that title long. Who should he give it to, though? Temporary giving ownership to XD was a definite no, no, as that God has yet to learn people's feelings and not study them like ants, and may make a lot of irreversible mistakes just to sate his 'curiosity'. Tommy was an absolute NEVER as last he heard from Techno, the young boy took control over the church and set it up as a "for-profit religion". Dream was disgusted to hear that Tommy monetized the Holy Land by establishing a one diamond fee before entry. He didn't want to give the responsibility to three of the people from his side as Sapnap might accidentally burn the church down, George would sleep and not fulfill his duties to keep everything in check, and Punz would likely do the same thing Tommy did as he's a total greedy, money-hungry bastard.

Quackity, Wilbur, Technoblade, and the rest of the minors were definitely out of the question. So was his mother and Foolish as Puffy was irresponsible and a terrible mother (Dream knew deep in his heart that Puffy had Foolish closest to her heart than him despite the two of them being adopted by her), and Foolish... was too kind that people could take advantage of him. Even Jack... because Dream didn't like him, also because his main flaws were his stubbornness and gullibility.

Philza was... even with him being the immortal avian, and with all his wisdom and experience with the many lives, he used to live as, Dream was sure the old geezer wasn't even as tad interested in being a pope. It's possible because he's married to the Goddess of Death, and that could lead to some issues he didn't feel like thinking about. The same could go for Badboyhalo... because he's a demon. Not that Dream thought it was ironic (okay, it kind of is if Bad became a pope of the holy land), but Bad might not like the idea of it. The demon hybrid told him before that he did face some unwanted issues in the past in other servers

So that only leaves to the people with good personalities and who were kinda responsible: Eret, Niki, Antfrost, Ponk, Fundy (maybe?) and...

and...

Sam...

Dream bit his lip just thinking about him.

He was probably crazy to consider Sam as a candidate after all the hell Sam put him through. But Dream couldn't overlook the fact that the Creeper-hybrid initially was a good and responsible person. It was the prison that drove him mad, it was Pandora's vault that had corrupted him and strained his relationship with Ponk.

He was so cold and violent and reckless. He never was like that before, and it was all Dream's fault he became that person. If Dream had never commissioned the prison and became a prisoner of his own trap, then Sam wouldn't have to deal with the mess.

Dream was about to reach out to open the church door, but jumped in surprise when someone from

the other side opened it.

Dream locked eyes with a fox-hybrid.

"Fundy?" He blurted in wide eyes as the other male had also looked at him in shock. He hadn't seen him in such a long time. There were a few glimpses of him after the failed wedding, but whenever they locked eyes, Fundy's expression would either turn to hate or disappointment.

And, crap, he was taller than Dream, too. Just how much was one fragment of his soul did XD take to have him this small?

The memory of ditching Fundy at the altar made him feel ashamed of himself.

Before Dream could think about his next words, Fundy had suddenly intertwined their hands together.

"Please marry me!"

Fundy said, his words were loud enough to bounce against the walls of the church. He leaned closer to Dream as his cheeks reddened.

"I swear I'll make you happy for the rest of your life!"

...

....

"Heh?" That was his response.

Did he just get proposed to right now? At church?

...The memory of a very livid Fundy, angry that Dream chose George over him, came into his mind. Then came his downfall.

He looked at Fundy's eyes in panic, and his eyes were basically hearts, then looked at their intertwined hands again. "Oh shit!" He said underneath his breath.

NOOOOOOOO!!!!

No, no, no, no, no!

He didn't want this to happen again!? It wasn't even a minute and Fundy fell for him! Fundy why did the fox-hybrid go straight to the proposal? He didn't even ask him out this time.

Oh god, was something unusual scenario happening because Dream came back in time? Or was this XD screwing him around again? Or was it because Dream wasn't wearing his mask?



(Art belongs to me, but I used a reference for this. Feels like I should improve Fundy's hair.)

"Um... I'm sorry?" Dream gave a wary smile as his body trembled a bit. Shit, shit, shit, shit!

It was only then that Fundy seemed to have realised his actions as he quickly let his hand go and stepped back, raising his hands.

"S-s-sorry!" He stammered as he apologized, his face turned redder as he stared at Dream. "I don't know what came over m-me. I'm so sorry! "

"Oh, no. It's okay, I'm good." Dream forgave him quickly as he sighed in relief. Good, he wasn't serious about the proposal. Dream just had to get something from this church and run quickly away from this place before more people came.

"I'm really s-sorry for grabbing your hand like that--whatsyourname?"

"Uh... " Dream hesitated. Should he use his real name? Or pretend to be someone else? Not everyone on the server knows that he shrank, George and Sapnap hadn't noticed yet due to all the things that have been happening.

Crap, but Dream swore to himself not to lie to anyone as people may denounce him as a villain again. Tommy saw him as a tyrannical leader already. He didn't want to get any worse than that.

"I...I'm--"

"Dream?" Someone behind him interrupted, and Dream breath hitched when an old and awfully

familiar chill went up to his spine.

After such a long time... Dream saw the world darken in his vision.

Not once could Dream forget that voice. The voice that mocked him, taunted him for being weak, starved him, shoved healing potions down his throat forcefully even if he choked and suffocated.

His second oldest friend he trusted but became a corrupted Warden of Pandora's vault.

"Dream? Why aren't you looking at me? Are you okay?"

Dream flinched as he held his breath.

He needed to look back. Even if he didn't want, this was an order from his Warden. He was a prisoner. He needed to listen, needed to obey. Or else there would be punishments. He'll-he'll ask Quackity to punish him more violently.

No, no, no, no--

"Wait--Dream?" Fundy repeated as his eyes widened. Probably surprised that Fundy was in front of the big, tyrannical ruler, Dream. But the blond couldn't care less what the fox-hybrid thought right now. His Warden was here, Dream shouldn't disobey. Forget about Fundy.

Focus on his Warden.

Dream turned slowly.

Sam wasn't wearing his gas mask, instead wore his creeper paper mask, covering his eyes. He wasn't wearing full netherite armour, nor was he carrying his trident. He wore a casual green hoodie and black jeans. His green hair looked thicker as the small crown he wore glinted atop his head.

Sam gasped as his face broke into a smile. "Oh, wow, dude. Is that really you?" He laughed as he smiled warmly at him. "I've never seen you show your face before! God, I nearly mistook you as someone else if it weren't for your signature hoodie."

Dream's eyes widened warily. Sam had just seen his face, now he can never hide from him again. Sam knows what he looks like, now he's in trouble. He wants to run, but his legs are frozen in place.

Warden must have noticed something was wrong with him as his smile faltered. "Dream?" He stepped forward, but Dream took a step back and raised his hands quickly to protect his face and head. The warden was going to hit him.

He was going to get killed. He was going to be dragged back to prison. He was going to **DIE** and get **TORTURED** again!

Please, please, please, please, please, please, please--

Stop, stop, don't--no- NO!

"DREAM!" Sam yelled as he was now shaking him, forcing Dream to come back to reality. Sam's big hands had a firm grip on his shoulders." Dream get a hold of yourself!"

"NO! DON'T TOUCH ME!" Dream screamed as he reacted violently, pushing Sam away. Violent

flashbacks from the past were now flashing before his eyes.

Obsidian, potions, blood, Warden, blood, blood, Sir, lava, potatoes, potions, axe, potatoes, blood, blood, obsidian, Warden, Sir, axe, pickaxe, Sir, blood--

Dream didn't realise he was hyperventilating as his tears welled up his eyes. He was even saying something, too. But his words were not clear at all.

There were shouts and screams. Someone was holding him from behind, keeping him steady--was it Fundy?

Then everything became quiet as while light engulfed him.

--Sam's perspective--

"Dream!" Sam screamed as he lightly tapped the side of Dream's cheeks with one hand as the other held his body. "F**k, his eyes are open but he's not responsive!"

"What the heck just happened?" Fundy exclaimed, holding Dream hand to check the pulse. "Is he okay?"

"I-I-don't know," pure panic rushed into his veins. "He probably broke down or something!"

Dream looked skinner, and smaller. what caused him to look like that? Was he starving himself?

"By seeing you?" Fundy questioned. "What did you do to him?"

"Nothing!" Sam carried him bridal style. "I hadn't seen him in weeks! I-I don't know why he broke down like that."

"Where are you taking him!?" Fundy yelled behind him as Sam started to run with Dream in his arms.

"To my house!" Sam shouted back. "It's close! Meanwhile, you get Ponk! Dream needs immediate help!"

Chapter End Notes

Please leave comments and kudos. It helps me a lot to motivate me to write more! :)

Join my discord!

<https://discord.gg/58wXg9wACa>

Oh, and also their heights:

Everyone's height in this story! some are factual, some are fictional.

Dream-Formerly 6'2 (187cm, I made him a foot shorter so his height would be closer to Punz), now shrank to 5'10.2 (179cm)

Corpse-6'

Punz-6'1 (185cm)

Fundy-6 (182cm)

Wilbur-6'5 (195cm)

Tommy-5'6 (167cm)

Tubbo-5'4 (162cm)
Sam-6'7 (200cm)
Techno-6'3 (190cm)
Sapnap-5'10 (178cm)
George-5'8 (172cm)

I NEED HELP BECAUSE THERE'S BAD NEWS! :(

I NEED HELP!

I won't be able to post my stories whenever I can now as soon things are going to change for me. Which means I won't be able to write two of my fanfics alone.

I need help. Like, I need someone who has the time to write a chunk of my story for me while we discuss and go through my rough drafts. I have some chapters planned out thanks to the ideas you all gave me, but I cannot type everything on my own. I need someone from ao3 to help me if that's not too hard to ask.

Once I chosen my fellow partners more details would be discussed more privately in my discord.

It doesn't matter if there are a lot of errors in the writing or something. I can get it fixed in Grammarly!

PLZ! I'm desperate. Help wanted! Gonna be travelling soon :(

<https://discord.gg/UVaRaWbjPs>

Tension

Chapter Summary

Meanwhile in the OG timeline... Angst.

Back to the present... a lot of social awkwardness is increasing.

Chapter Notes

I thank a lot of people for helping me with this chapter. Without such amazing writers, I'm sure I would have never finished this Chapter before I go travelling.

Thank you so much: SakiSakura14, someone named Scared did it, CCrumbs and Swearingcrumb!♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

You are all amazing talented, imaginative writer helped me out! Kudos to you!!!!

Thank you!

Enjoy! :

)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--Meanwhile, in the previous timeline, George's perspective--

Out of all the people on the server who broke the news to George when he woke up, it was Dream's ex-fiancé, Fundy.

The brit stared at the fox hybrid with disbelief. He scoffed as he glared at him. "I didn't know you enjoyed dark humour, Fundy. Good one," he said that last comment in sarcasm as he turned his heel to go back to his house.

"It's not a joke, George," The brit heard Fundy growl behind him. He turned, and only then noticed how red the other male's eyes were.

"Dream--" he choked, "Dream's dead."

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"You're lying," He scowled. "Dream's much tougher than anyone I ever met. He's arrogant and his ego and pride are high to make him think he's god. Someone like that wouldn't just die like that."

"Yeah, well Dream wished for it, and he succeeded," Fundy snapped, furiously rubbing his eyes to get stop the tears. "If you checked your comms, you would have seen the death message."

...

...

He shook his head in denial, but he'd never seen Fundy look that serious.

"Wha... w-why didn't Sapnap or Karl say anything?" He questioned, his voice now wavering.

Fundy didn't reply immediately, instead, he looked to his shoes as his face darkened.

George didn't like the look he was giving. "Fundy, why didn't Sapnap or Karl or anyone tell me?!" He asked again more firmly.

He hesitated, then spoke. "...Sapnap broke from the news," George flinched hearing that about his best friend, "I hardly see him around anymore as he's bedridden. Heard he hasn't been eating too well, too. Karl's busy taking care of him. As for everyone," Fundy scoffed, avoiding eye contact with George, "They're dealing with the news on their own terms, but most of them are trying to forget about the current situation as they're packing their bags."

He was taken aback by that. "Packing? They're leaving the server?"

"In case you still haven't noticed, you slugabed, the majority of the server is dying now that Technoblade is the new administrator. While you had your long beauty sleep, we have been struggling to find resources and materials for us to sustain our lives. Mobs are attacking us frequently and we can't make enough weapons to kill them with. The wild and our domesticated animals just disappeared, so there's a food shortage. Leaving the server is the only option for us, we have no other choice."

George stayed quiet as he stared at the other male.

"Even you?"

"Of course," he replied curtly, "It seems Technoblade and Da--Wilbur are on good terms--to the point where Techno made a specific large area for Wilbur to live in with no struggles."

"By himself?"

Fundy clicked his tongue as he took a heavy breath. It was clear he was frustrated about everything that was happening right now. "A few weeks after the news of Dream's death, my old man appeared in front of my door and offered me to come to live with him." Fundy changed his voice to sound like Wilbur, "'Come on, boy. Live you your pops,' he said. 'We have a lot of catching up to do.'"

Fundy scoffed. "He acts like there's nothing wrong with suddenly dropping something like that on me. So of course, I refused and kicked him out of my property. The last thing I want to do is forgive him for all the shit he did, and have our father and bonding time. So, yeah, if it can get me far, far away from my da--Wilbur, then I'm leaving."

He was aware that Fundy's relationship with his dad soured over time, but he heard from a friend that Fundy did miss his dad dearly when Wilbur died... Was that some lie?

"That's all I came here to tell you before I go visit Dream one last time. Thought you should know about it then know nothing at all while you sleep for all eternity."

But George still shook his head in disbelief. "I still can't wrap my head around the idea that Dream wished to die, you know. Even if Dream did wish for something that stupid, why didn't Sam and the other prison guards stop him to take his life that easily?"

Fundy clicked his tongue out of irritation. "Because out of all the people who have control over this server, other than Dream, a god is capable." His eyes narrowed at him in a piercing glare. "A god you know well."

George gasped.

"What?"

...X...D?

"Of course, you don't have to worry about anything." Fundy said, his tone changing to a mocking tone, "No, you go scot-free. You have XD to back you up. Just a little sprinkle of magic from your immortal sugar daddy and poof! You have no problems as you can sleep through it all."

"WHAT ARE YOU SAYING??!" George said defensively. "Our relationship isn't like that at all."

"Quit lying to yourself George, Fundy snarled, "We all saw how Dream acted around you, yet you acted as if you were oblivious to it all..."

George's mood sobered more at those words it was true he knew how Dream felt towards him he just never wanted to admit that he felt the same way so he ignored all of his advances all do moments of pure affection Dream showed him, he shoved it all away in a corner of his mind

"We all ignored it even though it frustrated us. It frustrated me to see the person I wanted so badly fall for someone as careless as you," He gritted his teeth, baring his fangs, "I can't believe Dream left me for you. Even with all the hearts in his eyes, you just tossed his affections for you like garbage."

"No...", he whispered as his face paled, "That's not..."

"You're pathetic," the fox spat.

Fundy turned his heel and stalked out of his property. That was just a few days before he left.

Fundy left the game

After that bitter exchange, George never saw Fundy again

--A week later--

Even with Sapnap and Karl living in the Kinoko Kingdom, he still felt lonely. George would occasionally greet Karl, but... still, this place felt empty... so, so devoid.

Why?

Was it because Dream was gone?

The last letter in his hand, which Philza's crow delivered a few days ago, crumpled as he clenched it.'

Dear, George.

I have no clue how you will react to the news of my death, but I want you to know that you and Sappnap meant everything to me. You two were the first people who wanted to be genuine friends with me, and I was grateful

George, I loved you. I was insane mad for you, and I know you knew about it, too. And it hurt knowing you just ignored that. I thought we had a chance when you kissed me and disrupted my wedding day with Fundy, but instead, you wanted for us to be like before. For nothing change...

I feel... you don't deserve to know how I felt that day those words fell from your mouth...

I can't be angry at you for that anymore. I'm just too tired of everything.

Just... Promise me that if you find someone you love, treasure them properly. Treat them better than you treated me...

Goodbye...

After reading that letter, he went to confront XD as to why he granted Dream's selfish wish.

"Are you kidding me!?" The brit screamed furiously, he hadn't raised his voice in so long. "Why the f**k would you just take someone's life, Dream's life, like that! I know you're always curious and do weird experiments, but people aren't something you can just use and play around with!"

"I do not want to hear this from a human who has been using me as a replacement," XD said his tone was harsh and cold with subtle anger.

The god loomed over the brunt man, his head tilting in a hunting mannerism.

"George, I do not know why you feigned ignorance, but that has made you an insensitive being, especially to Dream. And now to me." The god's mask cracked, splitting down the middle.

"You were aware of everything, yet you ignored the affection Dream showed you. You never showed signs of care. you choose to ignore it all." The haunting XD mask cracked in half, revealing the dark and empty void, luminous, brilliant lights piercing through George with its gaze.

"I'm not blind." George shot back.

"You are."

He shuddered, something deep inside felt like it was being exposed by XD.

"He made you the King to fend for you." the god said, reminding the brit of the facts. "He displaced you when he knew that your life was in jeopardy due to rising anxieties among the mortals and comprehended that war was bound to break if he did not terminate you from power. But, you were too bacchanalian on how high you felt to detect it, and you accused him of not caring."

The god stitched his XD mask back on.

"And when he was detained, you substituted him with me and have drained everything out of me of all specialities, nourishment, sanctuary, resources, wealth, and even defence from the evil of this

server.”

XD slanted his head.

“And now you come to me with the wish of reviving him despite voicing you hated him? You’re truly the portrayal of being ‘two-faced.’”

“I’m not ‘two-faced’,” he denied.

“You are.” The god turned his back on him and began to stalk away. *“Poor Dream was a dupe to have displayed empathy to you.”*

“Can’t you just- bring Dream back???” George lurched forward, pursuing after the god. “You’re a god after all!”

“I cannot do that,” XD replied. *“He desired to die.”*

“Then I wish for him to be back!!!”

XD swung his head around.

“I can’t do that.”

“Why-”

“It’s not a matter of why. It’s a matter of yourself. You take, take, and never give back. You took everything from Dream and took everything he had to offer. You just want him back because you see an opportunity to use him again.”

“...”

“I carry priorities in the demands of wishes.” XD teetered his head once more. *“You have wished countless wishes from me. I think you had adequately enough. Besides... my precious Daydream is now having a better life.”*

A better life, my foot. Tommy ranted on and on about how terrifying the otherworld, the limbo, was. Dream's suffering in the afterworld.

George detected that when XD became annoyed or angry, the Devine being would stagger his head, almost mocking someone or something to resume.

“Conveying, since you instructed your desire after him.....I cannot bestow you that demand of yours.”

George clenched his fists in anger. This ludicrous and thoughtless god couldn’t grant a straightforward wish-

“Really? Calling me stupid?”

The god rammed his XD face right into George's, only being mere inches away. *“You’re doing it again. You’re taking, taking, and taking. I have presented you innumerable longings, and I have shielded you, the exact things that Dream had to offer to you.”*

“Wha--!” George quickly retreated his steps as his eyes widened.

“HOW DO YOU THINK BOTH OF US FELT AND FEEL WHEN YOU KEPT EXPLOITING

US??” he bellowed.

“I didn’t-”

“Pardon my language here, but shut that greedy and egotistical mouth of yours. I’ll repeat it. Differently, you have consistently taken from the mortals around you. You have stolen my pride and virtue, dignity, everything, and I have blessed you with thousands of wishes. But, on the other hand, you have taken everything from Dream. He protected you, he treasured you, he loved you, and you were too intoxicated and elevated to realize all of it. I dare say Sapnap was as arbitrary as you.”

George’s face drained of colour.

“You never considered our feelings. You thought of us having the same sentiments as a lifeless object. We are not apathetic like you presume us to be.”

“.....”

“And now.....you’re head is too far up your arse to realize how selfish you have been.” XD straightened up. “Now, if you excuse me..... I have some business I have to do.”

“...” George said nothing as XD floated from the ground and turned away.

JUST SAY YOU HATE ME!!!

How could you, Dream?

You’re Selfish.

I don’t care about him.

“...”

“XD,”

XD stopped in his tracks.

“Can I make one final wish?”

“...It depends on what you wish for.”

“I wish to sleep with satisfied dreams for all eternity.”

AS disgusted as George was to admit it, Fundy was right about what George would do next.

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...

It was ironic how XD had subconsciously spread George in the same coffin style that Techno had

laid Dream in.

They had loved one another. But that bond had been severed when George had become corrupted with power.

“Sweet dreams, mortal.”

He last said, before vanishing.

--Meanwhile, Present, Dream's perspective--

Dream suddenly woke up in a room that was.. familiar, in some way. Of course, you can just imagine the colour drain from his face when the realisation dawned on him. He knew he was in Sam's place as he could get the faint smell of gunpowder and light smoke in the room. He dreaded the smell since it reminded him of prison and the Warden, which was why he had thrown all sorts of explosives out of his base.

“WHAT THE HELL?!” Dream shrieked. He began hyperventilating, again. His palm began to sweat as he hugged himself tight. This can't be happening, he was sure Sam brought him to his home to imprison him here. No, not again, not again, no again not again not again--

“Dream?!” Ponk slammed the door open, his face was that of concern.

The blond screamed, the sudden opening of the door terrified him. “PONK?!” he said after taking a better look.

“Uhm- I swear I can explain!” He said, raising his hands, trying to calm him down.

“Then explain, What's even going on! Why the f**k am I here? Why? I wanna leave!? Take me out of this place!”

Ponk nodded. "Okay, Dream," He said gently, "I need you to calm down. I'll explain everything, take a deep breath first."

Dream flinched, but his shoulders sagged down and he nodded. He did what he was told.

“Uhm. Well... You see, Sam said... you suddenly fell unconscious, so he brought you to his base.”

WHAT!? Dream was screaming. Mentally, of course. His face was as pale as a ghost. Out of all the worst-case scenarios, Dream just had to faint in front of Sam, and Sam just had to take him to his own house. GREAT!

“I should explain it specifically, shouldn't I?” Ponk smiled sheepishly. “Well, You passed out. I'm not sure how, but I know it isn't something you'd do out of the blue. Fundy asked me to come to see you ASAP while Sam carried you here.”

Dream bit his lip. He wanted to laugh at this bad joke. Sam imprisoned him, neglected him, starved him, and let Dream's mental health get this damaged. By him, his so-called 'friend', did that to him. And... He hasn't really.. well.. healed from it. But Dream was friends with Sam... in this timeline, right? After all, Sam brought him here. Which meant it was a good sign...Unless, Sam was two faced or something?

He looked at Ponk uncomfortably. Ponk raised an eyebrow from Dream's staring.

“Are you...okay?” The doctor asked.

“Yes.” He immediately answered, obviously lying.

Ponk looked at him in a comforting way. He pulled a stool and sat down next to him. “It’s alright, Dream. Your information will be kept confidential from other people. I promise. I just want to understand what’s going on.” Dream suddenly felt extremely guilty.

God what was wrong with him? Ponk’s a good guy, he shouldn’t lie, or he’ll get in trouble.

“Uhm...” Dream hesitated.

“Please, Dream.”

“I.. My brain. It’s just.. not working as it was.” He ‘truthfully’ said.

Ponk gave him a sympathetic look. "How so?"

He felt tears in his eyes as he continued speaking. “You see...Every time I sleep alone... I get these n-nightmares... about some people... close to me, I guess you can say. These nightmares can get quite.. *graphic* at times.” He mumbled.

Ponk looked at him and smiled, telling him to keep going.

He gulped. “Well, uhm.. I don’t have them as much if I am with somebody sleep close to me every night. So... that’s a relief, right?” He tried to smile.

Ponk nodded and brought out a notepad. Dream looked at him and deadpanned. “Uhm.. Ponk?”

Ponk looked at him and smiled sheepishly. "Well... yeah, sorry, I have to. Your my patent. For you to be knocked out for hours is really concerning."

Dream hesitated, Um..." he gritted his teeth, confused.

Ponk noticed this, as he got up and hugged Dream. Consoling him, letting him calm down.

Ponk knew Dream was holding something back, Dream was completely transparent to him it seemed. “Dream, you can tell me anything.” Ponk smiled.

Dream paused, then nodded. Ponk was a good guy, and... He got hurt by Sam in future. He heard from Sam during one of the healing potion sessions as the warden ranted and was angry how Ponk disregarded prison rules . The blond didn't exactly know what Sam did to Ponk, but he knew Ponk got hurt. Dream had to stop such a despairing and depressing future.

Dream started talking again, “But.. One night, C--I mean, that somebody was out late, and I had to sleep alone. I tried to fall asleep peacefully, but my head-- something went wrong ...I suddenly felt myself panic. Then I rapidly started breathing so hard, yet, it felt as if I couldn’t breathe at all. It was so strange to me. I suddenly felt myself freeze like my body was thrown into a frozen lake. I felt my heart stop and I genuinely thought I was about to... You know.”

Ponk shot him a worried look, but nodded and wrote down in his notes.

“Wait, I have a small question. Were there any open windows, was the AC too cold? Is there anything that could have made you as cold as ice, judging by your explanation?” Ponk asked him, making Dream think for a bit.

“The AC wasn’t that cold, there weren’t any windows open, and there was actually nothing that could have made it that way. I just... felt cold.”

Ponk was silent for a second before nodding then urged Dream to continue while writing down things with his pen. Dream gulped.

"I felt..so incredibly cold, even if I had multiple, thick blankets above myself. I slept on the floor, thinking it was the bed that was doing this. The few times I managed to fall asleep, I get awoken by something so suddenly, it felt te-terrifying. I don't know if it's the nightmares forcing me stay awake but... After my companion returned, I eventually found the courage to go to back to bed with him."

Dream was starting to break, and Ponk noticed this. It was silent for a few moments, and Dream could feel the tears dripping on his cheek.

Pathetic.

Dream felt so pathetic.

The doctor said nothing at first, observing and staring at Dream. Had he said too much? Dream wanted avoid telling something that would indicate that he was crazy or paranoid. All he did was tell half the truth and omitted the rest.

"Dream.. Do you want to tell me what happens in these nightmares?" Ponk asked him. Dream's head went upward faster than a puppy's and shook his head violently.

No, he didn't want to recall the horrible, horrible memories. Remembering the feeling of fear and dread rushing up his blood was enough for him.

"Can... can I take medication?" Dream asked, sniffing as he rubbed his eyes from the tears. "A pill or something to make the feeling go away?"

Ponk looked at him surprised.

"It's... too early to give you that." Ponk said, putting the note aside. "How about you visit my clinic every 2 days? Hmm? I'll see what I can do for you before the weekends."

Dream nodded, not complaining.

Doctors orders, after all.

Ponk left him in the room after that, requesting him to take an hour's rest. Dream was wary, 'cause, you know, he was on Sam's bed.

But Sam wasn't here... so it should be fine?

BEEP!

Dream took his communicator out when it buzzed.

Corpse whispers to you: Dreamy? It's past 5 already. Will you be having dinner at my place tonight?

Crap, did he pass out for that long? He texted back immediately.

You whisper to Corpse: Hey, sorry, Corpse. I can't. There's a sudden change in plans, but is it alright if you can spend the night at my place? A lot happened today :(

Corpse whispers to you: Of course, love. Anything for you ♥♥♥

Dream sighed in relief.

You whisper to Corpse: Thanks, you're the best :)

Corpse whispers to you: But I'm surprised. I thought your new companions would be the ones to have you tonight? Still lonely without me?

Dream rolled his eyes.

You whisper to Corpse: Don't flatter yourself, wise guy. They're great at keeping me company. It's just that... they aren't the ideal ones who I can talk to, nor answer the question I have for you.

Corpse whispers to you: I'm curious. What's on your mind, love?

He hesitated, before his fingers typed.

You whisper to Corpse: Well, you say you love me...

Corpse whispers to you: I do

You whisper to Corpse: But I still have trouble believing it. What would you do if I don't believe your words? How will you prove it to me?

Corpse whispers to you: Well, I would constantly remind you just how much I love you, and how I adore all the adorable traits you have. And if that's not enough, I guess I'll just have to show it to you in bed ♥♥♥

A shiver ran up his spine that he jolted. His face turned red.

You whisper to Corpse: Whoa, there. Starting to sound a little sexual

Corpse whispers to you: I wasn't going to those details. All I wanted to say was that I would whisper all my love for you as I hold you in my arms with a blanket over us. Depending on how far you'll let me go, I'll kiss every beautiful little constellation of freckles you have on your body. I'll have you go crazy and impatient with my small touches, brushing my fingers everywhere to make you crave for more of my love for you.

Dream's eyes widened. "What?" he mumbled to himself.

Corpse whispers to you: I'll gladly kiss that small childhood scar you have on the back of your shoulder and whisper to you that I accept it, and love it. Even if you believe that your birthmark is ugly, I'll always remind you that I'll forever love it.

You whisper to Corpse: ...

Dream took a long pause. Holding his breath as warmth blossomed all over his chest.

Corpse whispers to you: Dreamy? Has my love for you short-circuited your brain?

He snapped out of the daze.

You whisper to Corpse: Wow...that's... No one has really expressed themselves to me that way...

Corpse whispers to you: So I'm your first?

You whisper to Corpse: Well... I remember a long time ago when someone would always write cliché love poems and give me flowers every single day, but he never expressed his love for me like you did as he's pretty shy when we became a thing.

Corpse whispers to you: Do I know him?

"Pfft," Dream giggled stupidly.

You whisper to Corpse: Gosh, stop being jealous. It was a long time ago.

Corpse whispers to you: I can't help it, you're mine ♥

He smiled at the lovely texts Corpse sent as warmth enveloped all over. But his smile faltered when he realised something.

You whisper to Corpse: Wait...

Corpse whispers to you:?

You whisper to Corpse: How did you know about that scar?

You whisper to Corpse: I never showed it to you. Not even Wilbur knows about it...

Corpse whispers to you: Well...

You whisper to you: And how did you know where and what my thoughts about my birthmark? I've never shown or said anything to anyone...

Corpse whispers to you:... I just do.

You whisper to Corpse:

Corpse whisper to you: Do you trust me?

...

...

... "...Do I really... Want to do this?" Dream questioned himself, holding the comminutor with shaky hands.

There were red flags all over again. For someone Dream didn't know for long compared to his friends, he knew more than Dream ever told him...

I shouldn't I really shouldn't...

Dream thought to himself. But...

Will it be okay? Most of him wanted to just... let go all of the cautiousness and... be free from all this. Whether it means being free from life itself, or conflict.

He texted back

You whisper to Corpse: I do...

"I'm quite a fool..." He said with a sad smile. He got out of bed. It was time to leave before it gets to dark.

--Dream's house--

Dream was on his way home, speed-walking as the sun was slowly setting. He should hurry before the mobs start attacking him. He removed his green hoodie as it was too hot and wrapped it around his waist.

Saying goodbye was the most socially awkward thing he had ever experienced. Giving his farewell to his future ex-friend/warden/abuser, and to his future ex-fiancé, and his new appointed doctor was so suffocating. He had a hard time trying to say goodbye without shaking or throwing up in front of an innocent doctor.

Well, the issues were gone now. He'll have to stay far, far away from Sam and Fundy.

Though he failed to get what he needed from Church Prime. If only Fundy wasn't there, he would have gotten the draft blueprints of Pandora's Vault and fled before Sam came along.

He fainted in his own Church. How ironic. And this wasn't the first time that this had happened, either. For instance, Pandora's vault... he was kept prisoner despite being the server owner.

Dream sighed, he pulled out the keys of his front door.

Just as he was about to open, someone's rough hand grabbed his shoulder harshly and turned Dream's entire body around.

"UGH!" air was punched out of his lungs, but not too badly to hurt as his back hit the wooden door. The keys in his hand dropped to the ground when a big calloused hand grabbed his wrist suddenly. Dream slowly opened his eyes to look at who pinned him.

His eyes widened.

Sapnap.

"We need to talk." He said in a low quiet voice.



(Used reference for this)

Chapter End Notes

PLZ LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS! :)

JOIN MY DISCORD! :)

<https://discord.gg/UVaRaWbjPs>

Seeing you just hurts....

Chapter Summary

Dream is in a situation he doesn't want to be in.
Lots of pressure, angst and anxiety.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long! :(

Edit: Quarantine finished 2 weeks ago, but the laptop charger broke for some reason and I can't get it fixed as it is lockdown again here!

I was like 'screw it! I'm writing!'

and so now I finished this chapter by using my phone and a bluetooth key board. It's not that great as the screen makes the letters look more small, causing a little more eye strain but whatever!

Edit: To those who saw my announcement on discord when I said I was going to take another week? I went "screw it!" And finished a chapter. I'll have it edited later.

Thank you Sakisakura14 for helping me write a chunk! You're awesome, I love your writing! ♥

Enjoy! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--past--

"Dream... Will you marry me?"

He got down on one knee, and Dream gasped when the ring appeared.

"No way." he stepped back, his hands covering his porcelain mask in shock. The diamond ring Fundy took out from the back of the trunk of the car glinted and shined beautifully under the silver light of the moon.

"No way," Dream whispered again, staring at the ring. "This is not happening. You're asking me to marry you?" he said in disbelief.

Fundy blushed, his face turning to a darker shade of crimson. "Dream... you have been the most fantastic partner to watch this movie with....Please, will you marry me?"

A small giggle slipped out of Dream's lips. "Well, you are my favorite person ever to watch this movie with..." Dream admitted. "But a proposal right after our first date, Fundy?" Dream tilted his head. "Don't you think you rushed it?"

"We-well, I-I-- it's --I thought it was some kind of trend that's been going on lately? You know?"

Dream laughed. "Ah, yes the proposal fever. I guess that's true. Like how Sapnap "married" Karl, and George "married" N--" Dream's smile faltered under his mask as his sentence trailed off. "...Married Ninja..."

Ah.

George...

Even if it was all fun and games, a joke, a role play... Dream could not help but feel hurt. The idea that George would be taken by someone else...

Dream didn't say anything to George or Ninja about it as he knew it wasn't serious. They all just shared a laugh about it when Sapnap "congratulated" them.

But... even if it was all that... the thought of George being with someone else hurt him. He knew George wasn't going to stay single his whole life. The Brit was so handsome, great and fun that he was bound to find his soulmate one day.

And Dream wasn't going to be that person.

He knew so darn well.

All the signals and moves Dream made were ignored. Dream flirted with him often, even in public, and George didn't take that seriously. Sometimes George flirted back, but things never progressed from there....

How is it that everyone else could tell Dream's love for George, but the Brit himself turns a blind eye to it?

... How long would this painful cycle go on?

"Dream?"

Fundy touched his shoulder, and Dream was brought back to the current situation..

He took a deep breath.

"Yes,"

He said to Fundy, lifting his porcelain mask up a little to reveal his lips. He smiled warmly at the fox as his eyes softened. "Yes, I will marry you, Fundy."

This was a dumb decision. It was rash, and he wasn't thinking straight.... But... something had to change in his love life. It was better to be taken by someone else than wait and watch George walk down the aisle with someone else.

George never wanted Dream, and that was painful.

But Fundy wanted Dream.

It may be an infatuation, but Dream wanted to know how this would go. He can't be stuck on the same page forever. Plus maybe this may improve his relationship with Wilbur's family, especially Tommy.

Fundy's ears and tail instantly shot up as his eyes sparkled like shiny jewels. He squealed excitedly like a little kid, and Dream chuckled from his cute response.

Under the stars, with his hands intertwined with the hybrid's, Dream's first kiss was shared with a furry.

And he had no regrets for that.

---Days later, in one of Dream's bases--

"You're engaged?"

Sapnap said in shock as he saw the diamond ring on his finger glinting brightly from the sun's rays.

"Hmm?" Dream looked at him, and then the ring finger the other male was looking at. "oh... ah, yeah. I am. It just happened recently--"

"Is it Fundy?" Sapnap cut him, his tone sharp. "Are you insane?"

Dream frowned. "What?"

Sapnap walked closer to him, setting aside his weapons to his inventory. "Why didn't you tell me? I know you went out with that guy once—ONCE! And somehow he convinces you to marry you from that one date. Dream, you hardly know him! Plus he's the enemy! It's a trap, Dream!"

Dream rolled his eyes. He expected this to be the reaction once news got out. Maybe Fundy and him should have taken things slowly one step at a time.

"Former enemy, Sapnap. He isn't a twisted schemer." Dream said to him calmly, walking away so he could put the new bouquet Fundy brought in a vase. "And we're getting to know each other just fine. There's no need to worry."

"Dream—"

"I made my decision, Sapnap. I don't want your opinion about it as I already heard from Punz and Sam ranting about it for hours."

"Oh god, Dream...." He groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I swear, if this is some half-cooked baked scheme to get George's attention, and trying to make him jealous--"

He groaned aloud from that ridiculous idea. "I'm done with him, Sapnap." Dream snapped, making the arsonist freeze.

"Done with him?" he looked at him, brows furrowed.

"You heard me. I'm done obsessing over him."

A pause. "No-- dude, you love George. You can't just give up on him like that. I know you wouldn't. Did Fundy say something about him that made you decide like this?"

He shook his head and inhaled deeply.

"Sapnap... what would it take for George to say, 'I love you too, Dream,' or 'I only see you as a friend?'" Dream looked at him seriously. "He's neither accepting me nor rejecting me. He isn't confirming or denying what he feels about me. ."

"I... that," Sapnap's eyes strayed away. "He... probably doesn't want to hurt you in any way,

dude. You know George isn't the straightforward kind of guy."

"But dragging me like this for so long, giving me false hope about our life together—Sapnap, that only makes me feel worse."

Sapnap but his lip. "This is George we're talking about, dude. He's an idiot."

"And how long are you expecting me to go around chasing after him with that as an excuse?" Dream splayed his hands, pointing that out. "Sure I may be flirting with him and asking him out in an indirect way, but we both know George isn't an oblivious idiot! In fact, he enjoys the kind of attention I give him. He could clearly see what I've been trying to do and he just...."

Dream's lips wobbled, he tried so hard not to choke on his words. He didn't want to cry in front of Sapnap. He didn't want his best friend to see him like that.

"But he doesn't give me an answer. He... doesn't want me." He looked down at his boots sadly. "I'm not the one for him, I know that now.So, I want to be with Fundy."

"Dream..." Sapnap stared at him, and the look he was giving to Dream wasn't something he was familiar with. He wasn't angry, nor did he give Dream the look of pity.

But why does it look like Sapnap was the one who's hurt the most?

"Even so," the raven haired started, "Why? Why Fundy of all people? Why the son of the man who started that illegal country!?"

"Fundy isn't like Wilbur!" Dream reasoned. "He doesn't have hidden motives, or planning something disastrous, Sapnap. I would know he was that kind of man."

"So--what? You want to marry him because he's a furry?"

"The furry part of him does make him look cute," Dream admitted, making Sapnap give an incredulous look. "But I'm marrying Fundy because... well, he wants me. Sapnap, he wants me. Me! Not as the server admin, or the leader of the SMP..." Dream smiled to himself. "And that makes me feel special.... I really like it. The feeling of someone wanting me so they could love me. This is the first time, and... I want to make this work."

Sapnap said nothing for a few heartbeats.

"Are you saying that if someone else on this server, rather than Fundy, asked you out.... or wanted to be your boyfriend... you would have considered it?"

Dream shrugged casually. "I definitely would have given it a shot. It wouldn't have hurt."

"....Even...me?" Sapnap's voice sorted at the last word, and Dream was surprised by this. Was he embarrassed? This was a hypothetical question, though?

"I guess,"

Instantly, the expression on Sapnap's face became unreadable again.

Dream frowned, but ignored it. "But it's too late for anyone to try that now that I have Fundy. Besides, you have Karl, and from what I hear, you guys are getting serious—Sapnap?"

The other male didn't reply as he left the room without another word.

--Present timeline, Dream's perspective--

"We need to talk," Sapnap said, and Dream felt fear rise from within him,

How did he find me?

Dream was certain he kept a low profile... Did the incident today cause the entire server to go uproar? Shit, how many more people know?

"Why?" Dream blurted in the form of a whisper. He was scared, the blond had always dreaded that this day would come, this confrontation. Unfortunately, Dream didn't have a plan as whenever he imagined this kind of scenario, he would have a panic attack.

But forget that, he needed to get this conversation over with quickly before Corpse arrived.

Sapnap glared at him from his question. "Why?" He scoffed, gripping his wrist more firmly. "You know why, you idiot! You keep avoiding me and George for a reason we don't know, you're still going out with that stupid British prick when we both know he's a psychotic, and the next thing I hear is that you have plans to move in with him?"

Dream's eyes widened. "You know about that?"

"What!?" He scoffed. "Were you thinking we'd never know until after you moved into Wilbur's house, and live like a married couple?!" He asked in disbelief.

"No! NO!" Dream said, raising his voice in panic, "That was never the plan! I was never planning to move in with Wilbur!"

"Then why the hell am I hearing that you're actually considering his absurd offer?" He yelled, and the harsh grip on his wrist made Dream silently whimper from the pain.

"I..." Dream looked down, unable to look Sapnap in the face. He bit his lip before saying something that was not audible.

"What?"

"I said I was just looking out for him!"

Half lie- half truth. Kinda. It was more like Dream was keeping an eye on Wilbur for his own safety and to protect his own future.

He's a selfish bastard after all.

Sapnap looked incredulously at him. "Dream, he's a grown man! I'm pretty sure he can take care of himself—"

"Can he, Sapnap?" Dream challenged, looking at him again. "Can Wilbur really look after himself?"

"He's a leader of an illegal country for crying out loud—"

"He wasn't thinking straight when he established L'Manburg, and we both know that." Dream argued back. "I thought if I got closer to Wilbur, I could somehow change him so he wouldn't cause massive destruction in his wake. You said it yourself, he's psychotic!"

He huffed. “Why does it have to be you?” Sapnap questioned as his eyes narrowed. “This isn’t your problem, it isn’t our problem! It is the people of L’Manburg’s issue to deal with. “

“In case you’ve forgotten, Sapnap, “Dream groaned, “I’m not just the leader of the SMP— “

For now, he silently thought.

“—I’m also the Admin of this server. So whatever shit Wilbur does to this place, I get involved either way. Not to mention, the people of L’Manburg are limited right now. Tommy and Tubbo are minors, so no one takes those kids seriously. Fundy can’t go against Wilbur because he’s his father. And Eret....” Dream paused. “I don’t know what shit Eret is doing, but whatever Eret says, Wilbur won’t listen. He’s stubborn and prideful that way. So it has to be me. Wilbur is head over heels in love with me—“ Sapnap flinched, and Dream ignored it, “so I’m using his affection to my advantage to control him.”

God, the words he said really sounded like what an evil villain would say. He should think before saying something he can’t take back.

“Besides, I don’t want another war breaking out of this land.”

“...Dream....”

Dream kept a determined expression, trying to act strong and confident, but his body was giving away the opposite reaction as he trembled a little.

“Couldn’t you at least talk to us about this?” Sapnap asked, in a whisper, sounding like a man desperate for answers, and the guilt hit Dream home again. “L’manburg’s sudden independence, and you moving into a new house—why didn’t you say anything?”

“I knew you guys would just be against it, either way. No matter what I say, you guys just don’t listen to me.” Dream reasoned, and it was a poor excuse given how Sapnap’s glare hardened. “I thought you guys gave me the benefit of the doubt. You know, since we’re ‘friends?’”

Sapnap said nothing to argue against Dream. He continued to glare at the blond, making Dream small, weak and uncomfortable.

It was suffocating being here. He was trapped with the door right behind him, and Sapnap was too close to him to prevent his escape. Dream wanted to go into his house and slam the door in Sapnap's face.

His best friend turned out to be a fake in the future... He’d honestly prefer having the future Sapnap stab him with a sword just as he promised right now, rather than being here with a fake.

He shook his head and gazed the other way.

“Sapnap, let go of me now.”

“No,”

A shudder ran through his spine. The feeling of fear has been experienced far too frequently to his liking these days.

“Please let go,” He gritted out, still looking away.

“I won’t, Dream. If I do, then we’ll never have this conversation again.”

What more was there to talk about?

“Do you want me to f**king beg? Is that it?” Dream hissed, getting impatient.

The arsonist’s eyes widened because of this. “No... dude, no. Never—“

“Then tell me—“

“What more can I say!?” He exploded, his whisper rough and harsh. “I’ve already told you everything, but you aren’t answering my questions properly! There’s something else going on which you aren’t telling me! I know it!”

Dream swallowed, getting nervous just how close Sapnap was nearing the truth.

“But why? Why can’t you let this go and forget about it!? WHY DON’T YOU TRUST ME!?”

“BECAUSE I F**KING LOVE YOU, OKAY!?”

Dream completely stayed still when those words slipped from Sapnap’s mouth.

...

What?

...

No, it can’t possibly be meant in *that* way...

“I... I love you too, Sapnap,” Dream said back, and they both knew Dream meant it as a friend.

Because Dream can’t bring himself to believe —

Sapnap groaned in frustration, then brought his face closer to the blond’s to look at him straight in the eye.

“That’s not what I meant, Dream.” He said, confirming Dream’s greatest disbelief was actually true. “I love you, more than as a friend. George and Wilbur weren’t the only ones who held these feelings.” Sapnap let his hold loose so he could grab Dream’s shoulders and shook him. “I love you, and I have for years. The reason I’m not letting this f**king slide off, like it’s not a big deal, is because I’m afraid of losing you! Do you know how scared I am just thinking about it!? You don’t, do you!?”

Dream said nothing, staring into Sapnap’s eyes as his mind blanked.

“You disappeared from the server one night weeks ago without giving any reason. Next thing I knew, you gave Wilbur’s nation independence and even considered going out with him on a date. I thought it was going to be a one time thing, but no. Instead, I see you go to his secret cabin almost every day, watch him kiss you before you snuggle under the covers with him!”

Dream gasped.

Just how long was Sapnap watching him?

Did... did he know about Corpse?

“You don’t know how much it drove me mad just thinking he might pull out a knife and hurt you!

Wilbur's unstable! And it's taken every retrain I have to not go and snap his damn neck!" Sapnap's breathing became uneven. "Something's changed about you, Dream!" He said, the grip on Dream's shoulders hardened. "I don't know why, I don't know what made you this way, but I don't like it..." His sharp glare slowly softened, "... because I feel like you're just slipping away to a place I won't be able to reach anymore. And I can already see it's slowly happening when you ignore me and George.... When you don't tell us anything... "

Sapnap looked at Dream with a face Dream wasn't familiar with. It was that same expression Sapnap gazed at him with when the arsonist found out Dream was engaged to Fundy in the first timeline . Of course now considering the circumstances, Dream finally understood what that look meant...

Sapnap was feeling bitter and hurt because he was jealous.

Sapnap held feelings for him, even in the first timeline, but Dream never noticed it because... Because the speed-runner's focus was either George, or Tommy's discs...or...

Sapnap misses you, Daydream. You were too busy drowning in your own misery to notice how he truly feels. At the moment, he is deeply conflicted. He does not know how to feel or think about you. But once he learns that you are dead, and knows the truth about what his fiancé has done... rest assured, he will not let that duck off easily.

The words XD told him now echoed in his head.

...F**king hell, XD knew!

So the reason why Sapnap threatened Dream in prison and never visited him any more than that day wasn't because he hated Dream... it's because Dream was probably his biggest heartbreak...

Just thinking and seeing the blond was probably killing him from the inside. It made sense, Dream would likely do the same if he was in his shoes.

Sapnap's in love with him... He couldn't believe it.

...If Quackity had known.... Dream would believe to think that was why Quackity was torturing him more harshly on most days. Dream had stolen the heart of his dear fiancé...

Still... he thought Sapnap would be one of the people celebrating over his death in the first timeline.... was he wrong? He now wondered how hard Sapnap took his death.

... How did everyone take his death, really?

That thought made Dream rethink his thoughts.

If Sapnap wasn't happy, Dream died... Then there was a possibility Fundy wasn't, either.

...What about George? What did he think?

"Dream.... please..."

Sapnap's pleading brought Dream back to the current situation. The arsonist's head rested on his left shoulder as his arms were wrapped around his waist. Sapnap was too close to his comfort. They may have hugged like this in the past, but Dream no longer felt the comfort from this embrace after going through with Sapnap betraying him.

He wanted to push him away, but he didn't have the strength to do so.

"I can't f**king... please, don't do this to us...."

Dream's voice was soft as he closed his eyes painfully. "...Then let me go..." Sapnap's hold on his body just seemed to have tightened after saying that. "Being here with me... will only cause you more pain, Sapnap. I don't know if you know that, but the longer you stay with me, the more you'll just end up hurting yourself..."

It was the truth. Dream pushed everyone away at one point of time... and he was alone in that prison cell for most of it. He did that to himself.

Sapnap did look genuinely hurt when Dream confessed to everyone that he was the one responsible for burning the community house down. The building which the original Dream Team built together to symbolize their strong friendship and love for each other...

All it took for Dream was to strike a match to set the place ablaze. The cruel thing was that the bond didn't hesitate, and that made things frightening. Did he even have a heart beating in his chest?

Quackity and Sam didn't agree, and Dream believed it. But now...

"It's fine," Sapnap brushed it off, "Having to watch you fall for George, our f**king best friend, hurt. But that's not the end of the world, so it's fine ... It's fine even when you kiss that Corpse guy like he's your new husband since I know you don't love him."

So he knew about Corpse....

God, how long was he being watched?

"It's fine that you can't reciprocate my feelings, Dream.... but please..." Dream felt lips on the side of his temple, causing him to freeze up, "please... I don't want to lose you entirely. I can't move on like this. I want us to keep what we still have. I hate the idea if the Dream team just... fell apart like. Don't you remember the good times? I still want to conduct manhunts, play pranks with each other, eat junk and shit together, laugh as we watch a movie in one of our houses, fall asleep on the couch... Do those memories mean nothing to you for you to walk away so easily? Does your responsibilities as admin... have to cost our friendship?"

It wasn't fair, Dream knew that.... But what can he do?

"I—" Dream froze up when Sapnap's hold on him moved to having one hand around his waist, and the other behind Dream's head. His face moved, only inches away from Dream's face as their breaths mingled.

...

...No...

Sapnap wouldn't... not right now... would he?

Was he going to guilt Dream into accepting his kiss?

There wasn't anything the blond could do, though... He's become too weak, overwhelmed with everything.

Before Dream could close his eyes, the sound of a twinging snapping made them both quickly turn their heads, alarmed.

Karl Jacobs stood there behind a bush, not so well hidden. His face was that of horror.

“Karl?” Sapnap gasped, then quickly let Dream go to his relief. “Wait—this—this isn’t what it looks like—“ Karl didn’t even bother listening to Sapnap as he fled from the area. “Wait—KARL!”

Sapnap ran away far to chase after Karl, and Dream watched until he couldn't see a speck of him anymore in the darkness.

...

....

.... Sapnap left him.

He just left him like that... what the hell?

...Ah, now that he thought about it, didn’t Karl become Sapnap’s fiancé in the future? Is that why he chased after Karl, are they secretly dating?

That wouldn’t make any sense... but then again, Dream never understood anyone that well. He’s a selfish bastard, only interested in his own life...

Why bother with this? Everything was already so confusing.

The sky rumbled, and Dream looked up at the heavy dark clouds that now covered the sky.

He laughed.

How cruel it was for life to play with souls like this.

The rain started pouring.

—Sapnap’s house, Sap’s perspective—

“Karl,” Sapnap burst into the house, making the time-traveler and dick-hybrid flinch. “Oh, thank god I found you.” He rushed towards the man and held his shoulders to shake him. “What you saw... It—it isn’t what you think... I... I wasn’t going to kiss him... I—Sure it may look like that, but I f**king swear“

Quackity raised a brow as he said,” Whoa—whoa—calm down, dude. Chill. What are you rambling on about?”

“Yeah, Sapnap,” Karl agreed as he nodded. “What’s going on?”

“Come on, Karl,” Sapnap groaned as his face reddened. “What you—s-saw... Please, don't misunderstand...”

“Saw what exactly?” Karl questioned, making Sapnap confused. “Dude, I haven’t seen you since this morning, so I have no idea what your talking about.”

“What?” Sapnap let him go. “Weren’t you outside a while back? Near my friends house when you saw—”

“Sapnap, Karl was with me the whole day,” Quackity stepped into the conversation. “We didn’t leave the house, and do you not see the kind of shit storm it is out there?” He pointed out the window.

Right on cue, the thunder boomed.

Now that Sapnap looked at him more properly, Karl’s clothes weren’t soaked wet, like Sapnap’s. In fact, he was wearing his own clothes. When Sapnap saw him, he could have sworn Karl was wearing Sapnap’s sweater...

....

Was he imagining it?

No, Dream saw him to... so...

What the hell?

Who was he chasing after this whole time?

—an hour or so later, Corpse’s perspective—

Corpse was completely drenched from the rain as he wasn’t expecting a storm come by. It was almost pitch black, only the sudden lightning flashed across the sky gave some aid to the raven haired man.

He ran towards his love’s house, eager to see him. But the male had stopped dead in his tracks when saw a silhouette of someone familiar sitting right outside the house. As he got closer, he found his loved one drenched from the storm, looking down on the ground with dead eyes.

“Dream? Is that you?” He called out.

The blond looked up. And gave a lifeless smile. “Oh... Hey, Corpse... I just needed to clear my head. Nothing’s wrong.”

“Oh my—Dream, how long were you out here?” Corpse quickly moved in front of the blond and crouched down to his level, trying to help him get up. “Are you mad? Come on, let’s get you inside!”

There was no response, or movement from the blond.

“Dream?” He said his name again in worry.

Something was wrong.

What happened today?

“Hey, Corpse....” Dream asked, looking up to him with dead green eyes, still smiling with no warmth behind it, “Do you think I should just give up and die?”

...

...What?

What did his love just ask him?

“Nothing I do... seems to go as planned.” The blond went on, looking down again. “At this rate... my efforts are futile... Should I even continue trying to fix my future?”

Corpse didn't understand a word of what Dream meant, but he didn't focus on that as his mind was on something else. Something concerning.

“Dream, how long were you out here?” Corpse asked.

A shrug. “At the start of the storm, maybe.”

The rain started 2 hours ago. Dream was out here for that long in this terrible weather? Was he trying to get himself sick?

Corpse quickly got into action, picking the blond up and busting the door open with his foot. Dream's furry companions immediately looked up, alarmed.

--Later, in the middle of the night--

The rain still poured heavily throughout the night, beating the roof tiles harshly.

What happened the last couple of hours was a blur.

He didn't remember feeding his pets, nor did he remember eating dinner. He did remember having a bath before his memories blurred again. Dream didn't know how long he was in the shower, but he did remember Corpse being there with him.

Corpse showered with him... but that fact didn't seem to bother Dream. The thought that the two of them were naked didn't make him feel embarrassed, frankly because his memories were all blank and that he felt numb.

Corpse asked him if it was okay, and Dream nodded, the blond remembered that part. Corpse probably thought he was going to drown himself in the shower, and he was right. Dream, did think about that option...

Now they were both in bed.

Dream stared at Corpse.

Corpse, the man that suddenly crashed into his life and threw all his plans, not to mess up this timeline, out the window. He had descended into sleep a short time after he had joined him in bed today.

Dream couldn't help but doubt Corpse. Did he mean all the love and affection he was showing to Dream? Or was it a sham? Or was it going to be a recurrence of his past timeline? One where they would display him all their love, only for them to pull the rug out from under his feet and brutally skewer him in the back?

He slowly extended his hand to have a death grip on Corpse's tank top. The other man did not stir from his slumber.

Dream pressed his entire face into the material, inhaling Corpse's aroma of roses and a faint smell of bamboo. Dream speculated that the bamboo smell was possibly from taking care of Dream's panda, along with his other animals. After temporarily being immobilized after his encounter with Sappnap, all the emotional conflict and stress just came crashing down on him.

Dream was now awake. His eyes felt red and puffy from all the crying he did before in the rain. His limbs felt stiff and heavy, like chains had been attached to them and dragged him down to the void.

He trusted Corpse. A small part of him didn't, but at the same time he did trust him more than anyone else on the server. Maybe he trusted him at the same level as Ponk. Currently he was wary around Ponk at times due to his relationship with Sam.

The more he pondered about it. The more anxiety began to build up in his traumatized mind. Tears couldn't help but form at his emerald eyes. The salty liquid spilled out onto Corpse's tank top. The soft sheets that were supposed to be warm, but to Dream, felt as cold as the obsidian floors in that prison.

Please Gods, Primes, XD, whatever gods exist other than the ones I know of..... He prayed silently.

Please don't take Corpse's love from me. I'm so tired. I just want to feel loved again.

So, Please. Don't take this away from me too.

He curled up, his head in his knees, shivering with anxiety and fear, crying silently in the night. Corpse, utterly unaware that the man next to him, was on the border of having a panic-anxiety attack.

Dream hated this. He despised it all. He knew that XD had given him a second chance, but this second chance had caused him nothing but extreme stress, roller coasters of emotions, a mental toll on him, overthinking every decision he made, overthinking everyone he would trust.

He knew that the people around him hadn't become the ones that they would become in the past, but he couldn't help but think of them to be like the original ones when he knew that they now had a smaller chance since he was manipulating events around him to change for the better good.

But was it for the better good?

Sure, right now it was better. Better than being subjected to torture and endless waves of pain, but at the same time, everyone was so friendly to him, too lovely. He stressed that he was going to forfeit it all, lose all the improvements he had made. Wilbur was going to be mentally off, Punz, choosing money and riches over him, Fundy was going have the murderous intent to kill him, Sam to turn back into the warden of Pandora, George was going to betray him, ignorant of all the things Dream had provided him with, and Sappnap was going to be mad and also tur-

...

Oh, wait.

Sapnap was already mad at him.

A devastating thought flew at Dream.

Sapnap was already enraged.

It wouldn't be long before he, too, would follow the timeline of the original one and turn his back on Dream.

He wouldn't kill Dream, but knew that now. But for the arsonist to protect himself from heartbreak, Sapnap would never see him again when he's in jail.

Dream realized he had messed up.

Now that Sapnap was following the original course, everyone else would follow their path.

No, No, No, NO!!!! Dream shrieked at himself, and he already failed to prevent what was inedible for him.

When he had traveled to the Holy place of Primes, he had failed to obtain the blueprint to Pandora's Vault.

It meant that the construction of the Jail would commence.

It meant that he would be dragged back to that dark cell.

Meaning that Quackity and Sam would revert to the Warden and the Torturer he knew them to be.

He couldn't help but sob.

He had failed to change this timeline.

He would suffer again. His past actions would never let him go until he had paid the price.

That night, Dream truly let out some pent-up emotions spill out for the first time.

He didn't know how long he had his emotional outburst, but by the time he was done, the sun began to peek through the curtains.

—Next morning, Corpe's perspective—

The sunlight streaming through the curtains was the thing that woke up Corpse.

He blinked tiredly before registering that Dream was curled into a small ball buried in his tank top. He then could hear faint whimpering.

"Dream?!? What's wrong??" Corpse began to fuss, but the man didn't respond or move.
"Dream?"

Dream slowly grabbed the collar of Corpse's tank top, yanking him down, snatching him in a kiss.

"Hmmmph!!!!"

Dream tasted salty, Corpse noticed.

How long has he been crying?

“Dr-”

Corpse tried to speak but was getting cut off by Dream just smoldering him with kisses. Dream swung his leg over Corpse, fully straddling him. “Hmph!!” Usually, Corpse would be the one to shower Dream with affection and love, but it seemed like the tables had turned.

“Dream?” Corpse whispered, which got the attention of the petit male. “Are you okay?” Corpse began to slowly stroke his fingers through Dream’s short hair in a delicate manner.

Dream shook his head frantically, sniffing and shaking all over. “Please, I don’t want to stop...”

“...Do you want me to help you?”

“Y-yes please.”

“And you promise we can talk about this later?”

“Hm.” Dream whimpered.

—Dream’s perspective—

Kisses were a form of relief from the pain Dream’s always been feeling. Because that just proves that all of this wasn’t a false dream.

Corpse began to kiss back, peppering light kisses all over him, kissing away the salty tears that streamed down Dream's face. It was warm.

And Dream let himself be pampered and kissed all over by Corpse, a man he trusted more than anyone else so far on the S.M.P.

Even if it's a sham Dream begged.

Just let me savour this one last time.....

Before this time falls apart.....

Please.....

XD elevated above the S.M.P lands.

He was watching Dream. Sure, he may be invading personal privacy, but still, he kept an eye on Dream just in case that Dream would fall down the same path as he did before.

He is doing an excellent job of shifting and changing this timeline not to become the original one. The God regarded. But..... it seems like old scars have never recovered adequately. And he has a difficult time adapting after just being tormented for months on end.

Even I can tell he requires healing, he thought to himself.

But everyone around him is drawn to him.

Who knew that people adored him that much?

Then again, the gods and XD should have expected that much from their creation.

But at the same time, he's pushing them away.

The original timeline messed him up mentally and emotionally.

The god opened a crack in the sky, conjuring a portal to the void.

There is a slim chance that this timeline could follow a similar path to the original one.

XD stepped through the portal and was greeted by the cold yet warm embrace of the void. A shadow flew over him, and he looked up, and there was the Angel of Death, gliding over him.

The two met eye contact for a little while before The Angel did a slight wave to him, to which the god waved back.

From the original timeline, it seemed like the Angel of Death had been spending a lot of time in the void recently. Then again, Death was his lover and XD assumed that the Angel just needed someone to consult and talk to.

But indeed, it's pretty tiny.

XD opened another crack in the void. This time, his destination was the Original timeline.

He still went back there to see if the original required any further meddling from him. Although XD already regretted meddling with George, it had indeed had a significant impact on the outcome of the original timeline.

He thanked Death herself that she hadn't sniped him for meddling with mortals, as she had intervened with her then the Angel of Death.

But he knew that the next time he meddled with mortals other than Dream in the current timeline, Death herself would show no mercy to him.

He crossed to the past, back to the Arctic, the cold, the snow. There, he witnessed Techno, and Corpse locked in a stand-off between Dream's dead body.

It was a little creepy, even to the god, to fight over a dead body. Sure, XD had glimpsed Death's wrath before, witnessed the massacre of villages, and seen some immoral things, but fighting over a dead person topped his list of the eeriest things he had ever seen.

He supposed it was this thing.... Mortals called "love" made them do this.

He'd just hope people don't get too infatuated over Dream on the current server.

Because he could see some problems arising if they get too obsessed...

PLz leave comment and kudos to motivate meeeeeeee :)

Mistake

Chapter Summary

Shit happens

Chapter Notes

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—Late night—

Four days had passed since that night, and Dream had not seen nor heard from Sapnap. The blond didn't know whether he was avoiding him, or taking his time to figure out how to approach Dream.

Sapnap wouldn't say sorry for confessing his feelings for Dream so suddenly, that part Dream understood. But was it too much to ask to apologize for attempting to kiss him?

If Sapnap was smart enough, he should have realised that if they weren't interrupted, things would change. Their status as 'friends' would have been negatively affected.

But Dream wondered... could they still continue to be friends with the current circumstances?

Frankly, it would be better if Dream wasn't aware of Sapnap's feelings. It's harsh, but if Dream still remained oblivious of such a fact... then things wouldn't become so awkward and difficult in the future. And George... How's George going to react to this? Be a douche? 'Cause he sure acted like one when Dream almost got married.

Dream huffed at the thought of the Brit, and turned to his side. The bed shifted a little, and Corpse's arm draped over his body from behind. The man showed no signs of waking up soon, as he quietly snored away.

The blond looked at the raven haired over his shoulder and chuckled.

Corpse was so cute when he slept. Dream preferred this side of Corpse's side sometimes, peaceful and quiet as he held Dream in his arms.

The past few days Corpse helped Dream get better mentally, and Dream was grateful to him. But his plan to handle things alone and not be dependable on Corpse, the very reason he moved to a new house, was thrown out the window.

He's gotta think of a new plan.

The clock was nearing 12. Soon another day would arrive, and Dream was running out of time. He needed to act soon, starting with getting and burning the blue prints of Pandora's Vault.

Without making any sudden movements, Dream quietly left Corpse's side and moved out of the bed. Slipping into his fluffy slippers, he picked up Corpse's discarded hoodie and wore it. Lately he'd often been wearing Corpse's clothing rather than his own. He didn't have a reason, just that he liked it.

He unlocked the door of the balcony . The cold breeze greeted him, and the air was refreshing and cool.

How calm the atmosphere was here.

Dream moved to the wooden railings, resting both his arms on the smooth surface. He closed his eyes and smiled to himself as his body relaxed.

How peaceful.

"Pssst, Dream!"

Now what?

He glared down at the figure below.

Wilbur.

Wilbur Soot stood below, looking up to him with loving eyes.

Of course, now his peace was gone. Dream was never so lucky.

"Dreamy!"

There was something in his hand. Squinting his eyes to enhance his focus, he could see... were those pebbles?

His jaws dropped.

What the f**k?

"WILBUR F**KING SOOT!" Dream gave a harsh whisper yell so Corpse wouldn't wake, "I SWEAR, IF YOU THINK OF HURLING THOSE ROCKS AT ME, I'LL NEVER SLEEP IN YOUR BED AGAIN!"

"WHAT!? NO, DREAMY THAT'S NOT IT!" Wilbur whispered back in panic. He threw the pebbles in a haphazard direction. "I wanted to talk!"

"At this godforsaken hour?" He asked in disbelief. "Are you drunk!?"

"No, my love, " then he hiccupped soon after. He quickly slapped his mouth shut, and that just soured Dream's mood more. "I'll admit, I am a bit tipsy."

"What do you want, Soot," Dream said seriously, trying to show the Brit that he didn't have time for jokes.

That seemed to have done something as Wilbur quickly replied, "You haven't been at my place for a couple of days, Dreamy. I got worried. I texted you many times, but you never replied back."

Oh...

He sucked his breath.

He actually had completely forgotten about Wilbur, oh god. He can't tell him that.

Dream was going to visit him, but that was the day he had run into Sam. He put off all his plans after going into shock as he wanted to be at his safe haven. But of course, fate had to be cruel with him again as he got confronted by Sapnap.

The terrible storm that blew that night was a reasonable excuse for Dream to not show up at Will's place without needing to send a text, but the past 4 days...

Corpse was...

"Sorry!" Dream said with guilt. "I ... had my hands full. I'll come tomorrow. I promise."

The brunet seemed pleased with that as Dream could see his loving lustful eyes sparkle as his cheeks reddened.

The blond looked behind him warily, praying Corpse wasn't woken up by this as the balcony door wasn't closed. He looked back down again. "Wilbur, next time please let's have a conversation like this during daybreak rather than come to my place at the dead of night! You can't be here! I can't let Corpse see you, yet."

Wilbur and Corpse together... Dream could only imagine the two of them killing one and another for... love... As ridiculous as that sounds. Sadly, a high probability.

Dream furrowed at his own words, a thought hit him.

Wait, how did Wilbur know his new location? Only Corpse (and now Sapnap) knew... unless...

... Please don't tell me he was stalking me... He thought.

The Brit's face darkened, obviously jealous, but he was quick to smile again. "Really? Then perhaps I should come in and say hi—"

"Corpse and I will elope if you take a step in the house." Dream threatened.

"Oh, dear, look at the time," Wilbur laughed nervously as he looked at his wrist that had no watch strapped onto it. "I should get going. I'll see you soon, Dreamy," He quickly sped off.

....

That crazy man. Gods.

Dream huffed and went back inside. Slipping out of the slippers, he was about to strip off Corpse's hoodie, but was yanked back to the bed by his arm.

Above him, a bigger body hovered over his small frame.

"Corpse? Ah...." Dream closed his eyes, his body squirmed a little when he felt lips marking his shoulder, all the way up to the side of his jaw. Ugh, this again.

Strangely this felt comforting this time.

"When did you wake up?" Dream mumbled. Their hands intertwined.

Corpse didn't reply. Instead, he moved to his side, another kiss planted on Dream's temple. He closed his eyes and yawned sleepily. "Sleep with me now... we'll talk tomorrow."

Dream stared at him surprised, but agreed quickly, giving a kiss on the cheek for confirmation.

The next morning, Corpse didn't bother asking Dream about Wilbur.

—Next day, afternoon, Sapnap's perspective—

Other than spying on Dream (which he was not proud of), Sapnap had also kept a watchful eye on George.

For a while, his best friend's been depressed and sad. He'd either sleep, sigh deeply while watching the window, or mope around the forest aimlessly.

So it took Sapnap by surprise when he found the Brit carrying a boxful of TNTs in Wilbur's Cabin.

"Dude, what are you doing?" Sapnap questioned after nearing in through the window.

"Whoa!" George jumped, nearly dropping the box. "Sapnap, you scared me!"

"Either you're half asleep, or just down right awake and stupid. What the heck are you doing?"

"What's it look like I'm doing? I'm gonna have Wilbur blown up with these babies," He said proudly with the box of explosives in his hands. His eyes were wild, like that of a crazy person "It occurred to me that Wilbur is the main root to why Dream's been away from us. It wasn't just that stupid nation. If everything goes to plan, soon, Dream will be with us again. Problem solved!"

Sapnap took a deep breath. "You've either spent too much time dreaming, or you ate something bad that made you go mad."

"Umm...." He contemplated, pushing his glasses up his head with one hand. "I did have a mushroom that tasted funny. I can still taste the funny flavor at the tip of my tongue. Ohhh, another explosive I missed." George said in sickening delight, putting another bundle of TNT to the box from his inventory.

"Mushroom it is," He hissed. He'll ask Punz to make an antidote for George later.

"Shhhh," George hushed, giggling, "we can't ruin this surprise for Wilbur. He'll hear us."

Sapnap froze. "You mean he's here?"

"Yep!" He smiled. "Dream came a while ago, too." He pointed at the door just 5 feet away from them. "They're kissing." Then George growled. "Stupid British man kissing my Dreamy. I'm gonna blow him up."

"Dream's here too?" Sapnap whispered in panic. "You were going to blow Wilbur up along with Dream?"

"What? No of course not, sap. I was....." a moment passed, letting the thought sink in. "Oh..."

He shook his head with disbelief. "Come on, let's get out of here before—"

"WHAT THE F**KING HELL!?"

The sudden rise of Dream's voice from the other room made them both jump. Soon, footsteps were heard.

"That room," Sapnap quickly pushed George into what seems to be a closet. "Go!" The arsonist left the door slightly ajar to see what was happening as they sat on the wooden floor.

"Tommy? What ya doing here, raccoon boy?" George said, Sapnap looked back and found they weren't alone.

Tommy was also in the closet with them. "What the f**king hell do you think you're doing here?" He whispered.

"We..." Sapnap hesitated. "Wait, what are you doing here? This is your brother's cabin, there's no need to hide from family!"

"I was going to set bear traps everywhere so my stupid older brother would wake up from his own madness." He said bitterly. "I don't want Dream to have a serious relationship with him. What I'm doing favors you. So what the f**k are you doing here?"

George laughed, then shoved the box full of TNT's to the minor's chest. "Planning murder!"

"WHAT!?"

"NO!" Sapnap snatched the box back and put all of the explosives to his inventory. "No, we are not doing that. Even if we hate Wilbur, we won't just reckless kill him with Dream here."

George clicked his tongue, annoyed.

"What's wrong with him?" Tommy questioned.

"Probably ate a hallucinating mushroom by accident."

They heard the door from the other room slam open, and from the small opening, Sapnap peaked through.

"Tommy, cover George's mouth." He whispered.

He saw Dream stalk out of the room, wearing an oversized shirt that obviously didn't belong to him. The blond was upset about something, or someone.

Soon after, Wilbur followed father him. "I'm sorry!" He apologized. "I got too caught up and went over the line. I didn't mean to!"

"Who says that right in the middle of making out?" Dream exclaimed, his voice had squeaked.

"I—I don't know. It just came out. People say weird things sometimes." Wilbur tried to reason.

What the f**k had Soot said now?

"Well, they sure as hell don't say that." Dream scoffed, not looking at him. "Especially not with people they don't know for long."

"Dreamy, I'm sorry. I made a mistake. It was the heat of the moment."

"What!?" He turned to him with disbelief. "No, the heat of the moment is, "Baby, you're so cute!" Not, "Will you marry me?""

Sapnap breath caught as his eyes widened. He slowly looked at the other two behind him. They too, seemed shocked. Even George in his distorted mind.

"I'm sorry, Dreamy. I'm sorry, please just give me another chance!" He begged.

Wilbur f**king soot was begging Dream before their eyes.

If this was in another scenario, it might have been entertaining to watch L'Manburg's leader begging the SMP leader.... but now...

Wilbur proposed to Dream.

"Why?" Dream scoffed with crossed arms. "So you can crawl under the covers and go: "Hey, baby, wanna go look for a place where there are good schools nearby?""

Wilbur averted his gaze as he bit his lip. "Again, I'm sorry. When I heard what Fundy did to you at Church the other day, I-I just wasn't having it. I didn't want you to be taken from me."

"Fundy?" He questioned. "You got jealous-- Oh god, Wilbur, you have to understand that he saw me without my mask that day. He didn't know he was proposing Dreamwasf**kingtaken!"

"That furry proposed to D—" George nearly said aloud until Tommy covered his mouth. Still, even the minor seemed disturbed by the news.

"I'm aware." Wilbur sighed heavily. "Fundy admitted that he was at that church that day to pray for the gods to find him a soulmate. He told me when he saw you, he thought his wishes were fulfilled as he 'faced a living goddess'. Though, I have to say, he's right. Dreamy, you've always been so--"

"Don't think flattering me will make this issue go away, Wilby." Dream grumbled at him.

"Dreamy, I'll take it back."

"Take it bac—NO! You can't take something like that back, Wilbur!" He threw his hands in the air. "I mean, what are we supposed to do now?"

"Well... At some point we'll look back and this is going to be a funny story...."

A pause..

"Why don't we start doing it now?"

Both Sapnap and Dream looked at him incredulously. Was he serious?

"You're kidding," Dream said, unimpressed.

"Big man, come on," Sapnap heard Tommy whisper.

Dream shook his head, likely not having any of it. "Do you have the slightest idea what you did?" He moved his hands to his face, pressing the palms over his eyes. "Wilbur, this changes everything."

A minute passed, and Dream looked at him again.

"That night... on our first date." He said. "You told me that it was okay for me to take my time. As long as you can have me to some extent, you'll be satisfied... But it's not enough, is it? The fact

that you asked me to move in with you to your nation... I told you that I needed time to think, yet a week goes by and now you proposed to me. Wilbur, we're not dating, I told you I wasn't interested in that sort of stuff. I'm not in a serious relationship with Corpse, either, yet you still went ahead and asked me to marry you? Is your head even alright? You know everyone won't be okay with this! Especially Tommy! He doesn't want me to be part of the family. "

"I... I..." Wilbur had no answer. "I'm sorry, Dreamy..."

He shook his head. "You want me, even though I already told you I wasn't ready to become someone else's. If you continue to push the boundaries to have me...one of us will end up hurt..."

"Dream—"

"I think we should stop seeing each other for a while..."

Sapnap's eyes widened. Wilbur looked shocked, too.

"No, wait—" He reached out his hand to the blond.

"Bye, Soot," That made the Brit freeze, Dream turned away after strapping his mask over his face. He then moved out of Sapnap's visual.

The sound of the door closing was heard.

...

The cabin stayed quiet.

...

....

...

"F**K!"

CRASH!

They all flinched.

Wilbur threw something at the floor. It was something hard yet delicate, as the small pieces scattered about the floor of the room . Some of it moved to them.

Sapnap could see Wilbur slump to the couch, hands over his head in dismay.

Dream... rejected him...

So he wasn't lying about not going to stay at Wilbur's house.

He then looked up, but Sapnap's blood ran cold when he realised that Wilbur was looking in their direction.

"Was that a fun show to see?" He hissed, as his face darkened. "I hope you enjoyed it. Now get out."

Sapnap looked at Tommy, and he too was looking nervous.

They opened the door fully and got up.

“How’d you know we were here?” Sapnap asked.

“Please, I’m not someone who forgets to close the door of every room.”

“Wilbur,” Tommy started, looking a little ashamed. “I’m sorr—“

“Toms, go back to L’Manburg,” Wilbur ordered, surprising them. “We’ve got work to do in our nation.”

“....Whatever say, mate.”

One last glance at them, Tommy left.

“What the f**k were you two idiots still doing here?” Wilbur asked harshly at Sapnap and George. “Dream left, you two should go after him.”

...oh...

Wilbur was letting them go. He wasn't going to interrogate them as to why they were here.

Good, might as well take this chance before he changes his mind. Even if Sapnap didn’t want to see Dream because of a mistake he nearly attempted, he—

George immediately started laughing like a drunk idiot. “You got dumped!”

That seemed to have snapped something in the brit, as Wilbur looked furious enough to pull out TNT’s from his inventory.

“This idiot,” Sapnap mumbled angrily at his friend. He threw an elder pearl out of the cabin window, and they started running.

—Night—

Dream slept alone in his bed tonight.

Maybe not alone. Rather than Corpse, he had his pets sleeping on his bed. His cat, fox and ocelot kept him company. The bed was big enough for them.

He hadn’t changed his clothes. He wore black shorts and still wore the shirt Wilbur wanted him to wear. He couldn’t bring himself to take it off today.

Will you marry me?

Wilbur said to him suddenly in the midst of making out in his room.

Dream, will you marry me?

Fundy’s voice echoed in his head.

Why were people so eager to want to marry him?

Or love him?

What’s so good about him? He didn’t want to start a family yet as much as he didn’t want to love

someone.

“Stupid Wilbur,” He grumbled under his breath, yet still inhaled the scent of the brit from the sleeves of that man’s shirt.

“Meow?” Patches moved to his face and curled under his neck, as though to comfort him.

“Patches... why’s everyone like this?” He asked, then closed his eyes.

He slept well throughout the night.

Chapter End Notes

I took a bit of the idea from the big bang theory

Comment, kudos and join my discord! —> <https://discord.gg/hJuqFY9r>

New problem

Chapter Summary

Everything is peaceful... until some inevitable changes slowly takes action...

Another month passed, and there were already changes made despite how little Dream's actions were to stop his own downfall.

For instance, Tommy and Tubbo weren't causing anymore trouble. Dream hadn't seen those two minors in a while, likely because they've been preoccupied with the work in L'Manburg.

Reading the public messages on the server, he learned that Sapnap and Punz modified the community house a little so the place could be more spacious.

Dream let more people into the server (reluctantly) as the request to join his server began to pile up in his system mail. He let the same people he knew into the server, but hesitated for a while, while rejecting the rest. He tried to act as natural as possible when the new members tried to strike up a conversation with him in the form of a whisper message, yet his presence was hardly felt on the server as he never went to meet anyone.

He learned from Punz (he keeps Dream informed for some reason even though Dream never replied back) that Conner had opened a public bar, which was something the man in a sonic costume never did before. Niki opened her bakery and bookstore.

The main event that occurred recently was the election Wilbur held in L'Manburg held, the very same election Dream now failed to stop. Dream had cold feet when news arrived, but to his surprise Wilbur had won. According to Punz, Wilbur's party had the highest votes ever collected in L'Manburg history. Dream wasn't sure how that happened since he wasn't there, but he was glad.

Keeping Schlatt banned from the server was the wisest choice as Quackity lost the election. Wilbur won't blow up his own nation now that his country wasn't taken from him. Hopefully nothing bad will happen to the brit.

Wilbur had been sending letters to him twice a week through a crow, informing him about his life and work in L'Manburg. Dream had congratulated him on winning the election, and Wilbur replied by sending him back a banquet of roses.

The day Dream rejected him probably woke something in Wilbur, because now he was behaving and acting more like a responsible leader. Even in his letters his words weren't as creepy or as insulting as the first one he sent to Dream. He does show his yearnings to meet Dream again, but it doesn't go any deep as 'I miss you, my love.'

Dream... had to admit that missed the brit, too. He couldn't tell the exact reason as he didn't know himself, but sometimes he would mistake Corpse for Wilbur when he woke up.

Dream hardly went anywhere far away from his house for the past month.

Other than Corpse and Ponk, he didn't meet or have any accidental encounters with anyone. Mainly because he was scared after bumping into Sam.

Dream shuddered.

God, that was pure trauma... what he felt.

The only time he went far from his home was to go to Church Prime at midnight. He sneaked in, opened the secret compartment where the drafts of the blue prints were kept, took everything and brought them back to his house, and watched it all burn to cinders at his fireplace.

Right now, Dream was in his garden.

With a little help of his admin magic, he created a garden maze for himself right outside his house. At the center of the maze was a space he considered special.

Here, Dream could be alone and at peace. He sat at a bench-swing that was under a fully grown cherry blossom tree, reading a book.

“Are you trying to find a way to get away from me, Dreamy?” Dream turned around, blushing as he smiled at Corpse. The raven haired made his way to the blond as he walked the cobbled path.

“Hey, Corpse,” he greeted him with a kiss. The man sat down next him, wrapping an arm around Dream’s torso as he crossed his legs and sighed. “Got lonely without me?”

“Hell yeah,” he agreed, resting the side of his head on Dream’s shoulder. “I miss you.”

“That should be Wilbur’s line,” he joked. “You see me everyday.”

Dream then whispered in his ear mischievously. “And snuggle with me in bed each night.”

Corpse chuckled, then kissed him deeply on his lips. “I love you,” he breathed, their foreheads touching.

“...I know...” Dream closed his eyes.

“Have you been thinking about him lately?”

Dream stilled. “Sometimes,” he admitted, pulling away. “Mostly just worried if he’d do anything wrong.”

“Hmm...” Corpse started nibbling his ear, a habit which Dream can never stop him from. “The sun’s getting too strong, we should head back in.”

Dream giggled. “You just wanna cuddle with me in the couch.” He could see right through him.

“Is that so wrong?”

“You’re such a simp for me, as always,” Dream laughed. “But as much as I want to be spoiled by you, I’m a little late for my doctor’s appointment.”

“Is it time?”

Dream started seeing Ponk once a week for therapy, and it helps. He took his sessions as soon as Dream ended things with Wilbur.

“I’ll be back in an hour—“

Suddenly, Dream jumped from his seat from surprise when a letter dropped right before his eyes to

his lap.

“Where did that come from?”

Dream stared at it. This wasn't sent by Wilbur, he knew that much. For a mail to appear suddenly before him with... a seal of a god Dream wasn't familiar with could only mean one thing. Another Admin from another server had contacted him.

Something like this wasn't a common occurrence, especially not to Dream. There were two meanings behind this action. Either the contents of the letter tells him he's been summoned to an important meeting among Admins...

Or an admin had declared war on his server.

Dream stared at the letter hauntingly as his stomach churned. “I think I'll postpone my appointment today.” He said grimly.

—Meanwhile, Hypixel, at the house of a certain pig—

“It's been almost a year, Techno.” Dadza said for the fifth time this week, and his constant reminding has already given him enough headaches. “You should go see how your brothers are doing.”

“And for the love of XD and other gods, I don't wanna,” Technoblade groaned, closing the book of The Art Of War. “I'd like my days without any disturbances from a gremlin child and my moody twin brother.”

“Come on, don't you think they changed by now? It's been a year.” Phil stood in front of him, waving the letter his brother sent to their dad from time to time. “Wilbur established his own nation, and Tommy is one of his round men serving his country. Will even won an election recently and became president! Isn't that an amazing accomplishment?”

Rather than being proud of his brother, Techno only snorted. “Yay, good for him.” Phil folded his arms, not amused by his attitude. The blood god sighed heavily. “Look, it's not that I'm not happy for him, okay? But an anarchist. You know how much i hate the system.”

The old man shook his head. “I know, I know. You love to blow nations up and spread chaos everywhere. That's why you're not popular.”

“Hey! My name is heard across all lands!”

“Not in a good way!” He exclaimed. “You're banned from several servers and wanted dead by 8 different admins!”

“Bruh~”

Phil sank down on another couch, looking like he could collapse from stress. “I swear, Techno. Sometimes i don't know wheather you're the same son who behaves childishly enough to compete against a minor from another server.”

He grinned. “That victory was worth it!”

“You don't even love potatoes!”

“I found a way to profit from it last month back. From now on, I may be known an 'Potato god'”

across servers as I'm the biggest supplier of potatoes."

A pause, and Phil's eyes narrowed.

"Something tells me I'm the one who's going to be doing all the paper work." Phil said, dejected.

"Please do help me dear father. I'm known as the Blood God, I fight and kill my enemies on the battlefield. Managing and operating a business is more of Wilbur's interest."

"UGH," his dad groaned. "Fine! But the money I get from this is my retirement fund!"

"Deal."

A crow sat on Phil's shoulder and squacked something in his ear, and Phil nodded. "Speaking of Wilbur—"

Here we go again. "I can guarantee that if I see his nation's flag, I might 'accidentally' burn it down"

"Then meet him in his cabin."

"He's got a cabin?"

"According to his previous letters, Wilbur had it built outside of the borders in the forest."

Technoblade frowned upon hearing this. "I know my brother isn't that foolish to just build a house in a location where the enemy can easily break in."

"That's the issue I'm worried about," Phil pressed. "Wilbur built that cabin for a date."

He froze. An old and familiar worry and fear trembled through his body. "He's already in love with somebody?" He questioned in disbelief.

It's been 3 years since the last time they all had seen Sally. Techno knew his brother hadn't recovered from his heartbreak that caused his madness. He may have had flings, but those times were nothing but one night stands. He never went so far with them for a date.

So if he really did fall for someone, then that person must be someone who resembled Sally, or a special person Wilbur can't have due to an unfortunate circumstance.

Techno knew his brother's attraction to people who seemed far from out of his reach. It just shows the nature of greedy people who 'want what they can't have'. That's how it was with Sally.

Techno contemplated the situation. "The person Wilbur went out with... was it the enemy?"

"Wilbur claims that he's not the enemy anymore as his nation got their independence. And, yeah... Wilbur went out with the leader of the SMP."

"The leader!?" He spluttered. "Isn't that dangerous?"

"That's what I told him, but Will wouldn't listen. Anyway, this past month his letters have been... written in a calm and mature way. He isn't mentioning or describing his new muse in a creepy way anymore. It's like something happened..."

"You mean he just stopped suddenly?"

Something about that was ominously alarming.

“Either Wilbur is in trouble because of his new muse, or it’s the other way around.”

“Which is why I want you to go and see your brother,” Phil got back to the main subject of this conversation. “I’m worried... Tommy is still young to notice. All he knows is Wilbur went through bad shit and his mind isn’t in the right key. But he doesn’t know how badly Wilbur took Sally’s leaving... You remember what happened back then, here in Hypixel?”

“How could I forget?”

After Sally left, Wilbur burned his own house down. He was screaming in rage, tears in his eyes, hands and arms burned from the flames. He didn’t pay heed to Fundy next to him, who was an infant kept in a basket, as the poor child cried from the destruction before him.

The memories of Wilbur’s insanity and anguish still bothered and horrified him.

Techno sighed. There wasn’t any need to think deeply about this.

“Fine, I’ll go see him soon. Let me pack my things.”

—later, Dream’s house, Corpse’s home—

“God, someone shoot me now!” He heard Dream swear.

“I’d rather not,” Corpse set the newly washed dishes aside. He walked back to Dream’s side, sitting on the couch. “What’s wrong?”

Dream crushed the letter to the ball and threw it far across the room. He was distressed.

“Is everything okay?” Corpse asked again when no reply came from Dream.

“I’m being threatened.” Dream said, raising a hand in the air.

A raw anger, something animalistic, raged in Corpse. Who dares threaten his Cornelius? If they even laid a finger on his love with malicious intent, Corpse would take them apart.

“I’ll keep you safe,” Corpse promised, hugging him.

He won’t lose his love again.

A dry chuckle. “It’s not life threatening, Corpse.” Dream assured him as they pulled apart. “But thanks.” He looked. “My... server is being threatened. The person who sent me that letter was an admin on another server, and he believes that I’m not fit. So he wants to take over.”

“But, you’re not going to let him, right?”

Dream didn’t respond.

“Dreamy?”

“It’s not exactly up to me...”

Dream looked up at him warily. “There are certain conditions to become an Admin and own a server, but I... had a bit of a free pass. I only had half of my Admin training done, and I got this

server as a gift from XD. Not many people were happy about that as they had to work hard to get their own server, while I got mine because I'm being favored by a god. If they believe I'm not fit, other administrators are capable of taking over a server by either force or appealing to their gods. And... truthfully... I think I'm not fit..."

Corpse quickly clasped his hands. "Dreamy, that's not true!"

"It is... I know you noticed there was something wrong with me. You noticed that I can't... wield a sword, when that's supposed to be the basic to survival. You know I'm shit scared of lava, and being alone. My mentality isn't as strong as it used to be when those are the vital conditions to be an Admin. I have a therapist for crying out loud!"

The blond suddenly shot up and moved. He began pacing as he panicked. "I can't fight these people even if I wanted to as I lost my will to fight. And if they demand a duel, no one can help me as the fight has to be between admins. I haven't been in contact with everyone on this server even though that's what I'm supposed to do, but I don't know what shit happens everyday. I—I—"

Corpse quickly moved and held him, soothing him. "Shhh, don't say that. You'll stress yourself out even more."

Dream began crying, frustrated. "Corpse, I'm going to lose everything because of my ignorance and fear, and my lack of strength... and... I don't know what to do anymore..."

"We'll figure it out, okay?" He kissed his head. "You have me, I got your back... Dream, is there any other way those people would back off from touching your server? Something you have that's dangerous, or the number of people who are with you or something?"

Silence.

Dream looked up at him. "If... If I were a king, or had connections to a rich merchant or something, they may not act so recklessly. But I have neither of those."

"XD? You said you were favored by him?"

Dream shook his head in dismay. "XD means nothing to those guys... They worship a different god, and they believe their god is superior to XD. But if XD was someone really close to me, they might rethink their plans. But he doesn't see me like that." He took a breath and sighed deeply. "If I had something that was greatly feared, then maybe—"

Dream stopped mid sentence as his eyes widened.

"You got something?"

His face broke into a smile, like there was hope.

"There is something you have."

"I don't have it... yet." Dream said, but he was still smiling, looking excited. "But It's worth a shot. I just hope Wilbur won't flip out when I do it."

Wilbur? What did he have to do with this?

Dream began peppering him with kisses. "Thank you so much, Corpse. I would have thrown myself off the cliff if it weren't for you."

His jaw dropped. What?

“I need to go,” Dream told him, kissing his lips again. “I need to have things done.”

Corpse nodded, at least glad Dream found a solution. “Okay, what do you have to prepare?”

“I gotta get married!”

Dream said that soul crushing line so excitedly before rushing up the stairs .

Corpse was alone... silence was his company.... His brain stopped working...

Then his imagination began to run wild.

His Dream walking down the aisle with someone that wasn't him, exchanging rings, saying their vows, kissing.

And eventually *doing the deed* with someone in the bed they were going to share for the rest of their lives——

“Married to who!?” Corpse yelled in panic.

Corpse raced up quickly when his anxiety got too much.

Do I hear wedding bells?

Chapter Summary

Marriage

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

--another month later, Church prime, No one's POV--

Dream couldn't believe it was happening again, though, this is what he wanted this time. For the sake of his server, and to protect himself.

The moment the grand doors of the church opened and Dream stepped in, all the guests stood up and had their eyes locked at him.

He walked the long aisle nervously, his arm hooked around Punz's arm as they went. Everyone was shocked that Dream was suddenly getting married, except for George as he was asleep this whole time after eating a sleeping mushroom.

Church Prime wasn't as a grand and fancy place as the church Dream married previously in the first timeline. But it had to do now as he didn't have the time. That cocky and arrogant admin, whoever they were as he forgot to read their name at the end of the letter were going to regret for messing with him. Because now his future husband was going to support him.

He was walking down the aisle once more, wearing a nice frilly dress Niki helped him find. He wore his mask for now as he was nervous.

But it was alright! Dream had nothing to worry about.

The wedding would go perfectly, and proceed well. There won't be anyone who'd object to this.

Seriously, Dream made sure to not invite George and have Tommy and Tubbo distract him in the Nether.

He caught a glimpse of Sapnap, Fundy and Sam in the crowd, they all had a sad look on their faces, as though Dream was making a mistake... He'd understood Sapnap and Fundy emotions since they're in love with him, but Sam... What's his deal?

Sam should just go marry Ponk. Better yet since he became such a heartless warden in the future, he should marry an obsidian block.

Anyway, this marriage was only temporary. Once the issue was dealt with, Dream could file a divorce.

He was glad Corpse and Wilbur didn't flip their lids when Dream told them he was going to get married. He was more surprised Wilbur volunteered to be the priest to the wedding. But everything would be fine as Wilbur even promised he would be nice to Dream's future husband.

At the end of the aisle, right when he was about let Punz go to move up to the altar, Punz grabbed his wrist. Dream looked at him in confusion.

"Does it have to be like this?" He asked, and Dream frowned at how dramatic his sentence was. Like Dream was going to marry the end of the world.

"Yep," Dream said quickly, then turned away to look at his future husband.

...Why was he wearing a long grey veil? Dream couldn't see his face. Wasn't it the brides who wore that? And Dream was the one wearing a dress?

Ah, forget it. Let's get this wedding over with.

Wilbur cleared his throat. "Friends, families, furries," he said, addressing everyone. "We are gathered here today, to celebrate and to unite these two people in holy matrimony."

Dream faced his future husband. The anxiety in his gut was unsettling, but he'd have to ignore it..

"Their decision to marry was... probably done through impulse, as I cannot see the dedication and connection between them," Dream raised a brow at that line. "Like they're not fated to be soulmates. But they still decided to be with each other publicly without giving their reasons to their family and friends. They will accept each other... hopefully not as faithful lovers, only rivals, and friends. May our angelic, beautiful Dream live a long life, while his partner catches sickness and dies--"

WHAT?

Dream harshly whispered to him, "Wilbur!"

"Sorry," He cleared his throat and started over. "They will only accept each other as lover, companions, and friends. May they live their long lives---OH F**K it!"

He turned to look at his brother, giving a death glare. "I WISH YOU WERE DEAD, YOU LOUSY SON OF A BITCH!"

Dream looked at Wilbur, horrified at what he yelled aloud.

"You promised you'd be nice!"

"Yeah?" He gave smug look as he still looked at his future husband. "I lied so I could be here and swear at his face right in front of everyone."

Then his future husband spoke, but not in the voice Dream was expecting.

"Is this how mortal marriages are? I sense a lot of hostility in the air!"

The voice wasn't monotone, it was cheerful.

"What the--?" Dream ripped the veil off of his face...

The person behind it wasn't Techno,

"Hello, Dream, the administrator of the SMP!" A slime-Hybrid(?) smiled at him so happily. "I can't wait for us to sing and merry all night long! This is my first time to join in mortal festivities!"

"Wha--" Dream was utterly speechless. "Who are you!? Where the f**k is Technoblade!?"

"Technoblade, the potato king, is currently destroying half the world for you as a wedding gift!"

"WHAT!?"

"He was very happy to marry an admin, he told me." The Slime man said. "Now, he could do anything he wanted, and not be banned."

"Really?" Wilbur said in surprise, then had a mischievous grin on his face. He then pushed the slime away and held Dream's hand. "Dreamy, this is an opportunity!" He said, excitedly. "Rather than my brother, let us get married! We've dated for a while, and I already proposed to you second, so--"

Dream huffed. "Wilbur, we were never dating in the first place!"

"I OBJECT!"

George burst through the church doors.

"George?" Dream looked behind him to see if Tommy or Tubbo were with him. "Where are the kids?" He questioned.

"I fed them drugged candies, and had them shipped off to Hypixel!" He said, marching to his direction.

"HEH!?"

"Dream, let's get married!" George said suddenly, dragging Dream away from the others. "I don't know what it is about me that made you distance yourself from me, but I can change!" He stopped and turned to face him. He then knelt down, and raised a hand to him. "Let's elope and make our lives for the better! Let's making a living by growing mushrooms, and I want two kids that look like us."

"W-What's with you suddenly!?" Dream said in panicked state as his mind went wild.

What the hell was George's plan to elope with people here to hear it? And what makes him think Dream is capable of giving kids that look like them? He's a man!

"I object!" Fundy yelled, kicking George to the ground and holding Dream in his arms. "You're not worthy! You're too short, and you're British, and you sleep for too long!" He then looked at Dream in the eyes, giving him a puppy look. "Dreamy, let us get married! I promise I'll make you happy, I swear!"

"NOTHING DOIN!" Sapnap pulled the furry by the tail, and managed to throw him to a crowd of people. "Dream, accept me as your lover!"

"WHY!?"

"I swear! I'll do what i can to make you be with us again. The original Dream team! We'll be unstoppable together like we once were! So please--"

Punz punched Sapnap. "No way, he'll be with me!" The mercenary picked Dream up, bridal style, then had the guts to kiss his cheek in front everyone.

Which earned some enraged cries.

"Dream, i know this marriage isn't serious, and you would divorce Techno. So pick me! When

we're together, it'll be like a contract! You can do and say whatever you want and I'll obey! Please, let me be your dog again!"

"NO!" Sam gripped Punz's shoulder hard. "As Dream's friend, I object to this!"

"Why, because you want Dream to yourself!?" Punz hissed.

"No !" He blushed. "I--"

"I won't accept this!" Corpse yelled, coming out of no where. "We slept together first!"

"LITEREALLY!" Dream said quickly, so people won't misunderstand. "WE DIDN'T HAVE SEX! I SWEAR i'M STILL A VIRGIN!"

Then all hell broke loose.

DREAM BELONGS TO ME!"

"STOP BEING POSSESSIVE, GEORGE! HE WAS NEVER YOURS!"

"SHUT UP, FURRY! HE'S MINE! WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FROM A LONG TIME AGO!"

"I OBJECT! DREAM WILL RUN AWAY WITH ME! I LOVE HIM MORE THAN MONEY!"

"DREAMY IS MINE! I KNOW WHAT HE LOVES TO DO WHEN WE SLEEP TOGETHER!"

"CORPSE, DON'T MAKE THIS MISUNDERSTANDING WORSE!"

"Dream, admin of the SMP, when you marry Technoblade, the potato king, will you be able to provide him with his youngs? If so, may I have permission to watch you two copulate and perform the miracles of life?"

"Do-WHAT!?" Dream shrieked.

"I'M GONNA BLOW THIS WEDDING UP!"

"WILBUR, PUT THAT DOWN!!!"

KAAABOOOM!!!

The End!

(Enjoy this art I drew a while back. :))



Chapter End Notes

April fools! :D
This chapter isn't canon!
This was a short crack chap!

Meanwhile...

Chapter Summary

Sam's thoughts

Chapter Notes

This a short chap, sorry but I hope you will love it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--sams house, midnight--

The creeper hybrid tossed and turned restlessly, but he couldn't fall asleep. His mind had kept him up, preventing him from slumbering.

He wanted to meet Dream.

He yearned to meet his friend again. Those were his main thoughts. His friend. Dream, Dream, Dream.

Sam hadn't seen the blonde since that incident. Dream was afraid of him for some reason, and that bothered him a lot. He had spent a month trying to find a reason, but he failed. There was nothing he could recall that offended or hurt the blond.

He's gotta go ask him in person soon. What did he do wrong? The thought of Dream hating him, or keeping his distance from him due to fear scared Sam. He didn't want to lose his friend, his dear friend whom he had yearned and loved. Yes, that's what he will do. He'll look for Dream soon. He'll have to be careful and take a slow approach.

Sam rolled to the side again, and he couldn't resist the urge to inhale the scent that still lingered behind on the pillows and bedsheets.

Dream's scent was fading away.

When he placed the blonde on his bed to recover, Sam didn't realize Dream's scent would be left behind until the night he got into bed. Because he was a hybrid, his senses were sharper than normal humans. Taking in Dream's scent made Sam feel as though dream was physically here with him, and he found delight through that.

Sam never let his imagination get the best out of him despite his heart throbbing. He was more of a down to earth man, and the fact that Sam never imagined himself being so close to dream as a lover hardly crossed his mind. But that changed the day he met his friend at church with Fundy and witnessed his breathtaking face. Since then, he fantasized about himself being Dream's lover.

He imagined his big hands with brush and card through Dream's beautiful blonde fluffy locks. Fingers tracing the smooth, milky, freckled skin, as his rosy lips would press against his. Those

precious emerald eyes would only look at him with a loving gaze.

Just once, he wished to hear Dream call his name in a way Sam would have had his heart flutter.

But alas, life wasn't like that. So he'd have to wake up from his fantasy soon. Sam had been hearing rumours that Dream's been having secret affairs with someone on the server. He didn't know who, and his first guess was George but that wasn't the case given how distant Dream has been to his close friends.

People thought it was Ponk as many have confirmed spotting a blond man visiting him for some time. But Ponk denied such assumptions, albeit not giving his reasons why Dream was visiting him.

It bothered Sam again, especially since Sam and Ponk were close friends, but...

Ah, forget. He shouldn't pry. If he does, then it's confirmed that he's jealous. And he made up his mind that he can't have Dream...

Still...

...

Maybe for a minute...

“Dreamy...” Sam said as he closed his eyes, and smiled. “I love you...”

...

Sam slept well that night.

--Meanwhile, Sam POV in the other timeline--

Sam crawled on the floor feeling weak, wrecked, and pathetic. He couldn't move, Techno put something weird in the potatoes again. Maybe a paralysis drug.

But Sam would not complain, he deserved this, he would accept his fate. Sam was given a bit of mercy from Techno compared to Quackity, though. The duck hybrid's screaming could be heard next door, and still, the shrill cries hadn't stopped.

But he had his problems to deal with. The flashback of his actions started to haunt his sleep.

Sam had hurt dream, he had neglected him, he had starved him, and let him get tortured. Sam let his powers as a warden get ahead of him, and he forgot his friends and the one he had loved once a long time ago.

He had cut Ponk's arm off.

Everything hurts, both physically and mentally. But he knew he deserved it. He couldn't recognize himself anymore, and that scared him.

When he became a warden, he became obsessed with the idea of having to keep Dream in the cell and never let him out. The thought of having Dream in the palm of his hand, making decisions for the prisoners, controlling him.... Made Sam feel the power.

But now that all was gone, Sam was awoken by reality, and he lost his obsession when he realised he lost Dream.

The memory of the good old days when Sam and Dream were once close friends and had fun was now what brought him closure.

He whispered something not audible as tears pricked his eyes. "I'm so sorry, Dream.... I hope you're in a better place now. I love you.... "

Sam did not sleep well in the prison that night.

Chapter End Notes

Leave comments and Kudos as those give me motivation.

Sorry that this chapter is short, I am writing a long chap right now and given that I had not posted anything for more than 10 days made me feel like you guys were waiting for long. So here you go. The next chapter will be out hopefully soon. :)

Revelations

Chapter Summary

Punz's feelings....

Dream and Corpse are acting more like a couple.

XD reveals some truths....

Chapter Notes

Hope you like it!

The age rating has changed now given there were a lot of *ahem* jokes written in this book.

Thank you so much SakiSakura14 for writing the beginning part of this chapter for me! It's delicious! I found myself drooling for some reason? ;)

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Thank you NIK for drawing such amazing artwork! :D

Please leave comments and kudos.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--Punz's perspective--

Punz watched as a puddle formed around him.

He despised the rain.

He hated how the cold would seep into his bones, how his teeth would chatter at the warmth slowly seeping away from his body. He hated that he was going to get a cold sooner or later.

It was stupid. He should have waited an extra day, maybe even an extra hour before setting off to explore and go through an abandoned desert temple, only to find that it had been raided before by pillagers most likely.

And on the way back, halfway across the desert, it had started to shower. Punz had assumed it wouldn't rain in the desert, as the dry and sizzling climate rarely yielded any rain. So he hadn't brought along any raingear, which may or may not have been a stupid move.

So currently, he was here.

Soaking wet, under a tree, freezing and miserable as he was lost in the forest.

He crouched down to the earth, laying his head on his knees, groaning in frustration as he peeked at the rain, shielding his view with foggy and blurry colours that clouded the outlines of objects and living organisms.

The only thing good about rain, according to Punz, was how it gave him time to think and reflect.

But, of course, he was in dire need of it, too, with his recently committed actions.

Punz couldn't deny that he had been trying to ignore his problems, like how screwed up his relationship with Dream. He didn't know what had gotten into him that day. The contract was no more than the employer and employee.

Ever since Dream had fired him from the job, he didn't know what they were, then..... That kiss. Sure, Dream had started it, but.....Punz had taken it a little far.

When Dream's plush lips touched his own, it had practically sent chills down his body, an electric current awaking all the cells in his body. He had had plenty of hookups before, females mainly. He will admit that he had hooked up with a few men before, but it had only been occasional.

But Dream.....It felt different. An experience that he could not explain to himself or anyone.

He sighed as a blush began to heat his face, scratching that thought about rain being good for thinking. All he thought were the wrong things.

He just wanted to get back home and not be soaking wet from the downpour and check up on his little brother Purpled, as that boy just loved to cause absolute chaos. Punz hoped that the chaotic side of Purple would calm down once he got older. The kid was already driving him nuts.

Raindrops were beginning to seep through the tree branches, dripping onto Punz, dropping his body temperature, even more, increasing his risk of getting extremely sick. Each drop of cold that dripped onto him, Punz silently cursed.

But then, the cold stopped dripping onto him out of nowhere.

But the sound of rain still rang in his ears. When he glanced up, the sea of raindrops greeted him still. He looked up.

A transparent umbrella shielded him from the moisture seeping through the thick and thin branches of the tree, the drops of wetness forming on the transparent material.

A faint shadow overcast his own. A human one, not a creeper, not a spider, and indeed not the shadow of an endermen, those things hated the rain.

He turned his head around to see who was shielding him and nearly fell flat on his butt once he identified the person.

It was Dream.

The signature green lime hoodie was mocking him, a stark contrast to the black shirt peeking from underneath, the smiley mask screaming and taunting him with how he had broken Dream's boundaries the last time they met.

“.....”

“.....”

Both spoke no words.

Punz couldn't analyze the facial expression that Dream was displaying, as that mask covered most of his face.

But he didn't need to see Dream's face to know that Dream was not pleased to notice him again.

“.....”

“I-” Punz tried to start, but Dream cut him off.

“You’re wet. From the rain.”

“.....”

Dream sighed.

Before retracting his arm, he swung his head to the right, letting the rain drip onto Punz as he turned his heel, and began to stroll away.

“.....”

After Dream’s black lace-up front boots hit a puddle, he turned back to Punz.

“You coming?”

Punz blinked.

“Wha-”

“You’re wet. From the rain.” Dream repeated. “You’re going to get sick and die from hyperthermia at this rate.”

“.....”

Punz couldn’t deny that fact.

“My place is close.”

“.....”

“But, you’re leaving my place as soon as the rain stops.” Dream added.

“Fair enough.” Punz groaned as he stood, his knees cracking and protesting his movements.

Punz followed Dream in the rain. Dream let him get close a few times but would always speed ahead once he got the jitters.

Punz hoped that he wouldn’t frick it up this time.

Punz dragged a fluffy white towel back and forth on his blond hair, drying it. His clothes were now hanging near the fireplace as he wore clothing that didn't belong to him. It wasn't Dream's for sure given that it was a little big for Punz, and Dream's the one who shrank.

He sunk deeper into the guest bed as he looked around.

Dream place was.....well..... Punz didn’t know. He hadn’t been paying attention to what Dream’s place looked like as he dived into the hot tub immediately. But he had an idea that Dream was currently living with Corpse, which did not make Punz feel bitter, but.....

“Corpse isn’t here.” Dream answered as if he was reading Punz’s mind. He entered the room holding a steaming mug. “He went out somewhere awhile back.” He handed the man the mug.

"Oh..... thanks."

Dream did not reply. Punz noticed he wasn't wearing his mask now.

Punz had no idea what the steaming liquid was, but it smelled like mint. Hmmm...and lemons. He took a sip while Dream sat down on the chair adjacent to Punz, pulling it out from the desk.

The two did not speak for a minute.

“.....”

“.....”

Wow, this was getting tense, Punz thought, feeling uncomfortable.

“I’m sorry.....” Punz started. “For.....” Dream looked at him with an unreadable expression. “Kissing you.”

“....”

No reply.

Please don't kill me, now, Punz pleaded mentally.

“It’s fine.” Dream whispered.

Punz relaxed a bit as he took another sip.

“I liked it.....”

Punz nearly spat out the hot liquid in his mouth.

“Wha- Wha-” Punz spluttered.

The last time he checked, he had thrown a bomb at what little of Dream’s mental health was left. Punz had sent Dream down a spiral of emotions, and now the same man had admitted to him that he may or may not have liked the whole intercourse weeks after their encounter.

Dream's cheeks were dusted red on his cheeks and ears.

What?

“Well- you could say I have been experimenting.” The dirty blond confessed. “I’m trying to find a body compatible with fiddlesticks..” That's when Dream noticed Punz had spilt liquid on his hoodie. He stood up, took the mug from Punz and placed it on the desk. Then he moved to the dresser.

“.....Dream- I-” Punz didn’t finish his sentence before being interrupted again.

“Corpse was good, but was not completely compatible with my body.”

Wha-?

"Wilbur was passionate, which I don't mind. But sometimes he gets too rough and intense."

"Dream-?" He questioned. Where was this conversation headed to?

Taking off his green-lime hoodie revealed his skin. Freckles scattered around his skin like the star in the night sky, the curves of his body almost like the curves of the ocean and gems, his skin was a perfect pale white.

Punz was mesmerized.

“Like what you see?” he smirked.

Punz’s face burned up as Dream moved closer to Punz, a cocky smile adorning his face.

“Like what see, Punzy?” Dream whispered again, inches away from Punz’s burning face.

This was too much for Punz to process. He had just been stuck in the rain, soaking wet, and here he was, Dream half-naked, inches away from his face.

“I wonder if your body is compatible with mine.....” Dream whispered as he grabbed Punz’s wrist, dragging his hand to rest on the man’s stomach.

Dream’s skin was smooth and soft to the touch, tender like the skin of a newborn. Those freckles dotted his skin, contrasting it.

Beautiful, perfect.

Arms were linked around his neck, as his chest was pushed by the other.

Blue eyes met those gorgeous green lidded ones. Those plush lips began to drift closer to Punz, close enough for their breaths to mingle...

And then the cold woke Punz up.

Spitting out the water in his mouth, and then coughing violently as some water went up to his nose, Punz sprung up, confused.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!” Purpled laughed, a bucket in hand. “GOTCHA!!!”

Punz groaned. Purpled and his chaotic ways again.

So it had all been a dream.

He was in the house that he and Purpled dwelled in, sitting on the couch, soaking wet, like his dream.

Purpled kept laughing as Punz sat there on the couch, gears turning in his head.

It took a while for Purpled to stop laughing before his facial expression scrunched up, and he asked Punz the question:

“Why is your face like a tomato right now?”

“.....”

“Punz?”

Something in Punz connected the dots. There was a reason why that kiss with Dream had felt different. Oh, Gods. He covered his mouth from the realisation.

There was a reason why he had that dream with Dream in it.

He had fallen for his former boss.

Shit... he was-- he was--

"Oi!" Purpled slapped his shoulder. "Get up and make me breakfast."

Why is your face like a tomato right now?



Punz???



SLAP

Oi

**Get up and
make me
breakfast**



OW

nikunderscore

(Credits: NIK. Thank you, NIK for this amazing artwork! This is awesome!)

— Meanwhile, Dream house, Dream's perspective—

“Is marriage the only way for you to get out of this mess? Corpse asked when Dream woke up.

Dream yawned. “Good morning to you, too, Corpse,”

“Are you going to avoid my question, Dreamy?” He raised a brow.

“What happened to my morning kiss?” Dream pouted in response, making Corpse chuckle.

“I’ve spoiled you quite a bit, haven’t I? He kissed Dream’s forehead, then his cheek before pecking his lips.

“It’s too late to stop now,” He lifted his hand to touch the other male’s face, adoring and loving those cheekbones, and jawline. “I’ll hate you if you stop.”

“So demanding,”

“You and Wilbur made me this way,”

Dream sat up and turned the other way so he could stretch his limbs. He reached and grabbed his choker from the nightstand before drinking some water from a mug.

“I still remember like it was just yesterday your body would go stiff whenever I came too close to you,” Corpse held him from behind, his head resting on his bare shoulder. “Now look at you, you just can’t seem to get enough of it.”



A small bite on his shoulder made Dream gasp.

“You like it when you’re all marked up, Dreamy?” He teased him, making Dream’s face turn scarlet.

“S-shut up, I’m not gonna answer that,” he set the mug aside. “And as for your question... Yeah, it’s the only solution. Marrying Technoblade will not only elevate my status as the “Blood God’s beloved bride,” but this server would be infamous enough for anyone to come by thoughtlessly.”

“Wouldn’t that just make you more of a target then? I hear that Blood God has a lot of enemies, they’ll take any leverage against him.”

...That’s true. Dream hadn’t considered that. Trying to have Techno guarantee the safety of his server was one thing, but asking him to protect Dream’s wellbeing was another.

Corpse held him tighter, he noticed. The ravenette was probably nervous that the blond's life would be at stake. "Dream, does it have to be him?"

Dream smiled at him sadly before giving him an assuring kiss. One hand buried deep in those thick, dark curly locks, while the fingers of the other one intertwined with Corpse's.

"I can't promise I won't be in any trouble, but I swear my 3 cannon lives will be safe. XD keeps a close eye on me these days. It'll work out."

Dream faced him fully, arm around his neck as he moved to sit on his lap. Corpse still looked unconvinced but nodded nonetheless.

"Dreamy, promise me one thing?" Corpse asked in a low voice.

"Hmm?"

"I know you said you'll have a fake marriage contract ready, but for public appearances, you'll make it seem like you and Technoblade are a lovey-dovey couple, right?"

"Yeah? So?"

"So promise me you and that pig won't.... fall for each other."

The blond looked at Corpse incredulously before laughing.

Him and Techno? Please, no way. They were rivals, they held each other favours. They weren't even friends. Techno would never love him, he just respects him. Though, technically they never met in this timeline yet because Dream wasn't there to participate at the MCC held recently in Hypixel. So Dream didn't earn Techno's respect as the Duel didn't happen yet.

...He has a lot of work to do.

"Yeah, sure," Dream rolled his eye. "Techno won't be part of my 'harem', it'll just be you and Wilbur."

"Good,"

Dream was suddenly pushed down to the mattress. Corpse loomed over him, looking like a hungry predator. "Now, where were we?" He drawled, then smashed their lips together.

Dream didn't complain as he melted into the kiss. He wrapped his arms around Corpse's neck, trying to deepen the kiss.

"Hmm, baby, what did I do to deserve you?" He whispered in his ear, then nibbled at it.

Dream giggled at the pet name. "I feel the same," He said breathlessly.

Corpse had helped him countless times.

They were in such a loving haze, that the blond didn't realise 10 minutes had passed as Corpse kissed him. He nibbled his ears and neck and shoulder for the skin to redden.

Corpse was right, he couldn't get enough of it! He wanted more...

He wanted to be devoured by this hot, sexy beast.

Dream giggled at his silly thoughts.

Right, when Dream jolted when he felt the brush of Corpse's tongue on his lips--

DING DONG!

They both went stiff.

"We seem to have uninvited guests," Corpse said in an irritated tone. He clicked his tongue. "Just when things started to get good."

Dream, however, frantically got out of bed to change his clothes. He cursed himself for wearing his choker too early as now some other parts of his neck and shoulders had a lot of love bites. Damn, he got too caught up in the moment.

But he doesn't regret it.

"Well, Dreamy, I'll go and take your pets out for a walk." Corpse kissed his head. "It won't be long. I'll be back before you breakfast starts."

"Okay, bye. Use the back door."

"Of course, love." Then he left.

After removing Corpse's oversized sweater, he put on his turtleneck and a pair of long pants before rushing down.

DING DONG!

The doorbell rang again.

"Hold your horses! Jeez, I'm coming."

Dream opened the front door.

....Crap.

Karl Jacobs stood in front of him, giving a rather daunting look.

Sapnap's future fiancé was here.

Dream felt awkward and guilty when he recalled Sapnap confessing to him.

Forget that, act natural now.

"Hey, Dream said, "You're Karl, right? Sapnap's friend--"

"I know you're from the future, Dream."

That immediately shut him up.

His eyes were blown wide, and his body began trembling. He felt scared, insecure, worried, and his anxiety blew sky high. He wanted to shut this door in his face, he wanted to run, he wanted to hide under the covers. But such an act of cowardice would not only make him look weak but will also be futile as Karl could intrude in his house and drag him out.

What should he do? Such bad timing that Corpse just left.

"Dream?"

The blond flinched being called by his name.

Shit...Shit. Shit...

Karl knows... How does he know?

He's a time traveller, idiot! How could you forget?

"I...I have n-no idea what you're--" Dream tried to lie, but his tone sounded unconvincing and his facial expression wasn't--

His mask! He forgot his mask!

The brunet bristled. "Wow, prison did a number on you, huh? You've become such a bad liar."

Fear rushed into his veins. He didn't know whether it was because Karl could see right through him, or that he just mentioned that hellhole so casually.

"What do you want?" Dream demanded, trying to hold his standing. Trying to be intimidating.

Though, with the lack of height, he couldn't tower over people to show his confidence.

Karl looked at him with brows raised, but Dream sensed no hostile attitude or malicious intent from the man. Then he sighed deeply and shrugged.

"I want to talk," he said.

"About what? Why am I here? What "evil" plans I'm hatching on the server? Maybe manipulate minors again?"

"I want to talk about the future... The... The timeline where you died. You need to know the aftermath."

Oh? He raised his eyebrows and scoffed.

"What's there to talk about?" he splayed his hands, then turned around and walked away from the door. "The fact that you got all your wishes to come true? Are you here to gloat about how your lives have become better and happier now that the evil villain is dead? Or are you angry that the small changes I made here in the past had caused a butterfly effect in the future, causing more destruction in your wake?" He looked over his shoulder.

Karl's eyes widened in surprise. "Dream --"

"If you're here for the former, then I'm happy for you. Hope you and Sapnap were finally able to get married, adopt kids, and be a family without Quackity. Congratulations."

Despite saying all that, Dream was sure that wasn't entirely true. XD had informed him that his "former friends are in a state of devastation when they read the messages."

The brunet held his breath. "Dream --" his tone changed to that of a warning.

Dream pondered. "Oh, was that not it? Too bad. The two of you look good for each other. What a pity," He mocked.

Karl growled at him, letting himself into the house as he closed the door. Dream ignored him, as he knew he was crossing the line.

But Dream went on. “Are you here to drag me out of this past timeline to the future where I died? To show everyone how well I’m living here? And that it’s unfair? Or are you going to kill me? As much as I wouldn’t mind both, XD wouldn’t allow you. He sent my soul here to the past, he wanted me to have my second chance whether I liked it or not –“

“Technoblade is torturing Sam and Quackity because of you.“

Dream immediately shut up. Techno is doing what?

That seemed to shut Dream from interrupting as Karl went on. “Techno.... Took your death hard. He’s furious about what those two did, that he built his own Pandora’s prison in the nether, and is torturing them.“

Dream stared at him, not being able to comprehend what was said.... Because... Because he couldn’t believe it even if he wanted to. “Why?“ He blurted.

The brunette clicked his tongue. “What do you mean why? Isn’t that what you requested him to do?“

“I didn’t mean to have them tortured!“ Dream said defensively. “Yes I asked Techno to let them pay the price, but I was hoping it was exile or banishment from the server, or being ostracized by the server members. Maybe even having their home destroyed... But for Techno to torture them in jail, it’s like... He’s not doing any better than what Sam and Quackity have done to me. “

“As I said, he took your death hard... We all did...“

Dream looked at him fully, then glared. “Please, don’t say that to make yourself look better,“ He scowled. “It’s horrifying to know what Techno is doing to those two and believe me when I say I don’t approve of it. But other than that, Techno isn’t bothering you, he isn’t going to use his newly built prison to throw more people in. He’s not a control maniac. So with me gone and Techno minding his private matters, you guys have peace in your hands! You have your freedom! I know you all celebrated my death, jollied every single night! I bet you didn’t bother throwing a funeral for me, either, because a “villain“ doesn’t deserve to be remembered.“

“Is that what you think?“ He said angrily. “That we are all some heartless selfish murderers and manipulators like you?“

“Well, your fiancé was that kind of man! I may have done some psychological damage to Tommy doing exile, but I never touched him with f**king shears, or with a pickaxe or with the sword, or with a butcher’s knife! There was one time that kid pondered jumping off the cliff to the lava in the nether, and I stopped him! Your psychotic lover? He threw me into lava countless times, laughing like a devil as he watched my skin melt out of my bones, and then watched my bones burn to cinders! I screamed for Quackity to stop! I screamed for Sam to stop him! Hell, I even yelled at the top of my lungs, crying for help from the other prison guards... But no one came. No one helped me!“

Tears fell from his face, but Dream didn’t bother. He was too angry to care.

Dream jabbed a finger at Karl’s chest as he went on. “And your other fiancé? My “best friend“? He not only betrayed me, but he also threatened me! I get that I cross the line, I get that I hurt his feelings, but if he had any sort of sentimental emotions lingering around, he could have at least

visited more, or maybe watched the prison from the outside! He might have realised what Quackity was doing to me if he saw his other lover sneaking around. That might have been the only mercy Sapnap could ever give it to me if he cared!”

Dream was Sapnap's heartbreak, but even if it was painful, he could've at least noticed something odd going on in prison. Could've heard his cries if he never saw Quackity around.

“If you're saying Sapnap took my death hard, and that it's my fault he's grieving, then I'm not apologizing for that. I was getting tortured to death by one of your lovers, but if I escaped for my life, your other lover would hunt me down and kill me...” Dream shook his head. “I wasn't given a fair choice. I was getting tortured, and no one noticed, no one cared. But now that I died, you notice and now you care because you don't like change? Do you realise how cruel that is to me?”

Karl said nothing, he was momentarily speechless. He looked away with a guilty look on his face.

Dream moved back from him, rubbing his eyes furiously. “Convince me, Karl, just how bad everyone took my death? Last I remember, Puffy, my sweet biased mother who favoured her other son more, not only betrayed me but disowned me the moment she assisted Tommy.

“George, the man I loved so dearly and did everything for him, even made the bastard king, turned his back on me. He ruined my wedding with Fundy! He played with my feelings and made everyone believe that I was in the wrong when I dethroned him, but really I was protecting him from being a target. He never bothered to visit me in prison and found a replacement who looked like me, XD.

“Oh – and let's not forget Tommy! The cause of all of this happening in the first place! That gremlin child causes disasters and destruction everywhere he goes!”

“Dream, do not blame this all on him! He's just a child!”

“A child who takes advantage of his young age to use it as an excuse! He set George's house on fire! What if George was actually sleeping there, and Tommy set it ablaze? If George, died then what? Who will take responsibility for that? Not him 'cause you know how he is. Because the event didn't occur, I knew you guys would just brush it off. So I exiled him!”

“But –“

“Enough!” Dream stomped his foot to shut him up. “I'm not gonna discuss this with you! It's pointless because I'm dead in the other timeline, and I haven't touched nor manipulated Tommy in this life. All our lives are full hearts, and I'd like it to stay that way!” Dream turned away. “So are you done? Got nothing else to say? Then leave before I get my bear and my wolf to bite your head off!”

“There is another thing,”

“Spit it out,”

“Do you believe that we were happy? That Sapnap is simply just “grieving“ for your death?” Karl's face darkened.

The blond gulped. Initially, he thought Sapnap had celebrated his death, but judging by the look on Karl's face, he's got that all wrong. “What? Are you saying Sapnap went so far to make a grave without my body and is staring at it for long hours? Feeling sorry?”

“Sapnap believes that it's his fault that you died!”

He was taken aback but recovered quickly. Dream scoffed, ridiculous. "If Techno had shown you the countless footage of what happened at Pandora's vault, then it would be pretty obvious who pushed me."

But Karl was stubborn as he groaned in frustration. "Sappy believes it for 2 reasons. He feared Quackity may have noticed Sapnap still loved you despite the three of us being engaged during that time, so he tortured you in such cruel ways because you took his heart from us."

Dream looked away as he bit his lip. Sapnap's confession crossed his mind again. "And the second?"

Karl hesitated. "He... Sapnap blames himself for not... being there for you when things got bad.... He wished that he hadn't left your side, because you died alone in prison."

"I didn't die alone." He argued. "Techno was there with me when I died. Sapnap doesn't need to feel guilty for that! The things I did drove him off!"

"Well, Sappy believes it! He believes it to the point that he regrets it so badly, that he can't get out of bed!"

Dream's hands dropped to his sides. "What?"

"For months, I had been taking care of him, but Sapnap was withering away, his guilt eating him alive. He hardly eats, hardly talks, and he acts like a corpse. I even hear that Puffy's in the same state of shock, and Foolish is busy taking care of her."

"That's not all. After you somehow gave Techno powers to be administrator, he's venting his anger out at all of us, even the ones who did nothing wrong, like Foolish. We'd all had to endure watching every gruesome thing Quackity had done to you everyday, and we get it. You suffered injustice, everyone feels guilty and regrets not visiting you at least once. Hell, even Tommy always looked troubled! I haven't seen the poor boy smile for a long time! Techno is even making the server so unlivable that most of the people left the server to escape! And--"

"That would be far enough, time-traveller.."

White light blinded them for a heartbeat. Then, XD appeared before them.

"XD," Karl growled, not happy that Dream's god was here. He stood between him and Karl, blocking Karl's vision of Dream.

"Do not say anymore, mortal," XD warned. "Daydream has already suffered enough. It is futile telling such things now when he is helpless. He cannot go back to your timeline."

Then when were you going to tell me all this? Dream thought in his head. XD had kept so much from him.

"Honestly, I was careless. I would have never expected a mortal with time magic to intervene so soon." XD looked in Karl's direction, likely glaring at him.

"It was hard watching Sapnap fall apart each day," Karl clenched his teeth. "I wasn't going to let him die like that! I needed to change our fate! Everyone's fate! I needed to do something!"

"Sapnap's fate was bound to end that way in that timeline no matter what you tried, including everyone else."

Karl froze.

“What did you say?” Even Dream was surprised to hear this.

“The minute Sapnap assisted the others to lock my follower up, and threatened Daydream's life, his life was over. It didn't matter what you did. Whether Daydream's alive or dead, Sapnap would have died with regrets and pain in his heart regardless of what you do.”

“What... What is that supposed to mean?” Dream questioned this time.

Was there something he wasn't aware of?

XD looked over his shoulder. *“You are aware that the mortal's heart belongs to you, do you not?”*

Dream gasped... He had forgotten.

“ You are his weakness, Daydream, as much as you are as everyone else's. Sapnap has become a man who “cannot live without his best friend“. If you keep your distance from him, he feels lonely, hurt, and yearns for you. But if you died, then he would feel lost, empty, and eventually lose his will to live on.”

“That can't be true!” Dream shook his head, denying to believe the facts. “He had Quackity and Karl with him as his lovers. I can guess he didn't move on from me, but still, he had fiancés!”

“How naïve you are, my little follower.” XD giggled. *“Sapnap used them as a replacements.”*

Dream was shocked, while Karl went stiff.

“Well, tried to have them as replacements, but Sapnap still loved you more no matter what he did.”

Dreams stood there with disbelief.

Sapnap had loved him that much?

The memories of when his best friend backstabbed him and threatened him had clashed with the information he just received. How much was an act to look strong? Which was the truth, and where did it all go wrong? Was... was coming back to the past a mistake? He had already made so many changes.

“XD,” Karl said, breaking Dream out of his thoughts. “Even if you are a powerful supreme God, messing with time magic to send someone back to the past is a serious matter. And I find it displeasing to know that the person you sent back is a person whom you favour. Must you be so biased?”

XD clicked his tongue and shook his head. *“Quite the hypocritical statement you have given me, mortal, considering that you mess with time magic countless times.”*

“I go decades back, avoiding the past that may mess with the current lives of the people around me.” He said in defence. “I haven't changed any of my friends' futures by meeting them in the past or future, until now.”

“How imprudent,” XD snarled. *“You have messed with one life of a former friend, you foolish man.”* He flapped his wings to have his feet touch the ground. *“Your meddling had greatly changed the future of two people while initiating a bloodbath in their village.”*

“Is it Sapnap? Or Quackity?” Karl asked quickly, panic was visible in his eyes.

XD stepped aside and looked at him.

What?

... Him?

“Dream?” Karl questioned, confused. “How could I have ruined Dream's life? Some of his actions caused his downfall.”

“Does the old name, “Gamemaster“, not ring any bells to either of you?”

They both flinched.

Then, the flashback started flooding Dream's mind.

Cat, his childhood friend, was the only person he could trust. They both lived together at the rundown farm as Dream didn't have a place to live. No one bothered to care for them despite being young kids. They had to hunt their food, sell dairy products by themselves, and share the same bed.

Going to church was mandatory for all the kids in the village, but the priests despised them and excluded them from the holy building. Even the school would not accept them as students.

None of the kids their age played with them, and those so-called 'parents' of those kids warned Dream and Cat to stay away from their children.

People hated Dream for no reason, while they feared Cat. They were perfect for each other, as people would say.

Then the year they became teenagers, did things change.

The Gamemaster arrived in town.

The screams, the blood, someone had tried to kill him, but Cat protected him. Then, for the sake of protecting him, Cat told Dream to flee from the village, which he did. Then Dream heard that Cat had been executed for murdering the locals.

Dream was devastated by the news, he had mindlessly wandered the woods aimlessly.... until he met Puffy.

Dream stared at his feet blankly, eyes wide as he remained quiet. Then slowly, slowly did he lookup. But his vision was focused on one person.

....

Karl...

Time-travelling magic...

Gamemaster...

....

It didn't take long for the puzzles to fit in place.

“YOU!” Dream snarled, and then lunged at him. Karl yelled in pain when he got his body slammed to the ground. The blonde sat on his chest, pinning both his wrists above his head. **“It was ALL YOU!”**

“You were one of the villagers!?” Karl said in aghast.

He couldn't believe it.

“Damn right I was!” Dream bared his teeth at him as his eyes were wild and rage. “It was all you! You're the Gamemaster! You ruined my life. You took Cat away from me! You took my life away from me! *I'll kill you! I'll kill you! I'll kill you!*” Dream chanted, and Karl's face was turning white out of fear.

Good, he should be scared.

Because Dream will end him now! He didn't give a damn about the consequences, he's gonna die soon anyway.

But right before Dream could pull a kitchen knife out of his inventory, XD stopped him with a firm grip on the shoulder.

“Now Daydream, I know you are upset.” XD crooned, *“but I suggest you should not recklessly use violence, hmm?”*

“Reckless?” Dream shook off XD's grip. He glared at the God over his shoulder. “He's the reckless one! If this son of a bitch truly had meddled with my life, then it's entirely his fault for making me like this! It wasn't just Tommy, it was him!”

“Me!?” Karl scoffed, squirming under him. “Dream, I know there were a lot of external factors that influenced you to be a villain, but some of those actions were made by your choice. It was your mistake!”

“You don't get it, do you, you f**king prick!?” Dream shot back. “You messing with my life and that village changed my entire future! If the village didn't go mad from their greed to win a prize that wasn't worth it, no one would have died, and Cat wouldn't have been executed! The two of us were engaged, and I planned to marry him once we grew up and moved to another village! If Cat hadn't died, I wouldn't have met Puffy in the forest and gotten myself adopted by her; I would have never enrolled in an admin learning institution in Hypixel, and I would have never created the server and met any of you! ***I would have never, ever, become such a ruthless cold villain in the first place!***”

Karl looked at him shocked, the realisation dawning on him.

“Precisely!” XD exclaimed, clapping his hands, then floated towards Karl's side. *“See, your actions of abusing your gift have severe consequences, Time traveller. You believe messing with an isolated village is entertainment for you, but you did not realise just how bad karma bites back.”*

XD had snapped his fingers, and Dream was separated from the brunet. He tried to move and attack

the man again as his rage still hadn't calmed, but his body was frozen in place.

"Let me move, XD. Let me kill him..." Dream growled.

"Calm yourself first, Daydream."

"So..." Karl spoke, But his face was still pale. "I'm the reason why the future turned out that way?" he said distraught.

"Damn f**king right, you did." Dream hissed.

"Yes, and no," XD answered, and they both looked at him for an explanation. "Yes, Karl Jacobs, the abuse of your powers has caused major consequences in your timeline. As my follower rightly said earlier, you have changed everyone's fate when you interfered with Daydream's past. Even without your knowledge, the countless use of your powers has been eating away your memories."

Karl flinched. "What?"

"Thinking about this issue, some of the strain in your relationship with your ex-fiance was partly your fault. Sapnap believed Quackity was informed about your new kingdom because he entrusted YOU to pass on the message to him. But because you have omitted this information due to your amnesia, Quackity held the belief that he was betrayed by his lovers. A pity, is it not?"

"Wha..t?" Guilt began to show on his face.

"And, "no"?" Dream interrupted. "How is he not entirely at fault for what happened to me? Are you saying I'm also at fault too?"

Even if Dream was at fault... Dream would now have trouble coming in terms of it. Especially knowing Karl had taken someone dear to him.

This time, XD hesitated as he twiddled his thumbs. *"Well... That is something we gods are responsible for."*

"What on earth are you talking about?" Dream just wanted a straight answer. "Are you at fault for blessing Karl's magic, too?"

"No, this mortal was gifted with time magic, which is a rare case. No, the fault I refer to, Daydream... Is your existence."

...His existence?

"Are you saying being born in this world is a mistake?!"

"Of course not, my follower. If anything, we were anticipating your birth. No, what I am trying to say is that the other gods and I have... Used you as an experiment..."

Dream felt shivers up your spine. "Experiment?"

"A lab rat?" Karl questioned, astonished but also looking at the god with horror.

XD shook his head. *"Daydream, do you remember the story of Pandora?"*

How could I forget?" He scoffed. "You were obsessed with that story that you kept harassing me everywhere just to recite that myth over and over. It was like you were obsessed with the story of how mankind fell from grace."

XD did not comment on his remark. Instead, he began to tell his reasons.

"You see, the other gods and I have taken an idea based on that myth. In the popular, modernized myth people believe, Pandora was a woman who was used by the gods to punish mankind by tricking her to open a box she was never meant to open. But the original story was that Pandora was never tricked. Rather Pandora was cunning, sly, and evil as she was the servant of the gods. She willingly betrayed her people and obeyed orders from the gods to open Pandora's jar, thus letting humanity suffer.

"Now, Pandora's story has always fascinated us. Her creation, that is. How one God had fashioned her body out of clay, another gifted her beauty and taught her love, and another forged her witty, sly and clever mind to carry out the evil deeds for humanity to suffer. For us, gods, the very idea of creating our own humans, breathing life into them, blessing them with gifts, and watching over them, excited us. Alas, this was a power beyond our control... Individually, that is...

"But one day, a goddess, from a server which I do not recall, came up with the proposal. "Why don't we all create our own 'Pandora' together, and see what disasters they may stir for mankind?" She said, and all the gods unanimously agreed."

"No way," Karl whispered, eyes wide with this belief. "XD, don't tell me... Are you trying to say that Dream's –"

"I'm 'Pandora'?"

Dream finish the sentence. He was unmoving, he did not show his anger but rather clenched his fist. "I was "made" by you?" He said to confirm what he heard right.

XD nodded, and there was a sad blue aura admitting from him. "Yes... *Have you ever wondered why I looked so much like you?*"

Dream's breath got caught in his throat.

"It is not me who looks like you, but rather you who looks like me... I fashioned your body out of clay, Daydream. The other gods have gifted your beauty, charm, and intelligence, while others have embedded skills in your mind to be crafty, manipulative, and sly. You are meant to do some evil things, you were meant to be selfish as well. But we gods came to the agreement that you would not be aware of your purpose and origins –"

"I was fated to hurt people!" Dream yelled, tears were threatening to fall from his eyes. "I, I, I was..."

"Do not be alarmed, Daydream." XD cooed, moving to Dream to hug him. "We have indeed set that path for you, but that was only for a short phase. Originally, you were meant to do evil things in the village you were born in. That village... We had purposely picked the vilest, disgusting, and heartless people for you to witness, and for you to decide when to take their lives and make them suffer. Of course--"

XD looked at Karl, who stood there stunned.

"Those plans were all sent to mud once Karl Jacobs was involved. You were supposed to burn down that Village, and then flee so you could marry Cat and be happy with him. But after this mortal got involved, your fate had changed entirely, thus you became the villain of your server, having a tragic ending."

"This is insane..." Dream whispered, head shaking.

"We, gods, concluded that you needed to have your life changed. A second chance. We never wanted you to get hurt, Daydream. Even in the stories, Pandora was never criticized and killed tragically by the people she betrayed. Lady death even pitied you, and agreed for you to live again."

Dream said nothing for a moment, his face looked haunted.

"Dream?" Karl called, now looking at him in pity. "I'm... I'm so sorry."

"If...If me doing evil deeds was only a phase in my life," Dream said to XD, ignoring Karl and his apology. "What is my purpose now?"

"That--" XD looked away in another direction. "I apologise, Daydream. But we will talk later, your companion has returned."

XD disappeared from his house. He had taken Karl, too, as there was no sign of the brunet.

"I'm back, love, have you eaten--?" Corpse stopped dead in his tracks when the two came into eye contact. He knew something was wrong, Corpse knew him well now. "Dreamy? Are you okay?"

Dream said nothing at first.

"Yeah," he lied, painting a smile on his face. "Let's...let's have waffles together." He pecked his lips before moving to the kitchen.

Chapter End Notes

Leave comments and kudos, please.

:)

Motivation... need more.

Tell me, has your love for me wavered now?

Chapter Summary

Dream is tired of life...

Chapter Notes

Thank you Swearingcrumb for writing a part of this chapter for me! Thank you Nik for drawing such amazing art, and even was amazing enough to colour it! I love you guys so much, my saviours!

Thank you for being patient for this chap to come out.

WARNING: Self -hate, suicide attempt... and implied... ahem, stuff... All small , though,
Hope you enjoy the chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--Dream's house, night--

The dirty blond requested Corpse to look after his pets in the ravenette's house as Dream told him that he wanted to sleep alone. Corpse was worried about his sudden request, but after much persuasion, Dream managed to convince him.

Dream usually hated being alone after what prison had done to him, but this time he forced himself to do so as he was afraid of hurting Corpse.

He was fated to hurt people. He was fated to become a villain... because that was the path made for him by the gods.

If he hurt Corpse, whether it was physical or mental damage, Dream would never forgive himself. He owed Corpse so much, he helped Dream in so many ways. He was the first person to hold such unconditional love for him, and unlike George and Sapnap, bothered to show his affections for the blond. Spoiling Dream, showering him with love and attention. Dream would rather stab himself than hurt Corpse.

Still... now most of the inner voices in his head were yelling at him to hurt himself as punishment. As atonement. Dream had also wanted to vent out his anger and frustration as he held it in the whole day in front of Corpse. It was so unfair to know that his fate had been sealed by the gods... he felt so bitter and angry.

So he decided to kill two birds with one stone once he was alone in the house.

"STUPID, IDIOT! F**KING HELL! BITCH!"

Dream yelled swears from the top of his lungs as he flipped the chairs and tables to the ground. He

was sure one of them broke as there were wood pieces scattered on the floor from the corner of his vision.

"SO I DID DESERVE IT!" He smashed the plates, cups and mugs to the kitchen floor, some were yeeted to the wall. "PRISON WAS FITTING FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME!"

He yelled, ranted, and screamed all sorts of things until his voice became hoarse.

In the living room, the potted indoor plants which Dream cared for the past month, were kicked down with a loud crash. Dirt and pieces of broken clay pottery were mixed, but didn't care! He flung the flower vase to the ground near his feet, some broken pieces flew and cut his skin, but he didn't care! It was too late to care about he had punched a wall countless times, getting bruises on his knuckles that were still bleeding.

The body-sized mirror upstairs was thrown to the ground, crashing violently, and he felt satisfaction seeing his reflection crack.

He hated himself, he hated looking at himself.

Stupid.

Vile.

Disgusting.

Villain.

At this point, he was hating himself more than the gods who made such a terrible fate for him.

Dream looked around the house lifelessly.

Everything was a total mess. It would have looked like his place got ransacked, albeit the torn pillows, cushions and couch would have looked like a wild animal wandered in here.

Dream went to the door wordlessly, kicking the stuffing of the pillows that lay on the floor.

He left the house without looking back.

(I might edit this part as it was done in a rush,)

Dream was steps away from the edge of the cliff.

He looked down with green lifeless eyes.

The waterfall below was gushing over the rocks with tremendous force, plunging into the lake. The water sparkled beautifully under the moonlight.

Too bad that beauty was going to lose its grace once his body floats there.

“Goodbye, Corpse...” Dream whispered before his body leaned forward.

He was falling now.

Dream closed his eyes before his head hit the water.

Then everything went dark.

--Past/Memory--

"Cornelius!"

The dirty blond looked down from the second floor and smiled at his only friend waving at him. He wore his usual blue dusty gardening outfit, as his farm boots shined from the sunlight.

"What's up, Cat?" He asked. He moved to the edge. The wooden railings were completely useless as they were old and broken. Rather than using the ladder, he jumped down from the second floor to the large pile of dry hay that cushioned his fall.

He laughed. It was fun and faster to reach down this way.

"I thought I told you not to come down that way," Cat chided, his blue eyes looking at Cornelius disapprovingly.

The blond laughed. "I know, mom." He got out of the hay. "What's going on?"

"Let's get married!" Cat said excitedly, his bright baby blue eyes sparkling.

Cornelius froze, staring at Cat before blinking in confusion.

"Married?" he tilted his head. "What does getting married mean?"

"I think it means we would be together forever?"

The dirty blond laughed. "Isn't that what we're already doing, Kitty? We only have each other."

But Cat shook his head. "I heard the other adults say that being married would mean we would legally be together forever."

"Legally?" He thought for a moment. "I guess that's okay. Sure, let's get married. "

Cat's face brightened, taking in Cornelius's hand. " We'll move to another village once we're big enough to travel and find a place where there would be a church that'll accept us. I'll make you the happiest bride in the world when we get married there."

"Sure," he agreed but didn't know what a 'bride' meant. "It's a promise!"

"I wanna have babies that look like us!" Cat raised his hands in the air. "We would be awesome parents!"

"Yeah!" Cornelius said excitedly. "I hope many storks drop by!"

Cat hugged him. "I can't wait to grow up and leave this rotten village with you!"

"Me too. We'll be together forever..."

...

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--Next morning, Dream's perspective--

The old memory faded away once Dream's eyelashes fluttered open.

He moved his body a little, first curling his toes before stretching his arms. He was quick to register his surroundings.

There was a blanket over him, he was lying on a mattress. Taking in the scent that lingered in the pillows he was snuggled up against... He was in Wilbur's bed. He's in Wilbur's cabin.

He was saved by Wilbur.

He still lives on... This is the second time he failed to die.

Honestly, not much of a surprise there. He supposed that being made by the gods for entertainment would mean they were watching his every move. He has no privacy, which meant no opportunity to successfully kill himself. Something or someone will always stop him.

Dream rolled to the other side of the bed.

Wilbur's not here with him.

The brunet's side of the bed was cold... Perhaps, too cold?

Dream sat up and then noticed that the other set of pillows was missing.

Had... Had Wilbur not slept together with him? Huh, odd.

Wilbur was always testing his limits to see how far he could get away with messing with Dream. It was a kind of game which Dream was dragged into as he had to deal with Wilbur's bold advances. Heck, the game started when Wilbur had the guts to sleep with him (literally, mind you) right after their first date.

The blond stared at the space.

...

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So... Wilbur wasn't with him when he was unconscious. He didn't... touch, nor cuddle with him...

Dream bit his lip. Some part of Dream felt lonely at that thought.

What? No, that's crazy thinking. He didn't like it even when Wilbur bites him. He shook his head, dismissing the trivial thought before getting out of bed.

....

He was wearing Wilbur's clothes? Oh, of course. Dream tried to drown, it was inevitable to get wet. If Wilbur dragged him out to save him, then it would be an obvious thing to do to change the clothes of an unconscious person so he wouldn't get sick.

Dream raised the sleeves of the oversized yellow sweater to his nose.

....He missed this scent. It's been a while since Dream last wore Wilbur's other clothes. He still had the brunet's other shirt in his closet, and the scent of the owner had been fading away as Dream wore it in secret sometimes.

His entire house only smelled of Dream's scent and Corpse's.

Removing the sleeve from his face, Dream just noticed his hands were bandaged up...

...

Wilbur treated his wounds.

Perhaps he shouldn't have harmed himself this much...

Dream found Wilbur at the dining table, a stack of paper beside him as he scribbled furiously at some documents. He wore his L'Manburg uniform, something he hadn't seen in a long time, and his opinion about that awful suit still hasn't changed one bit.

Wilbur hadn't noticed his presence as he continued with his work.

Dream felt nervous. What should he say? Should he thank him for saving his life? But Dream had a feeling Wilbur would see right through his acting. Chances are that Wilbur might be aware of Dream's goal when he found him. The injury on his hands were clearly done out of self-harm.

"Oh, you're up," Dream flinched when he felt Wilbur's gaze on him. "That's good." The man walked towards him.

Every step Wilbur took, coming closer to him, Dream felt his heart pounding from nervousness.

What should he say?

what should he do?

Feign ignorance? Pretend everything should be okay? Demand why Wilbur stopped him?

Dream held his breath when Wilbur was right in front of him...

"Come, I have breakfast ready," he simply said.

The brit walked passed him to go to the kitchen.

Dream blinked. He turned to the other man who didn't bat an eye when he walked passed him.

What?

Eating breakfast near Wilbur made it difficult for Dream to enjoy the meal he was given. Wilbur sat across him on the table, a cup of tea in one hand while he read a document.

Dream thought it was weird when Wilbur used to stare at him with loving eyes while he ate, or when he wanted to feed Dream like a baby. But now it felt extremely awkward when the same man wasn't saying a word to him, treating him like an invisible man.

Like, what the f**k?

Wilbur's behaviour right now was resembling a little of Fundy's when Dream didn't marry the fox. The furry showed indifference, ignored him, and didn't look at Dream with those loving puppy eyes again.

...Wilbur... didn't hate him, right?

No, no. Wilbur probably still felt something from him, otherwise, why bother sending handwritten letters to Dream?

The blond chewed his toast as he observed the brit.

Wilbur looked ...paler, and his dark bags under his eyes. Dream had a feeling that the brunet was overworking himself as there were dark circles under his eyes. Compared to the last time Dream was here, there were documents everywhere now. Wilbur Wilbur had truly become a hard worker and a responsible leader.

Taking a break from him was a good idea. Now Tommy had a good role model to look up to and become like him when he grows.

Once Dream managed to finish his meal, he broke the awkward silence between them.

“Don’t you hate me?”

Wilbur finally looked away from the paper to meet his eyes. “Why would I resent you, Dream?”

His calm conduct didn’t waver.

“Because...” Dream swallowed. “I rejected you?”

The brit stared at him for a moment before he chuckled. “Is that something worth getting mad about?”

Dream's eyes widened.

Just a month ago, this man was begging Dream to give him another chance. Why was his behaviour completely different now? He expected him to change, but not... this much...

Wilbur closed his eyes as he sipped his coffee. “You are right. I pushed too far making that rush decision. I wasn’t thinking straight, and I wasn’t considerate of your feelings. As you said, we weren’t even dating. I... I apologize, dream. It was impulsive of me to let my obsession to have you get the best of me.”

The dirty blond stared at him in shock. He didn’t know what to say or think. Wilbur has changed this much in a month?

“This past month was good for me,” Wilbur stood so he could clear the table. “Those 30 days were enough for me to clear my head and reflect deeply. My relationship with Tommy and my men has deepened. It was terrible of me, as an older brother, to brush aside my younger brother’s feelings. I took it too lightly, but now I understand.” Wilbur put the dirty cups and dishes in the sink.

“I... I see,” Dream felt slightly relieved. Wilbur was... Wasn’t speaking like a madman anymore. The man in front of him was so much better immature... “That’s good to hear..... Thanks for treating my wounds.” Dream looked at his bandaged hands.

“You’re welcome,”

Silence.

...

...

“You’re not going to ask what happened?” Dream questioned.

Wilbur was always so concerned about him. Even the smallest things would send Wilbur to panic.

“You’re not going to tell me anyway,” he looked at Dream over his shoulder. “You tend to avoid talking about your problems, so what’s the point?”

That sentence hit home.

Dream look down. Wilbur knew him well... While he... didn’t bother...

Forget that, now that Dream was here, he should kill two birds with one stone.

“Wilbur, I received word that you are in close relations with the blood of God. Is that true?”

Dream needed to pretend right now because, in the original timeline, he didn’t know the blade was the Brit’s brother until after the Pogtopia.

Will turned to him now, looking alarmed and suspicious. “What about Technoblade?”

“I...” Dream hesitated, but no words came out.

God, just say it!

“I need to ask you for a favour. Would you please arrange a meeting?”

Wilbur crossed his arms as his eyes narrowed. “Why? Is there something you need from him?”

“I...” he was wordless again.

Dream... Dream couldn’t say it. He couldn’t say the exact truth.

“There’s soon going to be a little problem here on the server, and I need Technoblade’s aid to get the job done smoothly.”

“You’re the administrator of the server,” Wilbur pointed out. “And you’re the Almighty Dream. Can’t you get the job done by yourself?”

“In case you haven’t noticed despite all the times I’ve been vulnerable and intimate with you,” dream snapped, “I’m not a god. I’m not as powerful as I make myself to be.”

It was Wilbur’s turn to be surprised. “Ah... I see, I apologize.”

He contemplated for a bit before nodding. “Fine. I can arrange a meeting. It must be your lucky day as techno’s soon going to visit me today.”

“Really?” Dream gasped. Dream still hadn’t invited techno to join the server since the duel hasn’t happened yet. He didn’t think the blood god would bother dropping by his server to visit his brothers. The blonde never understood their family relationship.

“I’ve got to go,” Wilbur said, he moved to the kitchen counter and grabbed his beanie. “I need to

get things ready before techno comes .“ He grabbed the stack of documents before putting them in his inventory. “Oh, I almost forgot.“

Dream's shoulders tensed when Wilbur approached him this time. He froze in his seat when Wilbur brought his face closer to his, expression remaining unchanged while Dream felt even more nervous and anxious.



(This amazing artwork belongs to NIK. Thank you so much!



Dream closed his eyes tightly.

...

...

...

Click.

Dream cracked an eye open.

"There," Wilbur said, "can't go anywhere without hiding your face, right?" He moved away from Dream.

Dream stared at him, dumbfounded as he touched his face.

His porcelain mask was covering his face.

Wilbur...

Wasn't going to kiss him...? He looked up to the brit with a stupid look on his face.

The other man sensed his confusion. "What? Were you expecting me to kiss you?" Dream face reddened, and Wilbur gave a small chuckle as his brows raised, amused. "Or maybe cuddle you like I used to? Perhaps even drag you back to bed so we can make out, maybe leave a trail of marks down your body?"

Dream blushed more darkly under his mask. "I... I..." He stuttered. Yes, he wanted that. He didn't know why, but he wanted to have those lips on his so bad.

He snorted. "Corpse must be spoiling you too much if you think I'm gonna do that again, Dream."

What?

"I have a meeting right now, and it's too important to miss out."

Wilbur turned his heel. "Your clothes are on the living room table. Be sure to change before leaving. See you."

Without wasting a minute, he walked out the door and left the blond alone.

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Dream only had silence for company.

What the f**king hell just happened right now?

Subconsciously, Dream puffed his cheek, feeling bitter that Wilbur just left him.

Dream ignored Wilbur's wishes though. Rather than changing, he still wore Wilbur's clothes and left his own before leaving the cabin.

He wanted to keep it, was that so wrong?

--Dream's home--

The dirty blond knew that it was inevitable for Corpse to see the disaster that he left behind, so it was no surprise to Dream to find the ravenette here before him, staring at the mess before him in horror.

Even his pets looked frightened, as he heard faint whimpering and some of their tails wagged underneath their body.

The sound of a broken glass cracking underneath Dream's boots caught Corpse's attention. He turned to him, his expression full of shock and worry as he removed his mask. "Dream... what is...?"

Dream looked away, not out of guilt, but... his mind was simply too tired to come up with an excuse.

"Dreamy?"

He took a step towards him.

Dream, moved away to he could collapse on the shredded couch that he caused with shears.

Dream removed his mask. "I find it amazing, you know." Dream mumbled, hugging a shredded couch cushion as he brought his knees up. "That you still stayed despite seeing how much of a mess I am. Even when we were kids, you didn't give up on me when I was extra baggage to look after, Cat."

Corpse stiffened as his eyes widened. "How... you... when did you realise....?"

"Just last night when I went and took a swim in the waterfalls." Dream replied with little interest. "I dreamt of an old memory about us, about the day when you proposed to me..." He gave a weak smile. "It's pretty heartless of me to just forget about the promises we made, huh?"

The other male stared at him. "I knew it was a mistake to leave you," he swore to himself." He quickly approached Dream. "Are you okay? Are you hurt somewhere?"

Dream shook his head, he raised both his wrists to him, showing the bandages over his hands. "It doesn't hurt anymore. As you see... Wilbur found me, and tended me..."

"Cornelius," Corpse's eye reflected guilt. "I... I'm sorry I deceived you. I just didn't want to you be too much of shocked. I know it's not an excuse, but I was worried that I might hurt you."

"I've been hurt already," Corpse tensed from his answer, "Not from you, but... You should know... since I depend on you emotionally."

Corpse sat next to him. "...Why? Why would you try to....?"

After holding it for so long, the waterworks started.

Dream finally told him the truth, and Corpse listened to his pathetic, tragic story.

He cried in his chest as he told him about what happened in the original timeline, which he initially belonged to, where he became a villain of his own server. He told Corpse he betrayed his friends for power and control as he was delusional to believe he was a god; manipulated minors; stole everyone's attachments; got imprisoned for his actions, but killed Tommy in his cell without a second thought before reviving him as an experiment; tired of living in that hellhole, XD granted his selfish wish to die, but for the price that the god would send Dream back to the past against his will.

Corpse stroked his head tenderly that Dream purred. It felt good... so good... But it was wrong to ask for more. Wrong to be greedy. The ravenette stopped Dream from pulling away.

"Is that all?" Corpse asked calmly, gently, wiping away the blond's endless tears with his thumb. "There's more to the story, right?"

Dream hiccupped, trying to speak his words properly. "Is it worth telling anymore? Aren't you disgusted by me? what I've done? What I've become after we parted ways. I'm a monster, Cat, I-- Hmppph!"

Corpse kissed him, stopping Dream to say any more words. "I don't f**king care," He breathed, his hands carding through his hair before stealing another kiss. "I know we aren't kids anymore,

but that doesn't change how I feel about you. So what if you're a villain? I'm not much of a saint myself. I've killed people before, even when we were young. The list of names of the lives I took is long, you just didn't know about it as I was scared you would leave me.

Dream gasped.

"My lovely Cornelius, I've told you before. You're the only one I want. I don't care whether you are a villain, I only want you, and you only. No one else. So whatever you had to do to survive, whatever you did from spite or rage or selfishness... I don't give a damn. You're here now with me, and you're perfect. You always were, and you always will be." "

"Cat..." He whispered, more tears falling from his eyes. His chest ached bad, and his lips wobbled.

Corpse smiled at him gently. He picked Dream up bridal style, carrying Dream upstairs. "Who cares if people hate you? You have me, and I will never leave you again. It's always been us against the world, remember?"

Kicking the bedroom door open, Corpse gently placed Dream on the mattress, laying him down before hovering over him. He touched his cheek, caressing the skin as he looked at him sadly.

"Don't take your life, please. Rather than throwing it away, give yourself to me." Corpse took his hand, kissing the back of the palm. "I accept this part of you." He moved his lips to his wrist, then to his jaw. "I accept all of you, the good and the bad."

"C-Cat..." Dream whined when Corpse peeled down the neck of Wilbur's yellow sweater so he could bite the skin. It was quick few nips before he stopped.

"If you still think you're going to hell," Corpse told him in a low voice, kissing his head, "Then let's go together. I won't leave you."

Finally a small smile curled on Dream's face, his half-lidded teary green eyes only looking at Corpse. "I feel bad for the death goddess already." He reached his hand to brush Corpse's hair down, and the ravenette purred contently, closing his eyes. "Thank you, Cat..."

Corpse began kissing him again in response.

"Silly, Kitty," Dream said his old nickname as he laughed. The blond wrapped his arms around Corpse's head. "*My Kitty...*"

"Hmm...yours..." Corpse purred his face pressed to Dream's chest.

Dream had finally accepted him.

And that was the first step on the road to healing...

--Later, Evening, Wilbur's cabin, Techno's perspective--

"Hello," Techno grumbled as he knocked on the door. He was tempted to kick down the door, to be honest.

Wilbur answered the door, eyebags present and his skin was very pale. "Hey."

Techno rose an eyebrow. He stepped inside, meeting Tommy, the gremlin. '*Ah. understandable. The child is here.*' He frowned.

“WILBUR! IT’S THE FOOKIN BLADE MAN!” Tommy grinned, Techno could feel the sun radiating from the younger. That chaotic energy in him never changed.

“Y... Yes, Tommy. He’s... He’s here.” Wilbur sighed, slapping his hand on his face to wake himself up.

“You look like me when I don't get enough sleep. Plus, your eyes are puffy.” Techno pointed out.

Wilbur paled, if it was even possible, and looked at Techno, dumbfounded that he noticed. "I've been busy this month. This morning I had a 3-hour meeting with the merchants, and had to make sure Tommy was on his good behaviour during their visit."

Tommy grinned. “Okay, enough boring talk. You got some shit for me?” He smirked.

“..I give you the gift of playing with your friend, Tubbo,” Techno muttered.

“WHY- YOU PIG BITCH! I CAN PLA- HANG OUT WITH TUBS- TUBBO WHENEVER I WANT!” He yelled, hurting the ears of both brothers.

Techno sighed. He threw a wooden sword at Tommy.

“Ugh, this looks like shit,” He complained. "But whatever that's been given, and I shall pl- hang out with Tubs- Tubbo.” He took it and went straight out, leaving them alone.

“..Cool windows,” Techno said after a while of dreaded, awkward, and uncomfortable silence.

“Thanks?..” Wilbur replied awkwardly.

Techno immediately knew something else was up, something was bothering his brother, and it wasn't because of the gremlin. “Okay, Uh... What’s with your love affair or something? With *Dream*?” Techno now looked at Wilbur, though it could be mistaken for a glare from a dangerous person.

“..It’s not something I feel like talking about..” Wilbur shuffled in his seat. Techno eyed him. “Did you get... Did you break up or something?” He covered his mouth to hide the small chuckle.

He got dumped again, wow. In less than a month too.

Wilbur heard it, though.

"Shut up." He glared at him spitefully. “Ugh. It’s not funny.” Wilbur huffed. Techno rolled his eyes. “Ugh. It’s not *my* fault Dream wants to see you..” Wilbur mumbled.

‘He wanted to see me?’ He raised an eyebrow, before quickly returning to his neutral self. “That’s not exactly related.” He replied, bluntly.

Wilbur jumped, eyes widening. He coughed. “Oh,” Wilbur mumbled. He looked away. “How are you?” He asked awkwardly, changing the subject.

Techno let out a quick ‘*bruh*,’ before answering. "Dadza wanted me to check up on you and Tommy. Your letters are unsettling."

The brit brows furrowed. "But my writings are more pleasant?"

"That's what scares us,"

"What?"

"I wanna talk about Dream."

"F**k off," Wilbur stalked off, grabbing a bottle of wine that was on the table.

"Oh, good idea. I'd love to have something to drink after a long exhausting journey," he followed his brother, taking off his pig mask.

"I wasn't inviting you!"

"Too late, I'm sittin on the couch!"

--Night, Dream's house--

"Are you sure?" Corpse asked nervously, whispering to Dream, as though someone would hear.

"Will you take this chance now while I'm in the mood? Or should I go over to Wilbur's?"

The ravenette growled at his boldness. "Don't complain later, Dreamy."

"I won't," Dream smiled, touching his cheek. "Because it's you..."

That was enough for Corpse to snap and not hold back as Dream kissed him deeply, and gave him everything he had."

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos are much appreciated.
I'm gonna correct the grammar mistakes later.

I used references from a book I read.

Well, this is first time I actually implied/wrote something like this...
Hope you didn't mind that :)

Difficulties

Chapter Summary

XD gets informed about something that may trouble Dream later.
Dream is mentally all better now.
George and Sapnap talk, and it gets heated.
Techno, they meet!

Chapter Notes

Thank you Kc_arts98 for writing a part for me!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--Meanwhile, in the gods' realm--

"Yoo-hoo! XD! Long time no see!"

XD immediately closed his magic peepholes and spun around. *"Can I help you?"*

The deity from another server, the first goddess who proposed the idea of creating the god's own 'Pandora', had arrived.

XD hadn't seen her since their last meeting with the other gods regarding Dream's fate. What brings her here today? Frankly, he hardly cared.

"Ohh, having fun watching my Daydream?" She crooned, smiling. Her pink long hair flowed in the air despite no wind blowing in this realm. Her heart eyes (literal heart eyes in the iris) glowed with joy.

*"You mean **our** Daydream,"* XD snorted. *"We all made him, Eve. Do not forget that."*

"Ohh, but I believe I'm the one who made him into such a lovely thing?"

Eve was a deity of love and beauty. She'd like to call herself Aphrodite, as she really liked the goddess in the Greek mythologies, but XD doesn't bother with that.

XD waved his hand, dismissing that statement. *"Are you in need of something?"*

"I wanted you to convey a message from me to our beloved Daydream!" she giggled. *"He needs to be a **little careful** for the next few weeks."*

"What mess have you stirred up this time?" XD asked, getting unimpressed by the goddess by the minute. He never liked her, anyway.

"I have done no such thing!" she exclaimed. *"At least not recently. Our Daydream, however, may... face a little dilemma soon due to the gift I blessed upon him as its... how should I say? Getting*

stronger? Activated? Switched on?"

XD tilted his head in confusion. *"Was your gift not charm and beauty?"*

"Why yes. Why do you think so many men were falling in love with him when he never showed his face? No, I had actually slipped another blessing upon him, and that blessing has been slowing and steadily growing... until..." She hesitated. He didn't like this.

"Until what? Has our Daydream done something recently to cause any change?"

"Why don't you tell me, XD?" She smiled, raising her brows mischievously. *"He's certainly not 'innocent' any longer, now is he?"*

"Ah... I see. You are telling me that because Daydream had been deflowered recently, the secret blessing you casted upon him has intensified?"

Eve wasn't happy with his words. *"You make it like it's something bad...But, yes."*

"And what gift have you given this time to cause this?"

"It's the gift of owning a harem. Almost everyone Daydream meets may feel charmed by him at first sight!"

XD looked at her incredulously.

"I thought we agreed Corpse would be our Daydream's lover?"

"I got paranoid, okay! After what happened to him in the previous timeline, I didn't want it to happen again! I don't want him to suffer anymore!"

"Eve, because of your rashness, I believe you have given Dream more trouble than he needs."

"Well, I would be lying if I said I didn't want more drama. Hehe."

XD groaned, he looked down and opened another magic peephole. *"This does explain why the mercenary down there is having such... dreams..."*

--meanwhile--

“Oh, Punz~”

Dream whispered seductively in his ears, even nipping it.

Punz found himself sitting on a very... ‘themed’ decorated bed (with all roses and stuff), with Dream hugging him behind him.

“Won’t you be my first? Please?” Dream pouted.

“Nope!” Punz gently pushed the dirty blond away, rejecting him. His heart pounding from the sudden request, he felt that the organ would jump out of his mouth.

Dream yanked him down to the bed by his hood, then before he knew it, he sat on Punz’s stomach to pin him down.

“D-Dream!” Punz sputtered in panic. “I think this is a little rash!”

Dream only smiled at him as he blushed. “You want this, Punzy! Why else would you just kiss me without my consent?”

"T-that's a mistake!"

“But you love me, regardless,”

He stopped squirming. “What?”

The dirty blond stared at him in confusion, then gasped. “You didn’t know?” He gasped. “Oh, but you’ll learn to accept the truth, anyway.”

Dream’s head dipped.

Their breaths mingled, and their lips came close.

“F**K!” Punz swore aloud as he sat on his bed, panting from the Dream. “Oh thank god, that was f**king close...”

The mercenary covered his mouth as he contemplated. “This is bad,” he murmured under his breath as his ears turned redder. “This is really, really bad...”

—next early morning, Dream’s house—

Something awoke Dream from his slumber early in the morning, and it was the sound of the door getting clawed at.

Dream didn’t want to get up to see what it was as his body ached, especially the lower half.

His first time was... not as scary as he imagined it would be, probably because Corpse was gentle with him, treating his body delicately.

Corpse held him in his sleep, just as he had all night as if the blond would somehow slip away during the night

Dream smiled, pressing his nose to his shoulder to take in his scent. Corpse did not stir. Even when the blond had reached his hand to touch that sleeping handsome face, Corpse did not wake up.

He chuckled, turning his back to Corpse so he could snuggle his face to the pillows. The clawing on the door continued, but Dream was slowly drifting back to sleep again.

Somehow, his pets managed to get the door open and entered the room excitedly. Two of them jumped on the bed, his wolf licking his face.

“Okay, okay, ha, stop!” Dream laughed, pushing the snout of his wolf gently. The wolf barked happily before getting down from the bed.

“Agh... you’re heavy, get off,” He heard Corpse heave.

The ocelot put her entire weight on Corpse’s chest, making it hard for the ravenette to breathe. The action seemed deliberate as she stared down at him unmoving, ignoring his pain.

“Misha, get off him,” Dream said, and his tamed cat obeyed, going to Dream’s side and purring to his neck. He sat up. Gosh, what got them all excited so early in the morning?”

“Maybe they sensed our little fun last night,” Corpse grinned devilishly, and he got a light punch on his shoulder. Misha meowed

Corpse sat up to kiss Dream’s shoulder, which was covered with red marks. “How are you feeling?”

“Tired,” Dream admitted. Corpse tensed. “But happy.”

“Should I be worried?”

Dream rolled his eyes. “I’m a little bothered just how experienced you seemed from the way you treated me last night.”

Corpse shrugged. “You could say I practised just to make out night special.”

Dream made a face. “So you did have partners in the past.”

“No,” he said quickly before Dream could puff his cheek and sulk. “I...took notes... and studied the Art of Passion... by spying on other people when they did the deed...”

Dream cringed. “I don’t know if I should feel if that’s romantic that you took your time and effort for me, or if I should feel shocked that my childhood friend is a secret pervert.”

Corpse pouted. “Was it wrong to fantasize?”

“I don’t know how to answer that. But it does make me wonder whether all those times you spent with me was to look for an opportunity to get into my pants.”

Corpse laughed. “That’s fair.”

The blond raised his brows. “You’re not gonna deny it?”

This time Patches leapt on the bed, making her presence noticeable by meowing very loudly.

“I think she’s hungry. Maybe they all are,” Dream looked at Corpse, trying to make himself adorable. “Kitty, please be a hubby and have them all fed. I want to sleep longer.” He laid back down, pulling the blanket over his shoulder. “Thanks.”

Corpse stared at him, taken aback. “But I didn’t agree-?”

“But you will, won’t you?” He fluttered his eyes innocently.

The ravenette chuckled from his action. “You’re so lucky I’m a simp, Dreamy,” He kissed Dream before sighing, untangling his legs from Dream’s as he got up and grabbed his pants from where he’d thrown them on the floor. Dream took a peak and watched him change, still comprehending the fact that *that* body did the deed with his small frame.

Not that Dream was complaining. Not when that man was his as Dream was to him.

Corpse whistled at his pets to come to follow him out of the room.

Sometime later, Dream felt Corpse joining him under the covers again as his face was pressed against Corpse’s bare chest.

“Back so soon?” Dream teased.

“It’s cold,” he grumbled. Holding him tight. His hand grazed his lower back, making Dream sigh in contentment. “Should have worn a shirt.”

“Hmmm...”

His lips curled to a sleepy smile. Dream was happy for the first time in a long while.

—Sapnap’s place, Sapnap’s POV—

“Hey man,” Sapnap said, opening the door.

George was not looking so good, not that he ever was these past few weeks.

“Dude... What happened to you?”

“Last night, I went looking for a Dream,” George said, his voice cracking.

Sapnap tensed. “Come inside, someone might listen.”

The arsonist led the Brit to the living room, and they both sat down. “I’m guessing you found him. Did he kick you out?”

George pulled down his goggles, hiding his eyes. “Sapnap, did you know that Dream was having another affair?”

He tensed again.

So he found out about Corpse.

“Sap?”

“... Yes... I’ve known for a month.”

“A month-A MONTH?!” He raised his voice. “You’ve known for that long, and you don’t bother to tell me about it?”

“Knowing you, George, and no offence, but whenever you get jealous, you become a sociopath. I knew you would find some way to get in the middle of Dream’s affairs and ruin it.” Sapnap looked away. “Besides... Dream admitted he didn’t love him, nor Wilbur... He’s just... using them.”

“As friends with benefits?!” George’s shoulders stiffened.

“He sees them as kiss buddies,” Sapnap argued. “Dream does go so far as to share a bed with him, but he’s not being touched in *that* way.”

George stared at him. “We should do something, Sapnap.”

The arsonist rolled his eyes. “Did you not understand a word I said?”

“When I went and found Dream’s in your house... I heard...”

“Heard what?”

“They were doing it!”

Sapnap went rigid and his eyes widened. He immediately understood the inference. “You.... you

were spying on them?" His cheeks reddened.

George was blushing more. "I didn't listen the whole way but..." George shook his head as his face grimed. "Sap, Dream would... If we don't do something soon, Dream may never be part of our lives anymore."

"... That," Sarnap bit his lips. "It's not that "Dream may not be part of our lives", Dream had already decided he didn't want to be with us anymore."

George looked at him, horrified.

"Last month, I confessed to Dream... And I begged him to at least stick around. No matter how many affairs he has, I didn't want him to leave us... But he already made up his mind, George. He... I don't know why he's just leaving us." Sarnap groaned as he looked up. "You know, I blame you, sometimes."

"What do you mean?"

"Dream loved you first before he went out with Wilbur and started sharing a bed with Corpse. Dream's been chasing after you for years and you just... Ignored his feelings. Do you have any idea how much that hurt him?"

"I didn't know just how serious he was towards me!" George said in defence

"That's a lie, and we both know it," he growled. "You know what I think? I think you loved the attention Dream gave you. You loved it when he got jealous when someone else flirted with you in front of him. You had fun making Dream go nuts. But the moment he's with someone else and giving them attention, you get jealous. Hell, even possessive when Dream was never even yours!"

There was a time when they were 16, back when they lived in Hypixel, someone, Illumina his name was probably, took a fancy at Dream.

The man was admired by all, wealthy, smart, strong in battle, and rocked out during the MCC with Dream like he owned the game. He was even enrolled in the same Admin learning institution as Dream.

Dream, being dumb and oblivious, didn't get a clue why the man often snuggled together with Dream while the blond read books, fed him sweets and snacks by hand, or petted his head so tenderly (Sarnap was sure Illumina wanted to touch his face if the mask didn't get in the way).

When Sarnap tried to make Dream understand the hint the man was giving Dream, the blond told the arsonist that Dream was treated very similarly by an old friend when he was younger, so he didn't understand what sort of 'hint' Sarnap was trying to tell him.

Dream may not have understood till now, but George noticed quickly, and he was jealous. Sarnap didn't interfere with what his friend was going to do next as he didn't think the brit would go so far, because the next thing Sarnap heard was that Illumina was kicked out of the institution for trying to access forbidden books. His reputation plummet.

"Watch it Sarnap!" George snarled, raising his goggles above his head and bearing his teeth.

"All I'm saying is that if you had accepted Dream's feelings sooner and started dating him... he would have stayed with us."

"Then why didn't you, Sarnap?" He was accused. "You love Dream as much as I do, why weren't

you the one to ask him out? Dream would have accepted anyone!“

“I was scared, okay!“ He raised his voice, stomping his feet as he stood. “Unlike you, I was scared of losing my friendship. I didn’t want any awkward things to happen, and I didn’t want him to avoid me if he chose to reject me, which by the way, he did!“

George stood there shocked. “Sapnap...”

The ravenette shook his head. “I don’t think you have a chance now, George. Dream doesn’t love you anymore, you kept him waiting for so long, that he moved on. And if it’s true that Dream is going to start loving someone else, like Corpse... The best I can do is be happy for him, and I hope you do the same.“

Sapnap started moving towards the door. “Oh, and George, if you do anything to sabotage Dream’s relationship again... Dream won’t go easy on you anymore.“ He warned. “Don’t do anything stupid.“

—Later, Dream’s house—

“Hey, Corpse,“ Dream called him. He changed to Wilbur’s white shirt and wore his own black pants when his body regained its strength to move.

“Yeah, Dreamy?“ Corpse poured fresh orange juice into the glass. He just prepared breakfast for the two of them.

“I wanna ask, why do you look so different compared to the time when we were kids?“ Dream pulled out a chair to sit down. The smell of the food permeated the air. “Smells good.“

“Well, that’s because I’m a shapeshifter.“

Shapeshifter...

"So... That old look when you had brown hair and blue eyes... that was... not how you looked?"

Corpse looked at him apologetically. "I'm sorry I deceived you, Dreamy. I had to keep my guard up in that rotten village to survive."

" No, no, it's okay... I kept some things from you too for a while now... But..." Dream looked up to him, brows furrowed. His old memories slowly come back to him. “I recall the villagers calling you that before, but I didn’t know what Shapeshifter was, God, I’m stupid. Is that why everyone was afraid of you?"

“In some communities, being a Shapeshifter was considered being cursed by the server God. They all thought I was a demon, like those very threatening kinds that danger humanity.“ Corpse took a bite of his sliced omelette. “You know, I never understood why people hated you, though. For a while, I thought it was because you hung around with me.“

Dream pondered for a few heartbeats. “I don’t think it’s just because of that... After talking with XD, I have a feeling those bastards hated me because they were jealous. I think they knew the gods loved me more than them.“

Corpse paused. “That does explain why the priests excluded us from the church? I'm seen as evil, while you’re... More special than them.“

Dream laughed.

Soon, the blond would tell Corpse the entire truth of the gods' involvement with his life, Karl messing with their lives, and Quackity's torturing sessions.

But for now, he wanted to stay a little longer in his happy bubble.

After breakfast was over, the two of them relaxed.

Other than the slashed couch, sofa and cushions that needed a little more time repairing, Dream's house was all cleaned up and fixed.

Corpse helped Dream all day yesterday, even ordering new furniture, flowerpots, glasses and dishes. He felt bad having his old friend help clean up his mess. Next time Dream wanted to vent out his anger, he would try chopping a tree first.

Right when the duo got comfortable on the couch, the door knocked.

Dream sighed, gently pushing Corpse off his body so he could open the door.

“Must be Karl,” Dream grumbled. The time traveller did leave rather abruptly, courtesy to XD.

He opened the door, only to find a tall pink-haired mountain.

“Hello“ Techno waved his hand. “Are you—“

Dream suddenly screamed before slamming the door to his face.

...

... That was wrong. Dream covered his mouth again as he panicked.

“Dreamy?“ Corpse called. "Who was that?"

“Oh, God,“ Dream covered his mouth. Did he just... Slam the door in Techno's face for no reason? He even screamed.

Dream opened the door again just to check if he wasn't imagining it.

“--Dream?“ Techno continued his sentence, unfazed. “Wilbur—“

Another scream escaped from his lips again before Dream slammed the door to his face. Yep, this was real. He wasn't expecting Techno to come so soon, but here we go.

“Corpse, will you please go up?“ Dream turned him. “Techno's here.”

His fury-red eyes flashed for a second before he nodded and quietly went up the stairs.

Dream quickly buttoned up the white shirt to his neck to hide the marks Corpse gave him last night. He straightened out his hair a little so he wouldn't look that messy.

He opened the door again.

“May I speak now?“ Techno said, his voice still monotone, but he looked unimpressed.

"You may... Sorry..."

—No one's perspective—

“Technoblade...”

The infamous Blood god stood there, silently. His form takes the entire entryway. The menacing posture alone was enough to throw anyone off. Dream wasn't anyone though he's been through worse!

He can do this. Talking to Technoblade has always been easy. Their banter was about the only thing he misses from his stay in the god-forsaken cell.

Then again...His Technoblade (in the OG timeline) was an ally that he had years of experience with. Technically, he didn't know this one.

It's okay, he can handle it! If he can't he won't have a server anymore. He can't let that happen to everyone else.

Dream swallowed hard.

“Technoblade, Blood God. Nice to finally meet you.” Dream held a smile on his face, if one would look closely they would see it was only a tad tight.

“Uhhhhh-Yep. You too, man.” The god replied awkwardly before he draws on. “I'll be honest I don't usually go to fans' homes--this is your house, right? You didn't just break in? Like you're not homeless? Hah-imagine being homeless, Right Chat?”

“Wha-” Dream's face was getting completely red. He could feel it. Good thing he has his mask.

Dream sighed. No matter the timeline Techno was still Techno. “Look Techno-I'll get straight to the point-”

“Woah Woah man.” Technoblade leaned against the entryway. “At least give a guy a name.”

“Ah...O-Of course” Dream stepped aside allowing Techno to enter his home. He swore his face was as red as Techno's cape at this point. Jeez, can't he do anything right? “My Name's Dream,” He said, closing the door.

“Dream? Dream...Chat where have I heard that before?”

Dream awkwardly shuffled from his place next to the door. There's no way to stop Techno from talking to chat, better to wait it out. He reached up to adjust his mask, only to find that—

He poked his eye by accident...

Crap! I forgot my mask in the kitchen...Why does this keep happening to me?

After a moment of silence between them, while Dream internally panicked, Techno came back with an ‘Ah-hah’ Moment.

“You're the Dream he talks about.” Techno gave him one over his famous pig mask and hid his expression. Just like Dream would've done if he had his mask over his face.

“He who??” He asked nervously.

Who was talking about him to Technoblade of all people?? As far as he knew, he shouldn't be on his radar at all!

“What is your relationship with Wilbur anyway?” Dream froze up by the name. “What are your intentions with him? What makes you so special?” With each question, Technoblade took a step toward him. Using his extra height to tower over Dream, and because of his stupid shrinking problem.

‘Thanks, XD,’ Techno was now even taller than before.’

“Wilbur??” Dream took a step back, trying not to run into anything, “What does he have to do with anything??” *‘God I wish I had my mask, maybe I can grab it real quick??’* Dream’s eyes darted around trying to find any sort of exit.

“Wilbur. What is he to you? Answer me Dream.”

And suddenly he was back in the prison again. Sir looming over him, yelling at him to answer his questions about the book. A shiver went up

Dream couldn’t let anything slip- he had to get a grip. He wasn’t there, he was in the entryway of his house. Standing with Technoblade, whom he last saw in said prison.

“I-I don’t know what you want me to say about Wilbur. I just asked you here because I have a favour to ask of you. I know you don’t owe me or anything but I couldn’t think of anyone else to ask-“ As Dream rambled on, Techno was busy listening to that screech in his head.

E

Pretty!

Pretty man pog!

E

Ayo ain’t that Wilbur’s boyfriend or smth??

Blood for the blood god?

Wilbur in a relationship? Nahhhhh

Pretty boy!

E

Can we hear him out though?

Pretty!

Nah

Pog!

E

Blood for the blood god!

God, calm down chat. We'll listen to what he has to say only because we came all this way. No other reason. Technoblade chided the voices in his head.

LMAOOOOO

ANOTHER REASON? Sureeeee

SIMPNOBLADE

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

PRETTY BOY!

PoG!

he kinda reminds me of Tommy...

E

Tommy??

Or Phil....

Bruhyyy not all the blonds lmaoo

E

Blood for the blood god!

Techno ignored the rest of the voices.

"A favour, eh?" A brow raised. "Then try to convince me... tell me this..." Techno said, getting closer to Dream. "Even if you are wearing my brother's clothes... Why do I smell the heavy scent of another man who slept with you last night?"

Dream froze. "Uhh...."

Oh no...

This wasn't good. Dream had no control over the conversation at all. This wasn't going to go well.

—later, after the conversation—

“We have two days before that arrogant, admin asshole arrives, and Techno is not cooperating!”

Dream growled in Corpse's lips, even biting it. His fingers clenched the other male's shoulder, hard. “I knew it wasn’t going to be easy to convince Techno straight away, but I wasn’t expecting him to just leave mid-conversation!”

Corpse pulled away to talk. "He's the blood god. His stubbornness and personality of being an unnegotiable douche is well known, what did you expect?"

Dream shook his head in dismay. "But he wasn't like that to me. I –" Dream paused to think. "Oh," he realized. "I understand now. Techno and I haven't fought against each other in a duel in this life, so I still haven't earned his respect yet." Dream groaned, annoyed. "Damn it, we're not even rivals, for crying out loud. How did I miss that!"

"Are you going to have a duel with him to win that favour?"

Dream shook his head. "Techno won against me in my first life. And given how much prison scared me to death, I'm more than incapable to fight against him. He'll make me into a mashed potato!"

"Then what's our next move? Should we go aggressive?"

"No, that would make it worse..." Dream sighed heavily "Okay. I suppose I have another trick up my sleeve. I didn't wanna do this, but if Techno won't cooperate, then I'll make him cooperate."

Corpse raised his brows. "You're not going to hold his brothers hostage and blackmail Techno, are you? Or maybe swing a sword at him?"

"No, I don't do that anymore..." Dream got off Corpse's lap, and the other male took his chance to drink a bottle of water near him.

"I'm gonna go and seduce the hell out of that pig"

Corpse choked. "S-seduction?" he sputtered.

Dream opened his inventory and took a book out. "Recently, I ordered a book as a backup plan, and this will make my plans a success."

Dream showed the cover of the book to him. ""How to seduce muscled idiots?"" Corpse read the title. "Dream, didn't you promise me you wouldn't have that pig fall for you?"

"Relax, Kitty," he brushed him off. "It's just gonna be a short infatuation. I'll try and be all cute enough for Techno, and once that arrogant admin leaves, I'll act as horribly as I can to make Techno feel disgusted with me. Then Techno leaves the server, the server won't have a different owner, and I'll be with you 24/7."

Corpse still looked unconvinced. "I'm not in favour of this plan."

Dream rolled his eyes. "You got a better plan? I can only resort to this."

"A plan, no. But if someone was with you, just to keep things in check, that would make me feel better. Of course, that person shouldn't love you."

The blond blinked. "You want me to be watched when I'm with Techno? Why?"

"It's just to keep an eye on the blood god, I don't trust him."

"To be fair, you don't trust any males around me, not even my pets."

Corpse splayed his hands "What can I say? I am a jealous guy." He smiled, proud of himself.

Dream sighed. "Fine. If I find someone, will you promise not to reveal yourself to the server yet?"

The ravenette blinked. "May I ask why?"

"I want you to use your Shapeshifting abilities to spy on this arrogant admin. I want to see what I'm dealing with before I make any reckless decisions." Dream explained. "It's reporting. Is that okay?"

Corpse contemplated for a heartbeat before nodding his head. "Yeah."

Chapter End Notes

Dreams and techno conversation will be written in the next chapter. Stay tuned. :)

I used references, both from Hazbin hotel and HIMYM.

Please leave kudos and comments! It gives me motivation from reading what you left behind. :)

Chapter has been edited properly!

Something not right

Chapter Summary

Pervious timeline glimpse :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

--OG timeline, Phil's perspective--

"Dad.."

Philza set his book down as he looked at his youngest son, who was sitting at the corner of room, hugging his legs as he buried his head in his arms. A hand clenched the letter Dream sent him.

Dear Tommy,

I hope you're happy :)

That's it...

That was all Dream left him.

At first Tommy ranted about how the letter seemed like Dream was mocking him. But after a while, Tommy was just... Staring at the letter with no emotions, probably contemplating.

Phil was aware his youngest son had strained his relationship with Techno, betraying him over something. It was likely because of that that Techno hadn't even spared his brother from seeing the gruesome torture Quackity made Dream go through. Techno was also strongly against having Tommy come visit Phil from time to time, but the avian managed to persuade him.

The blood god set a condition that Tommy was forbidden to enter Dream's shrine, and avoid getting in his way when he goes to torture Sam and Quackity.

Because Tommy's base was located in a now wasteland, he had to live with Wilbur, Phil's other son who was mad and insane. And sure enough, Phil knew that wasn't healthy.

"Yes, son?" Phil said gently.

"... I wish I hadn't joined the server..." He whispered, voice cracking.

The older man was startled by his words. But honestly, given how things have become, he should've expected as much. Most of Tommy's friends left the server; only the Arctic and Wilbur's place were still lively while the rest of the server was rotting away; and the betrayal and shock the

poor boy must have felt when he found out what Sam and Quackity were doing.

The boy was 17 now, barely an adult, but he had a lot of burden to bear, and so did the other minors.

“Tommy,” Phil said, walking to his son and staring down at him. “I am... Sorry, mate. I don’t know what else to say to you... Or to your brothers.”

“Techno and Wilbur aren’t my brothers!” The child yelled suddenly.

“Tom –“

“Those lovesick bastards aren’t the brothers I used to know! Will dropping by every single week, offering flowers to the dead villain who made my life a living hell during exile, and tried to kill Tubbo multiple times! And Techno...” He laughed lifelessly. “What f**k happened to him!? He was the ‘blood God’ before, now he’s become a total psychopath! He forced my friends out of the server as punishment for putting Dream in prison, and he’s torturing Sam and Quackity... Like-like a monster...” His voice broke. “I know what those two did was wrong, but why would Techno go this far for Dream? He’s dead. He is... Dream... Maybe a trial to give justice to Dream was better.. but not this....”

Phill looked at his son in pity, he knew it was a lot to take in. The old man crouched down to the boys level. “Hey, listen... I can’t defend Wilbur and Techno for what they’re doing, nor can I stop this madness now. We might have had a chance to prevent Wilbur's madness escalating this much if we acted sooner, and as for Techno... Dream shouldn’t have died.”

Tommy chuckled dryly. “How can that man love his rival? I saw no chemistry between them. They were always sparring or bickering with each other...”

“... Dream was Techno’s mate...”

“Mate?” Tommy frowned “As in partner... t-teammate?”

“In piglin tradition, a mate is someone’s destined lover...”

The boy immediately shut up, his face paled.

“No, he murmured. “No f**king way. You... You can’t be serious...”

”Techno denied it at first,” Phil said grimly, getting up, “ but... I think he regrets it. To piglins, losing your mate can inflict a deep scar in their hearts which they may never recover from. I don't know much about pigin culture, honestly, but... I can only hope Techno can move on if he finds another mate... assuming piglins can have more than one mate...”

There was nothing Phil could do to help Techno. To be frank, he hadn’t seen his son’s face in a while, not when the pinkette keeps wearing Dream’s old porcelain mask. The avian also knew deep down that every time Technoblade went to torture Quackity and Sam, he was also torturing himself. He cries behind that mask, and the agonizing screams muffles his sobs, it was the perfect cover.

“F**king hell,” Tommy swore, he looked like was ready to cry again.

--In the God's realm--

XD and the other Gods watched Dream's life intently after Technoblade's arrival on the server.

Despite unanimously agreeing that Corpse would be the suitable spouse for Dream all those years ago, the other female deities have secretly been fantasizing and eager to have The Blood God as Dream's second spouse. Especially since Techno was Dream's mate in the previous timeline, to their surprise.

They watched for the next 4 days.

Dream had successfully convinced Techno to be his fake lover, the blond paraded around the server with Techno, holding his hand, spreading lies and rumors.

Then the admin arrived on the server, and Dream and Techno managed to fool him and his men. Things were going well.

XD had just turned the other way just for a moment as the other gods and goddesses were fussing over something that didn't matter much, but that was an error he made.

Because for a heartbeat, he felt Dream's life force, then the next moment, it vanished.

XD was sent to a state of panic, and so did the other gods. They all checked their magic portals, peepholes and crystal balls.

Dream was bedridden, an IV needle struck on his arm as an oxygen mask covered his mouth. He was alive, but unconscious.

People were surrounding him, all shocked and worried.

XD sucked his breath. What the hell happened? Dream's soul had disappeared somewhere. His body was alive, but it wouldn't stay like that for too long.

Why was his follower in that state?

—OG timeline again, 4 days later, Phil's perspectives—

Phil went to check on Technoblade as his son had yet to return from the shrine. An hour with Dream's body alone sent shivers through his spine. Sometimes Techno talked to Dream, and that worried Phil.

The moment he opened the grand doors of the shrine, something narrowly missed his head and flew past him.

Phil looked back... It was an arrow.

“I never asked for your permission, Blood god. I'm taking his body with me whether you like it or not.”

“F**k off, asshole! I don't know if you're telling the truth or not unless you prove it! I'm not just handing my dead mate's body to you that easily!”

“Who gives a shit if he's your mate! I met him first, I got him, and he agreed to be my fiancé! He's mine!”

Phil watched in horror as his son and some stranger with black hair recklessly fought with each other in the middle of the wrecked garden.

Techno thrust his sword, the man invaded the attack effortlessly. The stranger attacked Techno with a hidden dagger, but Techno was quick to kick him in the gut when he came close. He stumbled, but was quick to have his grounding again.

“What... The f**k!?” Phil swore loudly as both his hands grabbed a handful of his blonde hair. Shocked and speechless, he stood frozen in place as he watched them fight. So far, none of them looked like they sustained any injuries... Yet.

He had to do something quick!

“Tech –“ he stopped midsentence when someone’s voice interrupted them.

“Techno? Corpse?”

All three men stood in their place and moving, slowly turning to... To the person who shouldn’t be awake.

It was impossible... It was...

But green innocent eyes looked at them in confusion. The color of his skin was returning a little, and his lips looked fresh and red.

“D... Dream!?” Techno dropped his weapon.

The blonde tilted his head and confusion. “What’s going on?”

Chapter End Notes

What happened during those 4 days will be shown in the upcoming chapter!
Please be patient and leave comments to motivate me!

Moving forward

Chapter Summary

Techno's thoughts.

Dream goes through a lot...

Chapter Notes

Thank you SakiSakura14 for helping me write a chunk of this fic!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

-- 4 days earlier before the incident, What happened in that conversation, Techno's POV--

“Even if you are wearing my brother’s clothes.... Why do I smell the heavy scent of another man who slept with you last night?”

Dream gasped. “That... I...That’s none of your concern...” He looked away uncomfortably.

The Blood god’s eyes narrowed, clearly not impressed. “It’s kinda my concern since your relationship involves Wilbur. I may look like I don’t give a shit about my family, but I do deeply care about my family. Now, if you were some NPC character no one pays attention to, I wouldn’t bother. However, my brother waged war against your forces a few months back. You were once his enemy... before you became his hooker...”

Dream looked at him incredulously. “Wha—I’m sorry... Did... did you just call me a *hooker*!?”

“Hmm, nah, hooker is too harsh of a word. I suppose a hoe?”

Dream’s expression further aggravated. “*Are you kidding me!?*”

Techno shrugged. “I’m not really calling you one, but you behaved like one to bewitch my brother. I mean, it’s not unusual for someone to send their people to honeytrap their enemies as a cunning tactic. I’m a little surprised about the self-sacrifice from you, though—“

“Techno,” Dream said sharply, gritting through his teeth, “I’m NOT some kinda harlot. I did not lure your brother to a honey trap, and I NEVER used him to my advantage! He was already crazy about me before he waged war against me! I don’t know why he wants me!”

Oh... Techno looked at him, observing every facial expression that could indicate that he’s lying... Oddly, none.

Chat was not impressed by his wordings. He put them on mute in his head before they start ranting that he’d insulted a pretty boy for no reason.

“Anyway,” Dream said, putting it aside. “I didn’t call you here because of Wilbur. I wanted to

speak with YOU about something important.” Dream stated, making Techno’s ears twitch.

“So you have an admin in your hair that wants to declare war on you?”

“He will, I know. He’ll start attacking the moment he sees me and the state of my server.”

“Bruh~~~.”

Dream sighed. “And they’re coming within the next couple of days.”

Techno’s eyes narrowed. “Why are you telling me this?” Techno asked suspiciously. “It has nothing to do with me.”

“Exactly.” Dream confirmed, making Techno’s eyebrow rise in question. “I need a favour from you.”

“Go on.”

“I need us to pretend that we’re married.”

“Wait, what?”

“Or at least lovers.”

“.....Why?”

“Because,” Dream continued, “People don’t threaten you and are afraid to. If word gets out that you have a lover or a significant person, they won’t dare to threaten your partner. And it would be dumb to declare war on a strong veteran of war. Wilbur, Tommy and your nephew are on this server, and this is most likely the first time you have seen them in a long while. And you don’t want to lose them, do you?”

Techno’s stomach twisted at the last sentence. The way Dream framed his sentence was a subtle persuasion, and quite possibly a small threat. If Techno doesn’t comply, then Dream would do something to them...

However, Chat begged to differ.

Are you stupid, Techno?

The dude’s like a piece of spaghetti. His hand would break if he tried to punch someone.

Lmao

E

E

E

E

E

Maybe's the Blood God was too focused with Dream's pretty face to think straight

LMAO!!!

"I get what you're articulating, but can't you just fight back—Oh, wait, you're too miniature," Techno counted at the end, making Dream huff in annoyance.

"I'd...Rather avoid violence right now."

"Because you're weak,"

"THAT...yes," Dream admitted easily.

"I see..." A pause... "No,"

"What?"

"I said no," Techno said more firmly. "I don't do business with people that easily. I'm the blood god. As much as a monster I am on the battlefield, I am true to my honour. Besides..." Techno leaned closer to his face so they could look eye to eye, "I'd rather not be a cheater's shield who two timed my brother with another man."

"Wait, Techno, that's not—"

"Bye,"

Techno left his house.

--Wilbur's cabin, Techno's perspective

"Where have you been?" Wilbur asked him when the blood god returned back to the cabin in a foul mood. The brunet was washing the dishes.

"I went to see your cheating hoe," he replied, unimpressed, as he sat down on a chair. "You should really choose your lovers more carefully, Will. I knew you had shit taste, but I didn't think it was *this* bad."

A plate dropped down and the ceramic pieces scattered across the floor in every direction. Techno looked back, finding Wilbur's face looking horrified.

"Bruh~ you dropped something," he pointed out the obvious, ignoring Wilbur's state.

"You met Dream?! You--YOu wENt and met DrEaM!?" He demanded. "Why would--?"

"Uhh, chat and I recall you telling me that Dream wanted to meet me in the first place. So I did just that. But seriously, you could do so much better. You're losing your grip."

The brit walked towards him. "Techno, what did you do? What did you say to him?"

A casual shrug. "Not much,"

"Techno," He warned, growling.

Techno sighed heavily, getting up from his seat to face his brother. "Hmm... I think I said he was a cheating bastard to ask a favour from me right after sleeping with some other guy," The brit stiffened. "I don't do business with someone who's so disloyal, and... and..." Techno frowned. "Was it I? or was it chat who called Dream a hoe? I don't know?"

He got punched for that.

Techno staggered backwards, the punch was decent enough to take out a person with one swing. Techno, however, wasn't an average person. He rubbed his injured cheek. "What the hell, Wilbur? If you wanted to fight, you could have said so..."

"Dream and I were never dating, Techno!" Wilbur yelled out.

The piglin hybrid froze. "But in your letters--"

"I lied! I f**king lied! I thought you realised that by now!"

"Wilbur, until a few weeks back, your letters were nothing but creepy for Phil and I to read leisurely," He rebutted back. "We didn't analyze each sentence, distinguishing things from the truth and lies when you kept writing, "Dream's so cute when he sleeps on my bed." Or, "I wish I could paint Dream's portrait and hang it on my walls, but alas, Dream's already too good of a work of Art! Especially in my uniform!""

Wilbur groaned. "It's wrong of me for misleading you, and I'm sorry. But even so, you have to apologise to Dream! He... he didn't do anything wrong! He didn't deserve that!"

"What?" Techno moved to the fridge to grab an ice pack for his swollen cheek. "You're fine with Dream having an affair--" He paused to think. Now that he thought about it, all of his thoughts about Dream were just assumptions. He never properly confirmed the truth. "What exactly is the nature of your relationship?"

His brother hesitated to answer, wow touchy subject. "Dream and I are not dating because he didn't want a serious relationship... so we were kiss buddies." Wilbur explained. "I know Dream has another man with him because Dream told me, and is in the same exact relationship with him. We're sharing Dream." They both cringed by Wilbur's wording. "I used to have Dream come here 4 times a week while Corpse had him for 3."

"That..." Techno looked at Wilbur incredulously. "I'm not one to judge this kind of... arrangement, but knowing you, I'm surprised you didn't go feral on the other dude. You're nothing but a control freak at times... I remember what you did to that pufferfish near your old house. You're crazy, man."

"For Dream's sake, I held back."

Techno snorted. "This maybe intruding your bedroom privacies, but when I went to see Dream today, I could smell the scent of 'love-making' from him," Wilbur's face flushed, but he looked mad. "Are you guys taking it another notch this week? I'd like to leave the server before that happens."

Wilbur's expression darkened. "No...My month's absence from Dream's side gave Corpse an opportunity."

"Heh? What does that mean? A months absence?"

"Techno... I didn't tell you and Phil this, but Dream and I took...a break from each other."

"You got dumped again, huh," A smug curled at the corner of his lips.

"Shut up and listen!" He snapped. "Last month, Dream freaked because I proposed to him."

His jaw dropped. "No..." Oh...OH...

Chat in his head started going wild, but he silenced them as Wilbur continued.

"I screwed again, Techno..." His brother sighed in dismay, pinching the bridge of his nose and squeezing his eyes shut. "I was so desperate to have him, that I overstepped. My obsession to make him mine went too far, and this is the same sick behaviour that made Sally leave me and Fundy."

He watched his brother silently as a wave of guilt washed over him, hitting him hard. No wonder Dream was reluctant to talk about Wilbur. Techno... should've not made quick assumptions.

Phil thought Wilbur became a good leader, busy focused on his work as president. But that wasn't it. Wilbur was drowning himself with work because he wanted to distract himself from Dream.

...Even if this didn't seem healthy, this was a bit of an improvement compared to burning his house down. Hell, forget the house. He'd probable burn his own country down, but he didn't.

"Fine," Techno said. "Tomorrow, I'll go and see Dream again."

—Night, Dream's house—

Things were changing in his life.

Cat, now Corpse, his old trustworthy friend, companion, and original fiancé was back in his life. Wilbur won the election this time, keeping his nation safe and secure. Tommy and Tubbo won't have their relationship strained and broken as Tubbo's not going to be president. With all that in place, George's house won't be burned down by Tommy.

Changing Technoblade's perception about him, and the new admin, who'll come soon, were problems he had to resolve soon (the butterfly effect was hitting him hard). But Dream was confident this time. With Corpse by his side, knowing his secret of the timelines, he was more at ease.

"Dreamy?" Corpse shifted on the bed, looking at him.

The blond smiled at him, humming in response as his slender fingers traced a line on his bare chest. It seemed pretty obvious they'll sleep together with having little to no clothing after the events of last night.

"Do you still want to fulfill our promise once everything is over?"

"Getting married to you and moving away?" Corpse hummed in agreement. The blond furrowed his brows. "Corpse... marriage and love... it scares me now after what happened with Fundy and George. I truly care for you, and I want to be with you because you're not like them, but I can't shake off the feeling over what happened, you know?"

A hand held the back of Dream's head, stroking his hair pleasantly. "Don't worry, I can still wait. We'll take things slow and start over, but I will have you wear a ring with my name on it."

The old memory of the ring Fundy gave to him in the old timeline came to his mind in a haunting way. Dream shivered.

"No rings, choose some other jewelry, Kitty,"

A soft kiss on the head. "Whatever you wish, baby. I love you."

"I..." Dream hesitated.

... Damn it, he still couldn't say it. How cruel he was to Cat.

"I know, good night, Kitty."

"Night, Dreamy."

...

...

...

"Are you still mad that pig called you a hoe?"

"You have no idea," Dream growled. "I'm gonna strangle him one day."

--Next day--

Dream slammed the seduction book shut suddenly after reading a couple of pages.

XD, Dream thought to himself. *This is a pain in my ass.*

He can't seduce Techno... it was too shameful... but he had to...

But really, maybe he should have just followed the timeline of where he dueled Techno, but only up to that point. He wouldn't want a repeat of what happened last time.

But XD! Techno was a literal brick, cold, hard and unbreakable through his cold exterior.

And Techno gave nothing but Dream the cold shoulder.

Dream noted that Techno hovered over Wilbur a lot. Maybe it was out of worry for the brunet of how overworked he was now, with Tommy, his vice president, always running off, ignoring commitment, shrugging it off completely.

Dream slammed his head onto the table, alarming Corpse and his pets, but Dream didn't mind that a-hole admin would be showing up any day now, and time was running out. If seduction didn't work, maybe something else would.

But for now, he needed a break, a short one. So he got up from his seat and decided to take Floof, Blaze and Buttercup out for a walk.

--Meanwhile, Wilbur's cabin, Techno's POV--

Techno had conflicting thoughts about Dream.

Sure, maybe meeting him for the first time right after he had slept with a man was awkward and not the best first impression, but he just chose to straight-up ignore Dream, even rolling his eyes a

little every time the blond would approach him.

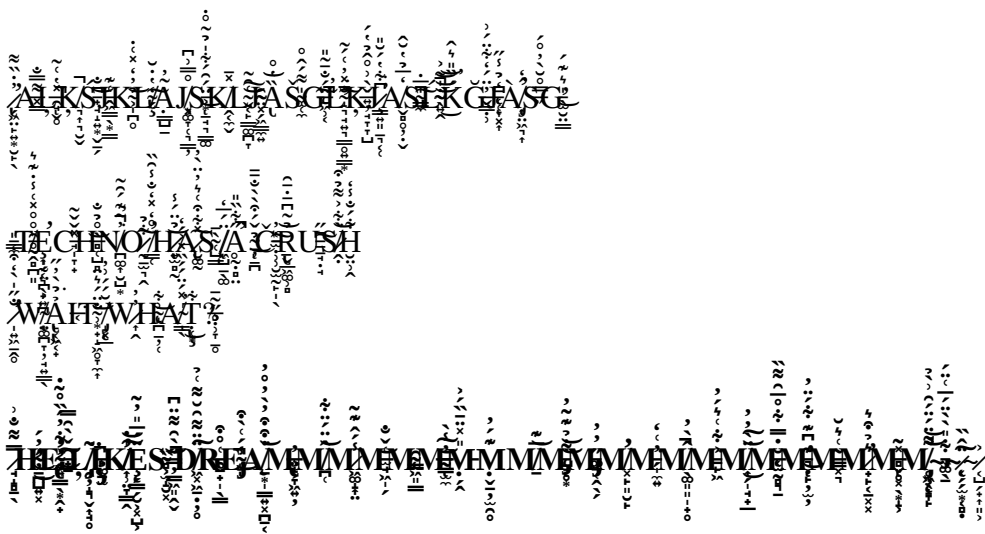
Techno knew that his brother had been fascinated with blond, loving him to the point of nearly willing to murder and blow up those who got in the way. So, naturally, he stuck around Wilbur to make that it wouldn't happen again. He didn't want a repeat of the Sally situation.

So he should keep an eye on Dream.

He didn't know what Wilbur had found in Dream that made the latter attached to him.

All Dream had was good looks and words. He had dirty blond hair that shined like the sun and eyes like emeralds.

He had no idea where he was getting these.....thoughts. Maybe it was because he may or may not have been stressed over Wilbur's mental stability or the fact that chat had been screaming nonsense at him.



"I do not have a crush chat," Techno grumbled as he brushed through Wilbur's hair. Techno had finally convinced his brother to take a break, skimming through the tight curls of his hair.

"What was that, Techno?" Wilbur asked, leaning his head back and banging against the board of the bed. Wilbur sat with his back to Techno, between his legs.

"I said your hair's like a rat's nest." Techno snorted. "You need to brush it more."

Wilbur chuckled. "You've always said that."

"Because your hair IS a rat's nest, brush it more. And you need to eat more." Techno grunted as he put the brush down on the nightstand. "I reckon I could drop-kick you with the gremlin child if I tried."

"Pft. Haha. I reckon the child would scratch your eyes out before you could."

"God, no." Techno huff, "he would be flying before scraping me."

Wilbur laughed, his laughter ricocheting off the cabin's walls and ringing throughout the house, which was small but cozy.

Techno's ears just blocked his brother's laughter out.

To say that Wilbur looked horrible was an understatement. He had terrible eye bags and pale skin and was even more skeletal than before. Sure, Wilbur was a little on the thin side, but this was the thinnest Techno had seen his brother in a long time in a long time.

"....."

"Wilbur."

"Hm?"

"Just....because me and Phil.... You- know , are a part of history, you don't have to be in one."

Wilbur stood up abruptly. His mood changed.

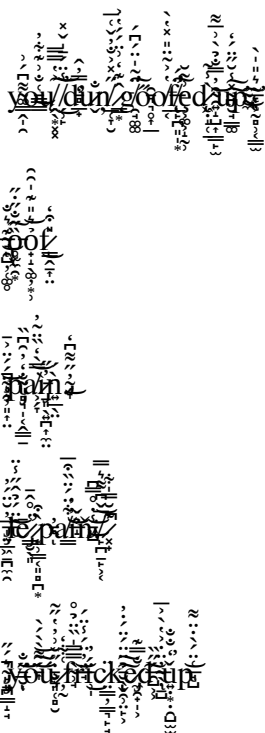
"I have to go."

"Wil-"

Wilbur ran out the front door before Techno could finish. Techno sighed heavily.

Philza and Techno had rightfully secured their place in history.

Both were infamous for their deeds, Techno being a combatant of blood and Philza being a veteran of the "Hardcore" games when he was youthful. A "game" in which you would have to outlast your opponents in an entity realm, but if you perished, you would not be able to come back. But Wilbur..... He vanished into the shadows of his brother and father. Sure, Wilbur was a prodigy, but his triumphs were frivolity compared to both Philza and Techno.

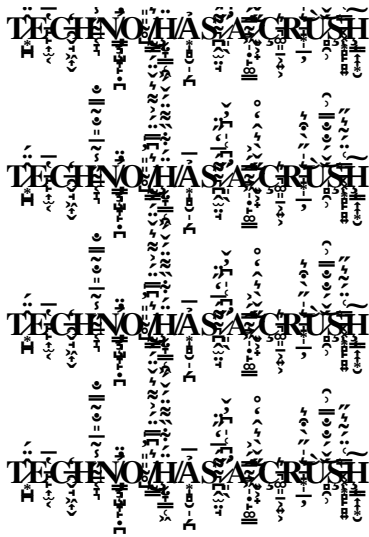


Techno knew that.

"I understand that chat. I'm just apprehensive about Wilbur."

Techno rubbed his hands against his face.

"This server is starting to give me deja-vu."



Chat only continued to chant and tease as Techno looked for his brother.

“FOR THE LAST TIME, CHAT!! I DO NOT HAVE A-”

“Techno?”

Techno whipped his head around so fast that he thought he might have snapped it off.

It was Dream.

The blond had been walking his dogs. It looked like.

“Are you oka-” Dream didn’t even have time to finish as his dogs, overexcited by a new living being, jumped at Techno, smouldering the man in puppy kisses.

“AH!” Dream called out in shock. “NO, NO! FLOOF, BLAZE, BUTTERCUP- GET OFF OF HIM-” Dream hurried forward to yank on the leashes of the overexcited dogs.

“First, you seduce my brother, and then your dogs try to murder me?” Techno grumbled. “What’s next? The murder of the gremlin child?” he muttered as he sat up, Floof still smouldering him in kisses as Dream pulled on their leashes.

“Wha- wha-” Dream spluttered, reddening from mortification.

“Oh wait, no.” Techno eyed the blond up and down. “You’re far too teeny for that.”

“HAH?!?!?!?” Dream turned an even brighter shade of red, closer to a shade of an apple.

Cute.

Dream turned away from him, blushing brilliant red, steam radiating from him, his grip on the leashes slackening, making the dogs come much closer to Techno, them still wanting to snuggle up to Techno.

Techno stood up from the ground, brushing the dirt off his pants before noticing that the crown on his head was gone, his hair was falling out of the loose ponytail that Wilbur had tied earlier, loose strands getting in his way blocking parts of his vision.

As he turned his back to Dream, he didn’t notice that Dream was staring at his hair, stealing glances.

He was tense when he felt fingers caressing his hair.

Usually, he would send their head flying when someone touched his hair. So only Wilbur and Philza were allowed to touch his hair. But his body didn't obey his brain when he registered that Dream was caressing his hair.

"You know....." Dream whispered, fluttering his lashes (tried to, they were more like unmatched blinkings) . "Your hair is gorgeous....."

"....."

"I bet it would look good in a braid."

"....."

--Old memory--

"Hey, Techno."

"Hm?" Techno looked up from sharpening his blade, sitting crossed-legged on the ground.

A person with terse white hair had called out to him.

"Doesn't your hair bother you? It keeps getting in your way." The person said as they separated the flower of a sunflower from its stem. "And you keep getting it in your mouth when eating."

"....." Techno sucked his lips in. "I tie it back, but it keeps falling out."

"....." The person tilted their head.

"Come sit here." the person gestured in front of them.

".....You're not planning to slit my throat, are you?" Techno sarcastically spoke.

The person gave an exasperated sigh, moving the basket of flowers to their right.

"Just sit here before I decide to slit your throat."

Techno got up and sat on the step below the person.

Quickly and flawlessly, the person began to weave Techno's hair.

Techno's body tensed at the fingers running through his hair but relaxed when he remembered that he could trust them.

After a while, Techno went back to sharpening his blade. From how the strands were moving, he could sense that they were braiding his hair. But their pace was inconsistent.

It took a while before they were done, and when they were, they whipped out a small, handheld mirror to reflect Techno's face and their handiwork.

"Ta-da!" they happily sang.

Indeed, they had braided his hair starting from the area above his ears and had joined it all into one long braid. They had decorated his hair with sunflowers, daisies and tiny little white and yellow flowers that Techno could not identify.

“Happy?”

“.....”

Techno went to tuck some short stray strands of hair behind his ear after placing his sword and sharpening block down on the steps.

Their handiwork was terrific. Techno knew that they were a skilled flower arranger and had managed to make a living with flowers.

“Thanks.” He muttered. “But shouldn’t you be parching these out for winter?”

“It’s fine~~~ I can pick more.”

That was one of the last interactions with that white-haired person.

He doesn’t remember their face or eyes.

He had thought that they were his mate, the destined one, but before Techno could say anything, he got word that the village they had been residing in had been burned to the ground by pillagers.

There had been no survivors.

There was a reason why they called him the “Blood God.”

“Touching people’s hair now without consent? Bruh~~”

“I’M JUST COMPLIMENTING YOU!!!!” Dream shouted, blushing once more.

“Pft! Hahahaha...” Techno laughed.

“STOP LAUGHING!!!!”

Techno chuckled at the blond.

Dream was fun to tease, Techno noted.

After Dream sighed and regained his composure.

Then.... Dream sort of followed him around, acting weirdly.

First, Dream was posing at him, probably in a flirtatious way. Except that the pose was anything but flirtatious. His hands were over his head awkwardly, he wasn’t steady with his feet with his whole body arched to the side. Techno knew he was straining himself.

“is this a new exercise training?” Techno asked. Dream looked annoyed.

Next, Dream tried to have some touch contact with him by grabbing his hands... Techno thought he wanted to play with him, so he did. They awkwardly played paddy cake for 5 minutes.

Then Dream wore something that caught his attention... Dream cosplayed as him.

“Hey~” Dream said, giving finger guns.

“It’s not even Halloween, nerd . Is this some kinda hobby of yours? I get you’re a fan, but if this gets too much, I will have a restraining order against you.”

“WAIT, NO, That’s NOT MY INTENTION!”

This charade lasted for the next 2 hours before Techno finally had enough.

“Dream, you and I are going to talk.” Techno said, finally. “Come to Wilbur’s cabin around evening, and I’ll end this once and for all.”

Dream was quick to agree.

—Later, Evening, Dream’s POV, Wilbur’s cabin—

Techno prepared dinner. A very fancy dinner along with chilled wine.

Dream wasn’t expecting this, he thought Techno would request a duel, knowing he would win and tell Dream to never bother him again. But to have dinner with him... just the two of them, alone... a chill went through his spine.

He felt anxious.

Dream glanced at the wine bottle nervously. That poisonous liquid... his body had become weaker so his alcohol tolerance lowered. He swore he wouldn’t drink again, not after waking in a bed that didn’t belong to him. TWICE.

He was extremely lucky that it was Corpse and Wilbur by his side, but the third time...

He shivered.

“Are you not hungry?” Techno’s voice startled Dream. The pig cut the steak with his knife. With such elegance and grace, no one would believe this hybrid’s the “blood God”.

“I’m... not used to eating food, especially meat, in such a large portion,” Dream confessed in a small voice.

“That explains why you look like a homeless Telebaby,”

Techno chuckled, and Dream clenched his fork.

This guy...

Dream forced a smile.

That tasteless joke, even now, Techno thinks the same about him! Ugh, he wanted to smack that smartass in the face!

“Hey, if you want me to be your fake lover, then I might as well fatten you up. I don’t want anybody to think I’m starving my spouse.” He took a sip of his wine as Dream stared at him in shock.

“You... you changed your mind? Why?”

“I...misunderstood the situation,” he said, looking at Dream properly. “Wilbur and I talked, and he told me everything that’s happening between you two, including his sudden proposal.” Dream’s shoulders stiffened. “ So...” Techno suddenly bowed his head at Dream. "I apologize, Dream. I judged you too quickly and made assumptions, I even called you a *hoe* .”

Dream twitched his eyes when that word was highlighted in a higher tone.

“I sincerely apologize, I hope you can forgive my rudeness yesterday.”

Dream stared at him. Techno... was apologizing to him, and his mannerism was like an honorable warrior. The Technoblade was bowing his head down at him ... because he assumed and called Dream a hoe.

The blond had mixed feelings about the apology, whether to feel insulted or relieved.

Either way, it was a little refreshing to see this side of Techno and cleared out the misunderstanding.

“It’s fine, Techno,” Dream said, forgiving him easily. “To tell you the truth, I... didn’t know what I was doing ...” The piglin hybrid looked up. “Initially, I let Wilbur get close to me so I could keep an eye out, but after a while, I lost track of what I was doing...because I was using your brother and Corpse, I enjoyed them spoiling me... I guess I liked the attention.”

“But Wilbur loves you, and my family isn’t comfortable with... the arrangement, given Wilbur’s mental state. You aren’t officially dating my brother and you’re busy with your other affair, so why did you keep a man so obsessive when you lost track? I’m sure you’re aware that an obsessive lover would become possessive when they see you hanging with someone else.”

“Trust me, I know... Corpse is quite the territorial animal himself... but I didn’t mind.”

Techno sighed. “Dream... I’m not saying that I want you to keep away from Wilbur, encouraging his mental insanity to escalate.” He paused. “I mean, I kind of am, but I’m also warning you that my family and I don’t want you too involved with him because... You may be the one who would run from his embrace.”

Dream was surprised to hear this.

“He’s possessive and obsessive about things and people that he can’t have, he pushes and makes your circumstances change so fast. Proposing to you out of the blue is one of them. I know you two are on a break, but if you two get involved again, and if he keeps trying to have you, you may run away and break his mind, just like Sally did—“

Techno stopped him. He said too much.

“The point is, I don’t want either party to get hurt. Understand?”

The blond looked down. Techno was more caring than he seemed. “Do you think... I was wrong to allow him to have me for a little time? I saw the red flags, but I ignored them.. was my taste in men that bad?”

Dream loved George (the douche) before, then he got hurt and was betrayed. He didn’t love Fundy, but it didn’t hurt to try things out with him back then. It’s too late now after Dream went out with Wilbur. He couldn’t turn a blind eye to the brit, especially not his obsession.

Techno shrugged. “I can’t tell you what’s right and wrong about your actions since I don’t know you, but having this ‘affair’, if you want to call it that, with my brother may have been unwise. He’s an unpredictable, emotional, or emotionless man.”

“You got that right,” Dream looked away, remembering how indifferent Wilbur was towards him a few days back. Not even a shred of emotion was expressed.

Techno set the wine glass down after drinking all of it. “....Dream...I accept your request, and I’ll learn to accept ... this arrangement you have with my brother. However, I have conditions.”

The blond immediately straightened himself, feeling tense. “Yes, I had a feeling you were going to say that. So I prepared offerings for you.”

A brow arched up. “Offerings, you say?”

“You can become a member of this server for as long as you want, I will never ban you no matter what you do, I can grant you as much land as you desire, and I’ll even give you an entire chest of gold.”

Techno stared at him. “My conditions weren’t anything related to that,” he smirked. “Hey, but thanks! I’ll gladly accept these *free* conditions, no takebacks, nerd.”

...

He may have made a mistake...

“Then what are your conditions?” He sighed.

“I have 2,” Techno showed two fingers, “First, even though I misunderstood you, that doesn’t mean I entirely trust you. So you need to earn my trust and favor by being nice and protecting Tommy.”

Dream’s jaw dropped. “Tommy? Are you crazy? That child sets a house on fire the minute you lose sight of him!”

“Exactly! If you want me to do my part properly as your ‘husband’, then be more lenient to Tommy. After all, to outsiders, everyone would know that you and Tommy are brother-in-laws thanks to me.”

Dream gritted his teeth. “Fi—ne”

“My second condition is... once all this is over and drop all the marriage act, I want you to speak to Wilbur properly about your relationship. He still cares about you, and I know that the moment he catches wind of us being married, he’ll kill me.”

“What? Do you know how ridiculous that sounds? Wilbur killing a family member because of someone he was with for less than a month?”

“Reminding you, my brother’s mental health isn’t exactly a 100% stable condition. He gets super jealous. This one time he glared daggers at a pufferfish when it came too close to his ex-hybrid fish wife.”

He tensed. Yeah, what was he thinking? Wilbur’s still crazy. “I don’t know if he’ll want to see me. He’s...he’s always busy with work.”

The pig snorted. “That sounds like an excuse.”

“He’s a leader! He’s gotta work when you’re a leader of a country.”

“Then why not try seducing him with the help of that book to grab his. Attention? He’ll love it.”

Dream jumped, banging his knees under the table. “B-book?” He laughed nervously, forcing a meat piece in his mouth. “What are you—“

“Dude, “How to seduce muscled idiots?” All the things you tried to pull off today to win my favor were all steps written in that book. I know cause I read it before to avoid getting into a honey trap.”

His face flushed. Techno knew... what he was trying to do...

God, so embarrassing.

Techno chuckled. “I truly regret calling you a ho. You must have just the virgin card, otherwise, you’d be more smooth with your methods. Your attempts today was awful, I tell you. ”

Dream was too speechless to talk. He kept eating and drinking to avoid his gaze.

—Techno’s POV—

Wilbur’s going to kill him.

Holy shit, Wilbur’s going to kill him.

“Techno—Bacon baby!” Dream squealed, swinging the wine glass. “When did you get sooo tall!? Ha! Oh waz I the one who shrank? You’re so weird~?”

“You’re the weird one, nerd,”

Dream might have felt pressured to drink because of Techno’s intimidating demeanor, Not gonna lie, Techno was going to... make him feel a little tipsy to start blurting out his true intentions, but he never would have expected his alcohol tolerance to be this low. Dream was beyond being drunk for the last hour.

He probably expected too much from the leader of SMP.

He sighed at the problem he caused.

“It’ll be dangerous to have him go home in such a state.” He said to himself. Taking the wine glass from his hand.

“Nooo!” He whined. Pressing his face to Techno’s chest, trying to reach Techno’s hand that held his half drank glass. “I wan—more!”

“You’ve had enough, nerd.” He pushed his face away. “Dream, you’ll pass out. Go home to your bed.”

“Bed?” Dream tilted his head, his eyes unfocused. “Yeah..Tired.”

“Good, I’ll contact someone to pick you—D-Dream?”

"I hate being alone," He puffed his cheek as he grabbed Techno's arm and took him to the bedroom. "Stay with me till I sleep."

"I'd like to say no,"

""I'd like to say no,""

"What?"

""What?"" Dream laughed after parroting Techno's words. The hybrid felt mildly annoyed.

"Wilbur's going to kill me," he muttered to himself, but Dream heard him.

The blond froze in place. "Wilbur?" Dream turned to look at him. He stared at him for sometime, making Techno worry.

Then he started crying.

"Wilbur--Wilbur!"

"Techno was suddenly pushed down to the mattress, and Dream sat on his gut before he realised what was happening.

"D-Dream?"

Wilbur f**king Soot! why were you behaving like that!?" Dream screamed. "What the hell is wrong with you!?"

"W-Wilbur!?" Techno questioned in a panic. Was Dream's drunk state making him mistaken Techno for Wilbur? Sure they're twins, but the hairstyle and hair colour, and the subtle differences like the ear shape, eye colour, and teeth sharpness made the two brothers separate. "Dream, I'm not Will! I'm Techno! wake up!"

The blond didn't listen. "Shut up, you stupid, devilish lunatic!" he growled. "Why were you behaving so different? I hated it! Don't ignore me!"

The blond god stared at him speechlessly. What the f**k did his brother not tell him? Did they meet again recently? 'Cause Dream was kinda acting like a spoiled lover.

Dream hit Techno's chest with his fist, it didn't hurt.

This man's weak as f**k, but the action did make him flinch.

"You were so crazy about me, you kept trying to have your way with me! You doted on me, then touched me so much that I couldn't think straight. But now you're ignoring me just from a rejection!? Or was it something else that I did? I told you I wasn't ready, and then you proposed to me! Are you that mad at me for dumping your sorry ass!?"

Some of the sentences said made it seem like Wilbur was doing something criminal.

Dream clenched his teeth, then buried his face on Techno's chest, screaming and wailing as he cried.

"Bruh~ not the shirt. I just had it washed." Techno said bleakly, and chat was not happy with his conduct in this situation. He put them on mute in his head before they started screaming, too.

"F**k you, Wilbur Soot! F**k you! F**k you! F**k you and your stupid hair! I hate you! I hate you for making me like this! I hate myself for letting you touch me so much that I miss it. I hate that miss you! I hate that I miss your attention because I crave it. I crave you! Why did you leave me alone? You didn't even talk to me properly. I don't like being ignored. I hate being alone, and you know that! It's scary, it's so scary, and I hate it! I hate you! I – I –..."

Dream slowly sat up, clenching Techno's shirt tightly, looking down at the man with a hurt expression as the tears fell.

"I... I love you... So, please... Don't leave me... Hurts. Everything hurts..."

Techno looked at him without a responding. He reached his hand up to hold Dream's shoulder.

"I'm sorry," He said, acting like Wilbur.

The bitter and frustrated expression still remained as thick tears fell, but he slowly took Techno's big hand to his cheek to feel it. He cupped the side of his face.

He passed out soon after.

The pig sat up finally, letting Dream's body lean on his chest.

He wasn't expecting the night to end like this. He groaned. "Seriously, there's nothing funny about this, Wilbur." He muttered to himself. Bruh, with a confession like that, it seems he didn't have to worry about Dream hurting his family.

Unknowingly to him, though, a small part of his instinct, the feral side that would grow wild later, had awakened and purred.

Mate , it said.

Chapter End Notes

Hoped you liked it!

I put a lot of emotions to Dream's confession.

Hope it made you cry, cause i did! :)

Author's note

Chapter Summary

Technoblade never dies

It has been 3 or 4 days since we all heard the news, and I'm finally dropping an author's note.

First of all, sorry for the long wait.

When I first heard the news, my mind had a difficult time trying to process it and accept the fact. I was still in shock, I guess. I can still hear Techno's voice when he first confessed to his viewers that he got cancer, but he assured us that "It's fine, I have the best doctors treating me." And now, he's gone....

His voice of confidence and assurance and the recent news kept contradicting in my head for a few days. I felt so hollow, I felt something from the outside of my soul get cracked, and now there's a hole. A couple of tears and small sobbings came from me, but that was it. I wanted to cry more, but I couldn't for some reason. I can only blame the shock, as my emotions just froze for a long while.

Unfortunately, I did not have the time to breathe.

For the past 5 days I was busy with preparing documents, packing, and then traveling on a few planes (which took so long to land each time). I couldn't sleep too well until last night, I have to travel again next week to my Uni (another tiresome flight), but I'm better and relaxed now.

Don't worry, I have been eating and now sleeping well, and I think my mind and emotions are stable enough to write another author note.

I won't post anything on AO3 for a while. I'm a little sensitive to see or read anything Techno related, and since the next chapter of 'The villain's second chance to Repent' main focus is on Techno and Dream.... I can't, I just can't. I want to wait before posting anything. Writing and drawing is also a coping mechanism for me as at times get some comfort.

I will continue both my fics... It feels wrong to suddenly drop the fics I've written with much interest and time. I don't want to bury the memories related to Techno and leave the DSMP suddenly as I know those memories will haunt me later if I try to ignore everything and move on so quickly. I already experienced that.

You guys are free to stop reading my fics and unsubscribe from them if it makes you uncomfortable.

Technoblade and the character he created in Minecraft are both very unique, but I have never once seen the character and the person as the same people, you know what I mean? So even if Techno is gone to heaven, we keep his memories and character personality alive.

This would be my way of honoring him, and not forgetting him as I forget things a lot, sometimes the memories suddenly hit me again in a haunting way, if they are sad or bad memories.

Rest In Peace Technoblade. Your positive personality was one of a kind, and I will miss hearing your jokes and humour and the monotone voice that I found funny and comforting to hear.

Blood for the Blood God. Technoblade never dies.

Improvise a convincing lie - Part 1

Chapter Summary

Morning was... Hectic...
Now, let the lying begin!

Chapter Notes

Hey, I'm back...
The updates will be pretty slow from now on as my University life starts now...
Hope you like this chap...
This chapter was all written in paper, but i edited a bit after we heard the news... so....
Also the ending may feel rushed. Will have to edit that when i have the time.

Hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—3 days before the incident, Next day, early morning, Dream's perspective —

Dream couldn't remember much of what happened last night. All he knew was that he must have been so drunk that Techno dropped him off at his house, where he had an unfortunate encounter with Corpse.

He hoped nothing bad happened between them while he was unconscious, but that was a futile thought. Especially with how Corpse's demeanour was when he woke up.

"Dreamy," Corpse said, having him pinned to the wall by the very unhappy man. The blond knew he was unhappy as Corpse never would smile in a way that would make Dream feel uneasy. He could feel himself sweating as his nervousness spiked. He wished he had a hangover to avoid this confrontation.

"C-Corpse," Dream laughed nervously, avoiding his intense gaze. "I promise, nothing happened between Techno and me. If anything, the talks went well! The plan would go smoothly!"

"You smell too much like that pig," He growled, making Dream shiver.

Dream would never get tired of hearing his voice. Especially when he got jealous. It would sound so dangerous and low, that he often felt excited (though, he never said it out loud).

"Techno carried me here... of-of course I would smell a little of him!" Dream reasoned.

Corpse shook his head in disagreement. "You smell like you let him scent you. It's as though... you let him rub his body against yours."

"That sounds totally wrong out of context," Dream muttered. He yelped when Corpse suddenly carried him over his shoulder like a sack of grains. "Corpse!"

"Into the bedroom, we go," he said in a sing-song way, moving upstairs.

"Wait— Wait! This isn't— Corpse, wait— HOLD ON!"

--Meanwhile, Punz's perspective--

"Oh~ Punz~♥"

"Oh, gods, no..." The mercenary swore.

He was going through a repeated dream again. The same themed room, the same bed, and the same Dream trying to seduce him. Punz has to battle against his lust once more.

The mercenary refused to face Dream entirely, showing his back to the dirty blond.

"Punzy, look at me~"

"No,"

"Please, baby,"

Punz shivered, not sure whether it was from the begging tone or the nickname.

"Dream, even if this is a dream, and even if you are a figment from my sick desires, I still won't sleep with you!" Punz said firmly, crossing his arms as his cheeks dusted red. "It-it's wrong!"

Arms loosely wrapped around his shoulders from behind, and Dream's sultry voice whispered right at his ear. "Oh, don't be like that, baby... you love me. You can't escape from that feeling."

The light bite at the tip of the mercenary's ear was the last thread that snapped from within him.

"DREAM—" he turned his head and that was a mistake...

His eyes were wide as dinner plates when he saw Dream wearing—

[BBEEEEPPP—PUNZ'S POINT OF VIEW HAS BEEN CENSORED FROM VIEWERS AS THE AUTHOR HAS NO GUTS TO WRITE THE NEXT SCENE. WE'LL LEAVE IT UP TO YOUR IMAGINATION. STAND BY—BEEEEPPP.]

"F**K!!!!!!!"

The mercenary swore as he awoke with heavy breathing.

.....Punz was so f**ked.

—Sam's perspective—

"Punz!" The creeper hybrid called, knocking on his door. "You there?"

Sam was suddenly called to come by the mercenary's home. He was a bit late as he had work, but

he figured his friend wouldn't mind the delay. But it was unusual for Punz to reach out to anyone. The man mostly kept to himself and was pretty private with his issues and affairs.

The minute the door unlocked, he was yanked inside of the house.

Punz looked worse to wear.

Messy hair that looked like a bird's nest, unfocused eyes with dark circles under them, and his skin looked paler than usual.

"Uhh," Sam looked at him from head to toe. "What are you up to lately, dude?"

"Sam, I have a confession," Punz said seriously. "I didn't know who else to tell. George would probably kill me like he almost did with Wilbur, Sapnap may get angry with me, Purpled is still too young to know what I'm going through, and the rest of the server members are fairly new to me to tell them anything private."

"What about Bad?"

"Bad.... I doubt he'll be comfortable..."

"Okay?" He frowned. "What's going—"

"I think I'm in love with Dream?" Punz blurted out.

The hybrid froze. Sam looked him in the eye before forcing a laugh. "I'm sorry, I probably misheard. What's going on again?"

"Sam, I'm serious. I think I love Dream."

...

...

...

Sam pursed his lips. Okay, this wasn't funny. Sam suppressed his jealousy when he asked, "why? What happened?"

He answered without another thought. "Okay... first, for the past month, I've been feeling guilty as I may have done something I shouldn't have, and it upset Dream, gravely. I haven't seen him for a while. Then, for the past 5 days, I've been having... dreams..."

Sam's face scrunched up. "No," he said in shock. Punz couldn't possibly have...

[BBEEEEPPPP—Long explanation of Punz's dream that may make readers uncomfortable. Also, the author is lazy. Stand by—BEEEEPPP]

The room was hotter than he would have liked, the temperature increasing from Punz's long explanation....

"SAM, WHAT DO I DO!?" Punz grabbed his shoulders and shook him. "IF I SEE HIM, I MIGHT HAVE THE STRONG URGED TO MAKE HIM MY WIFE!!"

"Y-Your jumping the gun, don't you think?" Sam said, panicking. "He was your boss to begin with, not your friend, unlike me."

"THEN TRY TO TALK SOME SENSE INTO ME!"

Sam sighed as he pondered. "Uh... if it makes you feel any better... Dream's already married."

The mercenary looked up in confusion. "Huh?"

"Yeah... Conner told me a few days back."

"Oh... "

A pregnant pause.

"I... See....really.... that's good. "

But Sam noticed Punz wasn't happy with the news.... Guess it wasn't an infatuation. Just how deep had his friend fallen, he wondered?

"Who-who is it?"

"Do you really wanna know?" The other male nodded. "It's Technoblade, the Blood God ."

—Later, Church Prime—

"Jeez, it's been a day and you go have sex first thing in the morning after all the drinking last night? God, my brother's 'lover' is desperate."

"Shut up, beacon. You have no idea how hard it is to push that jealous beast off me with these weak arms!"

"Oh, Dreamy, I'm hurt," Corpse cooed, holding Dream close to his chest, "I'm sure I satisfied y
___"

"Cat, please don't say anything unnecessary! I couldn't even walk properly on the way here because of you!" The blond hissed, cheeks burning red.

Dream and Techno were in church Prime, along with Conner and Corpse. Yes, Conner. Dream included Conner in his plans as the guy had skills in forgery. In this case, he made fake marriage certificates. Dream promised him payment and an increase in the import of alcohol for his bar, tax-free. In return, Conner would spread the rumour that "*Dream was married in secret to the Blood God.*" The lies needed to be spread before Techno and Dream came out as a "couple".

"Is it done?" Dream asked Conner, who gave a bright smile at him.

" Yeah, boss, " Dream cringed from the title, "the certificates are ready. And as you instructed, I only spread the rumours to people who wouldn't start an immediate drama. The news will be spread out to the entire server soon once I talk to Tubbo or Purpled." Conner handed the forged

documents to the dirty blond. “ To complete it, you both need to sign it.”

“Got it,” Both Dream and Techno nodded to each other and signed the fake document.

“Alrighty, then, I’ll take these fakes and have them framed nicely. I’ll have these sent to you by tonight.” Conner put the documents in his inventory.

“Thanks, Conner,”

“Pleasure doing business with you, Dream,”

“So what now?” The piglin hybrid asked.

“Tomorrow, we’ll go and parade ourselves to the public to 'confirm' the lies before we meet the admin. For now, we wait for... Things to hit the fan..”

The lie took dramatic effect through the whole server by storm in a matter of hours.

The original Dream team was shaken by the news, some were excited, two felt deeply hurt, and one refused to accept it. At L’Manburg’s side, a certain gremlin child threw a tantrum and swore endlessly of how this could happen while his best friend comforted him; other L’manburg citizens were slightly wary of the news as this could shift the power balance between their country and the SMP; an orange hybrid- furry was heartbroken; while the leader of the nation locked himself away in his office, making a wreck out of everything in his sight.

In another couple of hours, the lie made its way to wandering merchants and travellers.

Outside of the server, people started to gossip and gasp. Then they spread a ridiculous rumour about how the Blood God must have taken his ‘bride’ forcefully, or how the ‘bride’ was a gold digger. But regardless of what people say, the main message was spread through all lands, and it didn’t take long for the story to reach the ears of a certain gentle god and his sheep-hybrid mother who adopted him...

—Dream’s perspective—

Dream’s plan took off with a hitch and was successful.

The messages were nothing but chaos. Many whisper messages were sent to him constantly. Dream ignored all of George’s messages, and briefly read Sapnap’s texts. Tommy and Tubbo were furious... well, maybe just Tommy as the profanity of his language were endless in his texts.

He was a little bothered that there was no response from Wilbur... should he be worried about that?

Anyhow, they were all convinced.

Corpse, nuzzled his nose around Dream’s neck, purring loudly.

“You seem to be in a good mood...” Dream noted, petting and stroking his scalp tenderly, “did something happen?”

“Hmmm, tonight’s going to be the last night I’ll sleep together with you, right? “

Dream felt uneasy. “y....yeah... for now, until the admin goes away...”

“Let’s make it memorable tonight, shall we~?” He whispered to his ear, then biting it a little making Dream gasp.

“NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT!” Dream pushed him away with both hands, incredulous by what Corpse as his cheeks reddened. “You nearly broke my back just from the sudden session we had this morning! My body needs REST!”

“Come on, Dreamy, please?” He pleaded, and ugh, the puppy dog eyes again! He hated it when Corpse did that, he knew well Dream was weak to it. Corpse was cute, there was no denying that, but he’s nothing but a complete beast when gets what he wants.

“If you try anything to get into my pants, I swear to god I’ll have you sleep on the couch downstairs tonight!” Dream threatened, turning away to look away from his fiancé’s face.

Now for the next step...

Dream took out his communicator.

—Later, Punz’s perspective, night—

The mercenary and arsonist were both summoned to Dream’s house at night. The duo had no clue why, but they were obviously nervous. Punz wasn’t sure about Sapnap’s case, but he would bet a gold that the light blond’s situation was worse than his.

Who in their right would forcefully kiss their ex-boss?

Dream was quick to yank them both into the house and forced them to sit down on the living room couch.

“I’ll get straight to the point,” Dream said, stopping Sapnap from asking a question. “The marriage between Techno and me is a lie. We were never married in secret, we just met and struck a deal.”

Sapnap was first to react.

“What?!” He exclaimed, and he didn’t bother to hide his happy smile at the revelation. He sighed in relief. “Gosh, dude, you... you scared me...” Then he furrowed his brows. “Wait, why are you telling us this? W-why are you and the blood god pretending to be a couple?”

Dream took off his mask, shocking them. This action would only mean Dream was being serious ...and making them both aware that the two had seen his face before.

“Techno is pretending to be my husband for the time being because another admin sent me a letter a few days back.”

They froze.

“Did you get threatened?” Sapnap demanded, looking pale.

Punz, as a mercenary, had learned something about admins and how they handle their servers. Admins hardly get in touch with other admins to form businesses or partnerships as most of these individuals tend to get political or power hungry.

Dream’s face grimed. “For now, they claimed they’re going to just ‘visit’ the server. They’re arriving tomorrow.”

“That soon?” Dream nodded.

“I had to make a drastic plan. If they find out I’m not fit to own my server, they will have a duel with me, and I’m going to lose...”

Lose? Punz questioned himself. Dream was the most incredible fighter he’d ever known. Why would his former employer think...

”I’ve grown weaker, guys,” Dream confessed. “I don’t want to go into details, but I... I went through trauma that affected me mentally. So—“

”When did this happen?!” Sapnap said harshly, and they noticed the sharp flinch Dream’s body made. “I...I’m sorry... Dream... am I scaring you?”

Dream looked away. “I don’t know.”

A lie, it was so obvious. So damn obvious.

Sapnap was horrified. Punz was equally shocked. Something or someone traumatized Dream? The Dream?! The man who didn’t fear death nor was afraid of facing the ender dragon alone. Against all odds, he’d always find a way to survive. He was a daredevil... yet something scared him so much that he won’t be able to win a PvP against another Admin?

”S-Sap...I’m sorry. I can’t talk about it,” The blond said guiltily as his body shivered subtly. “But this is why I have Techno by my side. As my ‘husband’, Techno’s reputation and status protects me. So the other admin won’t recklessly challenge me. We spread the lie because we needed the server members to believe it in case someone gets questioned. I’ll only reveal the truth to the rest of the server once this admin leaves. Then... everything will be back to normal.”

”You don’t sound too sure,” Punz noted. Dream glared at him for that. Punz brushed it off. “So, uh... why tell us this?”

“There may be flaws I haven’t considered as this was a rushed plan. Along the way, I may encounter mishaps that could make everything go wrong. So... Punz...” Dream unpleasantly looked at him like he’s an ugly bug, “You need to be my bodyguard. In return for your service, I’ll give your job back and forget ... about that incident.”

“What?” Punz was baffled.

“I don’t have a choice.” Dream huffed. “Corpse, being the crazy possessive beast he is, wished to have someone watch over me when I’m with Techno. He doesn’t trust that pig, so he wants someone who isn’t in love with me to keep things in check. So...I choose you, Punz.”

Punz stiffed while Sapnap’s face soured.

Dream chose wrong.

It was only this morning that Punz realized that he was in love with his former employer.

Of course, his feelings could be just a short infatuation. But it would still make things awkward and hard being around and talking to Dream. And let’s not forget, he still needed to properly apologise to Dream, even if the dirty blond won’t accept it.

Punz could feel Sapnap glaring at him from the corner of his eyes for some reason, wait no it’s jealousy. He loved Dream, too, Punz nearly forgot.

Sapnap asked Dream, “Then what do I do?”

Dream hesitated. “Sap... Sorry but you need to keep an eye on George.”

“George? Hold on, Dream, you don’t think—“

”Yes, I do,” he snapped, his expression turned bitter. “If...If I had actually gotten married to someone that wasn’t him, he’d be the one disrupting the marriage .” Dream clenched his teeth as his eyes narrowed. “George may want me... but he doesn’t love me, Sap... I’m done with him. I don’t want to see him.”

Both were left speechless.

“Just... just keep him away from me for now, Sapnap. You can’t tell him the truth yet, but I’ll talk to him once this facade is over.”

“I...Fine,” The ravenette agreed easily, which surprised Punz. Just what the f**k happened between such close friends to cause such a drift between them like this? Love? Jealousy? Those were the only elements he could sense from such a limited conversation he’d been part of.

“Punz?” His attention was brought back to the dirty blond again. “Do you accept?”

Punz bit his lip, mixed feelings stirred in his chest. It’ll be hard... but...

”Yes, I’ll accept,”

This maybe the only chance he's got to make things right.

”Good,”

“Dreamy,” A very deep voice came from the second floor. Then a man came from down the stairs. The same man Punz saw when he upset Dream after doing that. “The preparations are complete, I had my stuff cleared from the house, and all the ‘evidence’ of marriage elements are planted .”

“Thanks, Kitty,” Dream moved to him and kissed him.... causing Punz’s mind to go blank...

Huh?

Sapnap said nothing, his eyes narrowing as he bit his lip. Punz could tell his friend was ... hurt... very much...

Dream... kissed someone... someone not everyone knew of... Who the hell? No...

Dream pulled away from him, giggling when the taller male brushed his knuckles against Dream’s cheekbones tenderly. His emerald eyes shined as his face and ear were in a light shade of pink.

He’d... He’d never seen Dream give such a loving gaze to someone who wasn’t George. Why was he smiling that way to that guy?

What the hell?

The f**k?

No, he—Punz didn’t like it. He didn’t like it at all.... his heart throbbed painfully.

Sapnap was awfully quiet when he looked at him for a reaction.

Why wasn't Sapnap saying anything? He loved Dream, didn't he? Why wasn't he going rabid wolf on this guy like he did with Wilbur? Had the arsonist known?

Then was the rumour that Dream had a secret affair true?

Dream turned to them, and it seemed he'd forgotten about them momentarily when he kissed the stranger as his face turned redder. "uh..." he said awkwardly, "Guys... this... this is Corpse...he's ___"

"No need to say anything, tell us when you're ready," Sapnap said, his words biting. He turned his heel to the door. "See you tomorrow."

"Sap—" Dream said, but the door slamming harshly already gave him the response. Dream flinched from the sudden sound.

"Let's focus on the issue in hand, first, Dreamy," This Corpse guy said, wrapping his hands around Dream's midsection.

He didn't mean to, but Punz growled at the other male, his eyes glaring at the hands that touched Dream.

Out of nowhere, he had the strong desire to punch the ravenette. Maybe slap the hand that was touching Dream right now, before thrusting a sword at his chest—

....

....

The mercenary froze, completely shocked by the thoughts that went through his head...

...

...

...Just now... what went through his head?

Dream stared at him in question, naive and oblivious of the situation. On the other hand, Punz was sure Corpse had an idea as he saw the corner of his lips curl to a winning smirk for a flick second.

—Later—

He checked on his brother, Purpled, who was deep asleep in his bedroom. Bad was kind enough to look after the kid, and Punz thanked him for that.

Bidding his friend farewell, the mercenary then slammed the bedroom door shut before collapsing to his bed. He fell asleep immediately.

....

..

...

”Punzy ?”

Punz opened his eyes and found his fictional version of Dream looking at him with puppy eyes, sitting at the centre of the bed. He wore Punz’s big white hood as his bare legs were shown, obvious that he wore nothing under the hood.

“You look moody? I take it you met Corpse? HMMPH!!”

Punz smashed his lips to him, pushing him down. He pulled away to glare down at Dream under him, and the dirty blond shivered from his gaze.

“Don’t... “ He growled lowly, face slowly coming close to the other, their breaths mingled, “Don’t mention his name while I’m here...Think only of me. ”

Dream gasped, but a smile soon found its way to his face as he giggled. “Took you long enough.” He reached to catch his lips again.

”Mine...” He said possessively.

—Meanwhile, God’s realm—

“Just in the mere 5 days from those fantasies, and that mercenary has already accepted his feelings towards our Daydream!” Eve said in a sing-song way, happy with the results. “How wonderful! He did not have to wait for long compared to his future other self.”

“Eve, if anything, I can only see that you brought pain in his heart much sooner than he should face,” XD said, floating around the air. “ Daydream has already decided Corpse would be the one for him, why did you slip such a headache of a blessing to Daydream?”

”Even so, do you not believe that this could be an opportunity for those foolish men to express their love to Daydream? I am sure our little Pandora will not refuse them all... Especially since his heart yearns for Wilbur Soot as well.”

XD grunted.

“Speaking of that blessing, I know I am responsible for slipping that blessing, but you should really tell Daydream about it soon. I could sense that the lovemaking has once again occurred in such a short period of time... meaning, Daydream will now be desired and yearned more intensely by the other men .”

“You make it sound vulgar, Eve...” XD hissed.

“Perhaps it may become like one, I would not mind seeing more of such... events...” she giggled, and XD could only gawk in disgust.

What a perverted Goddess.

--Phil's perspective, Hypixel--

"Thank you," Phil said to his little crow friend who brought a letter for him. It was from his son, Technoblade.

F**king finally. Even though it was the old man who pushed his son to go visit his brothers, Philza hated it when the house grew quiet. For the past few days, the cawing of his crows did nothing but annoy him—~~spamming~~ asking him questions constantly.

Phil sat on his chair opening his envelope. He picked his hot brewing tea as he brought the letter to his face.

He had to admit, he was a little wary of sending Techno to Dream's server. Two days with no word, he thought his son killed someone again by 'accident' and was trying to cover it up.

Phil read the letter.

The contents were short and brief.

Hey Dadza,

Wilbur is 80% fine, Tommy's still a gremlin.

Dream is weird and is in denial of his feelings for Wilbur.

The server seems alright. I might settle here to expand my potato business as Dream promised he wouldn't ban me no matter what I do.

That's all.

"Huh," Phil mused. "Techno's doing alright, then. That's good." He sipped his tea.

P.S. I married Wilbur's lover :D

Phil immediately choked and spat the tea out. "*TECHNO, WHAT THE F**K?*"

There was another line at the end.

P.P.S, Wilbur didn't take the news well. He also thought I slept with Dream when I didn't return last night. He set chickens on fire before setting me on fire. Send a new cape for me, please.

"What in the gods name are my sons doing in that server!?"

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading.... :)

Chapter has been edited better.

Improvise a convincing lie- Part 2

Chapter Summary

A few of Corpse's thoughts.
The admin arrives.

Chapter Notes

Hey, it's been a while.
I'm posting this chapter as I have a 2-week break. Well, one week now. I'll probably post more chapters once the holidays start, which is around November/December side. This wasn't to be long, but I'm in a rush.
Anyway, enjoy this Chap!
Leave comments and Kudos below if you can!
:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—Past, Corpse's perspective—

As a shapeshifter, he was shunned and resented endlessly wherever he went. All due to people's ridiculous belief in their religion and superstitions. Cat was aware of the existence of gods and deities, but he never was one to believe in them. Why should he offer bread or sacrifice good quality meat to their altars? It was already hard enough to survive in such harsh environments. He couldn't beg for food as he'd earn a kick in the gut instead. He had to strife so hard to live, to exist, to survive. The gods did nothing to help him, so why should he be grateful to them?

Humans and hybrids were nothing special, and he never sided with either of them. He loathed them in fact, as he held great deep distrust and bitterness towards them. This whole world was never fair to him, so why should he stick to their morals and righteousness? He'll live the way he wants to, and no one can take that away from him.

So he killed people for money without the care about their circumstances. He stole expensive goods from the wealthy from other towns and resold them to the black market. Constantly changing his identity and body shape came in handy for a job like this. He could even kill the villagers if he wanted to, they've been getting on his nerves lately. Might as well murder every single soul residing here... was what he thought he would do.

Until he met him.

Cornelius was the most beautiful creature he encountered in this cruel world. Upon meeting him by accident while the blond slept peacefully under a tree one summer night, the dark-haired little boy fell in love at first sight. Blond hair shined brilliantly under the light of the moon, his freckled skin made breathtaking constellations on his skin. When Cat awoke him by mistake, those curious emerald eyes looked at him with no malice or fear.

"Hello," he said in an unwavering, angelic voice as he rubbed those small delicate hands over his eyes. "Who are you?"

...For once, Cat desired something for himself.

Cat wanted him. He was a small and fragile little thing that needed to be protected, Cat knew he was pure when he laid eyes on him.

And so he did.

He befriended him at first, and it was so easy to have him live with him at the old rundown farm when Cat learned the orphanage didn't want him anymore. Then slowly... he managed to have him as his fiancé. Sure they were young, and Cornelius didn't know what a fiancé meant, but he knew the blond wouldn't refuse him anyway. They only had each other after all.

The villagers hated Cornelius for no reason, especially the priests. Although he was curious, he didn't care most of the time. They didn't bother to even look at the beautiful creature living amongst them, making Cat have the upper hand to have him all to himself.

"Us against the world," Cat purred as he stroked the fluffy hair of the blond as they laid sideways on the old bed they shared.

Cornelius giggled, making Cat aware that his fiancé was not asleep. "You like saying that a lot, Kitty. It's not a good thing in our situation, you know."

"I see it as a special term... That we're special, we made it this far in this damn village."

"I guess," The petite boy sighed as he snuggled further into his chest. "How the years go by. And this year we just became teenagers."

Cat bit his lip. There were many things he kept from his love. His identity, his little assassination and theft job, his status as a shapeshifter ... and his age. He was 3 years older than Cornelius. Why he hid his age? He wasn't sure.

"We're going to get busy soon again," Cornelius said in a tired sigh. "Winter's approaching soon, food will be a pain to hunt for."

"Yeah," Cat agreed. Even when he did turn into a wolf or a bear to hunt for prey, the cold was still harsh enough for him to shake and tremble. Honestly, he can't wait for them to leave this location and settle somewhere warmer. Then he can feed and spoil Cornelius to his heart's content.

DING!

DING!

DING!

The two teens immediately sat up. "What's going on?" The blond questioned as he looked out of the dusty window. "Why is the bell ringing this late at night?"

The old rundown farm was located on a slight hilltop area that overlooks the centre of the village, so they had a good view of the village square. From there, they could see the villagers gathering around, wearing nothing but their nightwear.

"This is new," Cat stated. Are they hosting an event he wasn't aware of?

"Let's go," Cornelius got up and left his side to put on a jacket.

"Do we have to?" He whined, catching his fiancé's hand. "Why can't we just sleep?"

"Come on, I wanna know what's going on!" He quickly moved and jumped from the second floor. He could hear the sound of hay being crumbled down below.

"I told you not to--ugh, never mind." Cat sighed.

They made it to the squire in less than 5 minutes. No one seemed to notice them, strangely. All their eyes were focused on the man standing in front of the crowd.

A tall brunet wore a black robe from head to toe and some mask that covered his face. Cat didn't know why, but he had a bad feeling about this man.

"Greetings villagers," he said in a loud voice. "Care to take part in my *game*?"

--Present, 2 days before the incident, Corpse's perspective--

Corpse gasped awake from his slumber. He sat up, realising the cold damp sweat his body was covered in. He clicked his tongue. It's been a while since he dreamt about that night...

"Kitty?" Dream said in his groggy voice, turning to his side to look up at him, "Are you okay?"

Corpse groaned, touching his head. "Had a bad dream, nothing too serious. Don't worry."

"You? Really?" He sounded surprised. "Usually I'm the one with terrible nightmares from time to time." He sat up to face him properly. "What did you dream about?"

"... The night the gamemaster came...and changed everything... "

Dream held his breath for a few seconds, then sighed heavily. He grabbed Corpse's hands and rubbed them together with his, as though trying to soothe him. But Corpse noticed the small tremble from his body. "I'm here now. Just... just forget about him. You found me, that's all that matters. I won't leave... "

Corpse's eyes softened as he gazed at Dream's worried face. He brought those small hands to his lips and kissed them. He knows this fact, too. He knows he's blessed that he managed to reunite with his fiancé after so many years...

...

In this life, he did because of XD. But in Dream's first life, Corpse missed his chance, and his love suffered and had a tragic ending.

... He supposes due to the divine being's intervention, this miracle only came about. Perhaps it's about time he made an offering to the gods. Cornelius, no... Dream meant the world to him, and he'll never let him go again.

"I know..." Corpse murmured, "and I'll protect better this time. I'm stronger now."

"I know, Hubby," Dream purred as he smiled. The smaller male's hands were placed on his bare chest, sliding upwards to his broad shoulders. "Your body tells me so~"

The raven-haired man purred in delight.

For a while, Corpse noticed Dream had difficulties saying "I love you", yet his body language and actions from kisses, hugs, (cough, and secs, cough) said everything. Corpse was deeply in love with Dream, he can't take his hands off him, and it was obvious Dream felt the same. They were magnets to each other in a way, albeit Dream didn't want to admit it.

Even if the blond didn't want to commit and have a serious relationship yet (because of those 2 men whose names Corpse couldn't remember), ironically they were already behaving like a married loving couple. Calling him 'Hubby' was one of them. Maybe a fancy diamond ring and a marriage certificate were some things they didn't need.

Perhaps after a while, Corpse may be able to have his way into having kids in their lives. Dream did promise they would years ago, not knowing what he was getting himself into, of course. Corpse played him well.

"Where did my pure innocent Cornelius go, I wonder?" Corpse chuckled, pulling his lover's body closer so the other male could straddle him. One of his big hands slid under the oversized shirt Dream wore. It wasn't one of Wilbur's, thank god, otherwise, he would have yanked it off. He would have preferred to tear it apart, sadly he knew his darling would get mad and make him sleep downstairs on the couch for 2 weeks.

Wilbur had managed to worm his way into his love's heart, as unhappy as Corpse had to admit it. It wasn't difficult to notice Dream's change in demeanour when the subject of the brit came about.

"You know what you did. I wasn't 'innocent' that long ago." Dream kissed his lips, then jaw, the collar bone. Strange, Dream wasn't usually into initiating the mood if this is what it was. "I won't be able to see you for a couple of days once we leave this bed. Anything I can do to help my Kitty forget about his nightmare?"

"Oh, well--"

"If you say sex, I'mma smack ya," He quickly said with a sour tone. "I don't want to go limping around the server with Techno holding me. It's embarrassing enough to convince everyone that my rival is my husband."

"Oh," Corpse was dumbstruck. He was a little disappointed, guess his Cornelius wasn't *that* dirty-minded. "Then what do you have in mind?"

Dream grinned before deeply kissing him. "Shower with me?" He whispered to his ear.

Corpse was quick to lift his darling from the bed.

--Later, Dream's perspective--

Dream was currently adorning himself in gold jewellery.

Things were fine ... for now.

Gosh, he hadn't considered how he'd react if Corpse found out, but he can't. Especially not now. He... probably needs to pray to XD to prevent that from happening. But he won't be hiding it from Corpse. He will tell him the truth about Karl... and his existence of being the god's 'Pandora'. Corpse had the right to know out of everyone on this server.

Dream felt a little bad for flirting his way with Corpse to forget about Karl/the gamemaster, though. Sure he may have shown a bit of skin like a hoe to keep Corpse distracted, but acting a little spicy

was better than telling Corpse the truth at the moment....Of course, thinking about Dream's actions now, Corpse might have thought this was Dream's way of giving him a little gift before they separate for a couple of days. A sort of reward... and a promise...

...

...

He should prepare himself once the admin issue gets sorted out. His body won't be able to move a muscle the moment Corpse gets his hands on him, and the aftermath after the *session* will make him a little cranky.

Techno stared at Dream with a judgmental look, and that annoyed the blond. He knew exactly what Techno thought of him, or what he did with Corpse this morning.

"Did you have se--" He started.

"We didn't, beacon!" Dream hissed back as he glared at him. "God, what do you take me for?"

"A skinny, weak, pretty boy who goes around kissing men like a hoe," Techno replied, and Dream scowled back to argue. "Oh... wait I can't say that word. But anyways, you can't blame me for saying things." he threw his hands in the air. "The other man's scent is all over you, like a deodorant. You stink of him and my nose itches. The voices in my head aren't happy about it, either."

"Then shove a shoe up your nose! Gods!" Dream looked back at the mirror as he clasped a necklace around his neck. "I've only kissed Corpse and your brother, and Corpse is the only guy I slept with!" Dream huffed, shaking his head with disbelief. "How did I put up with you before?" He muttered.

Techno's gaze remained locked on him, and Dream felt uncomfortable with it. Made him slightly insecure in the least.

"What? Spit it out,"

"Why do you call me 'beacon?'" "

"Because you're a half-piglin hybrid. If you had more of a pig appearance than your current one, someone might consider frying you for dinner." Dream joked a little.

"Yeah, but there aren't a lot of 'someones' out there on those countless servers, now are there?"

Dream narrowed his eyes, turning his face to him in confusion. "What are you trying to say?"

"I'm the Blood God everyone fears," he stated. "Even by hearing my name, people are afraid of me as those rumours of my deeds and kills exaggerate how scary I am. Regardless, no one tries to get casual with me unless they really know me. You, however.. you're not scared of me even though we just met recently."

Dream's eyes widened when he realised what Techno was trying to point out.

"Initially, you were nervous at our first meeting, but it wasn't entirely because of me. You wanted to avoid talking about Wilbur and see if you could have a deal with me." Techno's gaze was fixed on him, and Dream knew he was observing his expressions. "Dream, no one has ever dared to strike up a deal with me till now. When I cross paths with mercenaries, usually they are the ones

shaking at the sight of me and offer free items to me to spare their lives, then flee at the spot. And they do this without me speaking a single word. But you... I'm not sure how you knew my family connection with Wilbur, but you went straight to business. It's hardly been a week, and you're already calling me 'beacon'."

"That-!" Dream turned to him in panic. Quick, think about an excuse! "Y-you called me a hooker! And you said I looked like a homeless Telebaby!"

"Yea, and that's because I can and I still will. I'm great at insults," Techno shrugged. "But I find it odd that you have the bravery to insult *me* to my face when others don't have the guts to do so. Actually, your way of talking is too casual as well. It's not like we're actually close friends or allies."

Dream swallowed hard.

"Something's off," Techno noted, those red eyes narrowing at him. "Dream... be honest... Have we met before?"

"I..." Dream tried to find the words...

...

He didn't have time for this.

"You're overthinking about this," Dream brushed him off as he looked away. "And you're right, we're not close friends or allies. So even if we have met before, I don't have to give my reasons to you."

They glared at each other for a few seconds. Techno looked like he wanted to ask more prying questions, but he knew well Dream would deny or dismiss them.

"Hey, you guys ready?" Someone, Punz, interrupted them when he opened the door. "Everyone on the server is getting restless--" He stopped mid-sentence when he saw Dream.

"Yeah, we're fine, Punz," the dirty blond said as he still glared at Techno before they broke eye contact. Techno pulled down his pig mask to cover his face. Dream then noticed that Punz's icy blue eyes widened as his cheeks reddened. "What? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"N-nothing," the mercenary looked away, covering his mouth with a hand. "You... look amazing."

Dream blinked. "Of course I know I look amazing, I need to look amazing. I'm supposed to be that pig's wife!" He gestured in Techno's direction. "He has standards, apparently. Thanks, anyway." He pulled his mask from the inventory and slipped it over his face.

Punz's shoulders tensed. "Okay, okay, no need to yell."

Dream shook his head. "No... sorry, I'm just agitated... and annoyed by him." He looked at Techno again.

"What did I do? You were already sour since this morning." The piglin-hybrid said, exasperated.

"Don't talk to me right now... I need to calm down before we meet anyone," Dream stalked out of the room.

--Tubbo's perspective--

Everyone was getting agitated by the minute here in L'Manburg. Eret was calming the citizens down, Tommy was busy ranting on and on about how another brother was letting him down, and the leader of L'Manburg was not seen since news broke out about Techno's and Dream's secret marriage. Meanwhile, Tubbo had to handle the paperwork.

Don't get him wrong, he's not the one who reads through those unreadable shits of works, he was just assigned to organise them so Eret could look at them when things calm down. He would have let Fundy do the job but... The fox-hybrid was looking down for some reason from the news, it wasn't wise to give him work.

How could this happen? What was Dream plotting?

Tommy had told him about Wilbur and Dream's flings, and he was creeped out about the older brit's obsession with Dream. He dreaded the idea that Dream was going to use Wilbur and manipulate him. But to his surprise, no. Instead, Dream ended things with him the moment he proposed.

Dream had also tried to commit suicide if Punz hadn't intervened! And now it turns out he was secretly married to Technoblade, the Blood god!?

This was all too much for a minor like him to process.

"Wilbur?" Tubbo knocked the door of his office. "Come one man, open up."

...

..

..

"Okay, then. You left me with no choice," He pulled out an ace from his inventory. He raised the weapon high and bellowed, "YYYYYEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!!"

CHOP

CHOP

CHOP

the door fell to the floor.

"Come on mate, we got wor--" He stopped dead in his tracks as he dropped the axe in horror.

The entire office was a mess... and filled with empty bottles of alcohol.

"Tubbo," Wilbur looked at him over his shoulder, and there were noticeable dark bags under his eyes. His hair was messy and his untangled skin pale. The uniform, which he prided in making so much, was on the floor.

"w-Will?" The minor stuttered. Okay, he's scared. He's really scared.

The taller male stood up, slowly walking over to him.

"Don't tell anyone about what you just saw, or I will make you pay for it." He growled in a very

low voice, before stalking past him and leaving the room.

....

...Did... did he just get threatened!?

--Later--

A server gate was what separated Dream's server from the rest of the servers. Unlike Hypixel, Dream didn't set up security clearance near the gate. Instead, he made XD responsible to exclude and ban trespassers. It may not be considered a smart choice, especially since XD is still learning about people, but it's the condition XD set when he gifted Dream the server. However, XD was forbidden to interfere with the affairs between admins as those were some ancient rules he had to obey. If he could, then Dream wouldn't have to deal with this issue.

Dream had believed XD was doing a good job... until now. He needs to talk to him soon and hear why the deity allowed Foolish into the server when he didn't give his approval. He saw his brother's name on the members list earlier when he got notified.

He didn't want family drama to overlap with friends and admin issues. So he has to deal with Foolish soon.

Five men when wearing grey hooded robes were welcomed by Dream and his 'husband'. Among them, Dream noticed one of the men wearing a mask made of painted black wood which lead him to assume he was the admin, the leader among them.

"Greetings," Dream said in a welcoming tone, both skinny arms clutching onto Techno's muscled arm. "welcome to my server. I hope the travel here wasn't too difficult."

"Dreamwastaken," The leader of the group spoke out. He stepped forward and observed Dream from head to toe. "A pleasure to meet you. I was hoping to see you at the MCC last month to compete with you. It was a shame you didn't attend. May I ask why? "

Dream swallowed. Of course, it would be that. Although the MCC was an intense competition and a fun event, there's an unspoken rule between admins and admin trainees that the MCC was a spectacular and majestic place for one to show their strength and skill. Dream always attended the MCC with his friends to prove his worth, that's why his server was left unbothered... until now. But whether he attended the event or not, the blond's server would still be attacked regardless as Dream was not physically fit anymore.

"... I do not mean to be rude, but must I give my reasons?" Dream tilted his head. "Especially to the man who sent a *friendly letter* to visit my server. We are not close friends to share such personal information, mind you,"

"Ah," The admin said, not offended, "My apologies. You have a point."

"How about if you state your name first before I give you a tour of my server?" Dream suggested. He had uncrumpled and read the letter again earlier beforehand and noticed there was no name left at the bottom.

"Foteinós," he said. " My name is Foteinós."

"That's not a common name I hear," Technoblade said. Dream looked up to look at him. He can't tell if Techno looks bored or amused because of his pig mask. "No one really names their kids from

the ancient words anymore these days."

"I agree with you, Blood god," Foteinós said, his focus was now on him. "And I must say, it's an honour to meet with you in person. Who would have known we would meet like this?"

His brows twitched. This guy has doubts about Dream's 'marriage' with Techno... He's not wrong, though, they did rush the entire marriage thing just this week.

"My subordinate made a hilarious joke earlier about how you might have set up a fake marriage with the Blood God in haste the minute my letter was delivered to you," The hooded man laughed.

Both Techno and Dream went stiff. "Ha, ha, you jest, Foteinós." Dream forced himself to say quickly. "If I was being honest, I'd rather be spending my day with my lover in the shower if I was not an Admin in need to fulfil his duties."

They all cringed, including Techno. Good, he made the atmosphere uncomfortable. They could move on from this.

"Follow me as I give the tour of my server," Dream said as confidently as he could.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it!

Yeah, the rating changed to mature... Teehee

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